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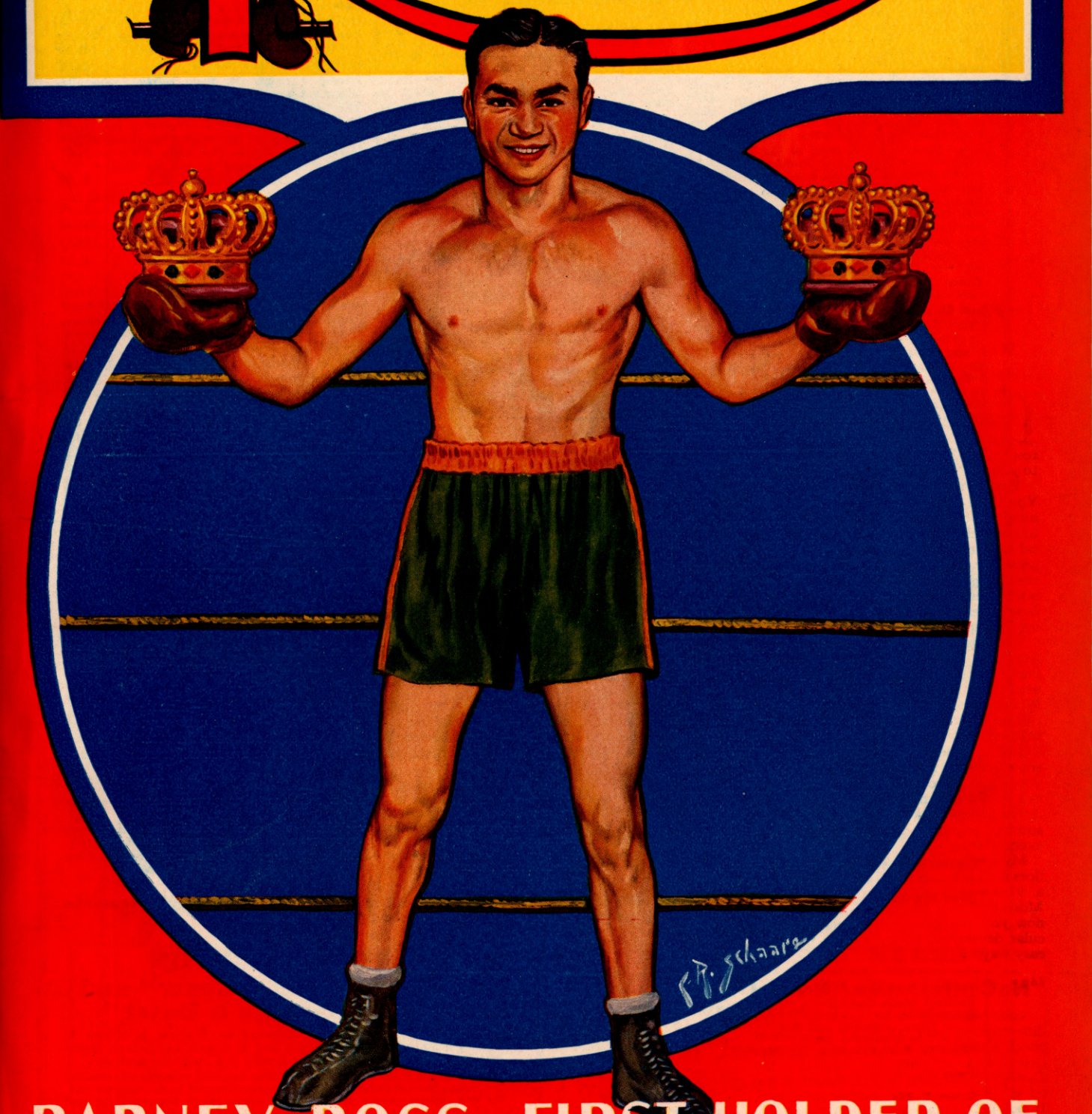

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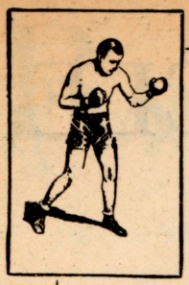

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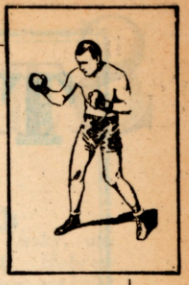

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

The Londos-Browning championship match is over. The ownership of the crown has been decided. "The Ring" Editor has acquired the services of the world's foremost promoter, Jack Curley, to write an analytical article on this bout. In his story, Curley will tell you just how the title was won and will compare the contestants with the great masters of the past.

You who like your wrestling cannot afford to miss this treat. In addition there will be two pages of championship action pictures. In these, you, who couldn't be present at the Garden Bowl, will be able to sit in at the ringside and view the bout through the eye of the camera. Also "Tex" Austin's interesting mat news.

"In the Days of Ring Romance and Adventure" is a human interest story by an octogenarian scribe who gives you the inside dope on the hardships encountered in "the good old days," in witnessing a heavyweight championship mill. A. D. Phillips, the author, compares the Carnera-Baer thriller with the bouts of the past.

Gumming up a big, big fight has become a popular pastime with New York's leading referees. Who's to blame? What's the cause? You'll find the answers in the September issue.

These in addition to the regular high-class contributions by Wilbur Wood, Nat Fleischer, Daniel M. Daniel and Ed. Smith.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Jack Curley, "Tex" Austin, R. Gramlich, Bill Miller, A. D. Phillips, Joe Humphreys and Eddie Borden.

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STANDING *on* PINNACLE,

Hamas and Lasky Want Their Chance, and Then There is Carnera Hollering for a Return Match

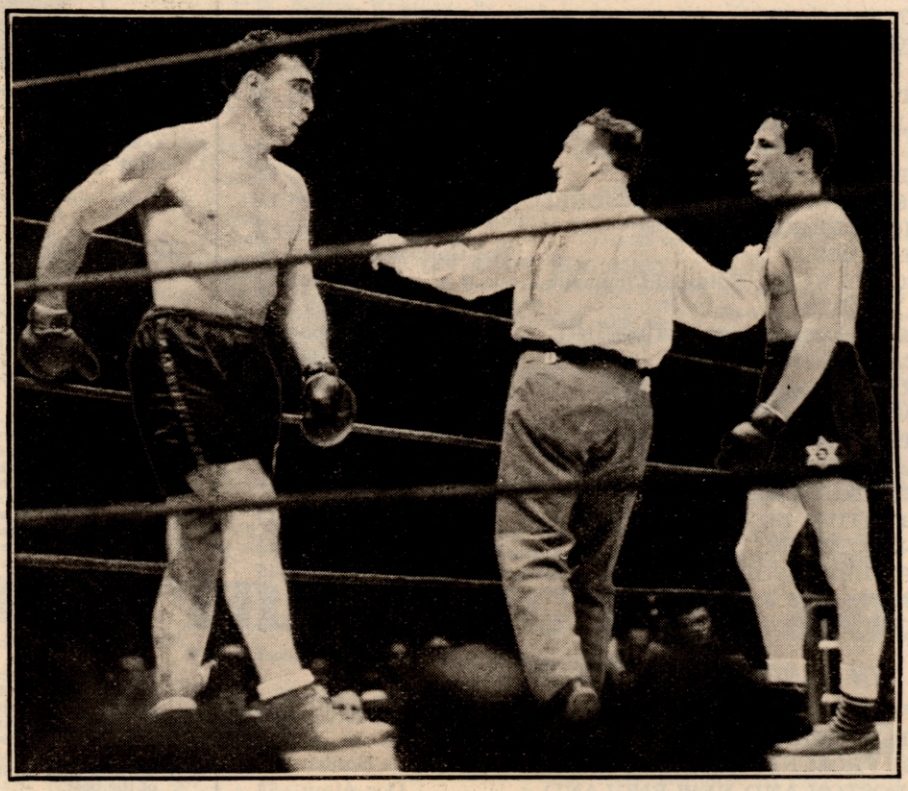
WITH the thrilling victory of Max Baer over Primo Carnera we find the boxing business in this country very much on the upgrade. More than 50,000 persons paid close to $500,000 to see the California Clouter gain the world's heavyweight title. This certainly was a knock-out not only for Primo, but for fistic depression.

It has been demonstrated that when the right sort of attraction is offered, the public will dig up the money for it. This was proved true even when the dollar was much scarcer than it is today.

We have an ideal situation. The United States again has the championship, and it is in the hands of a colorful fighter, a terrific hitter, who is being schooled by so able a mentor as Jack Dempsey. Every factor is in favor of tremendous prosperity for the game — and for Baer.

But it remains to be seen how this setup will be exploited. Boxing has a strange way of muddling things, and turning seeming prosperity into sour failure.

In the first place, what is Baer going to do with the title? Will he be a fighting champion? Or will he be an exploiting champion? Will he take them on as they come along and make himself a fortune in the ring? Or will he use the title for other purposes, hanging on to the allure and the value of the championship in order that he may clean up in the movies and other extra-fistic pursuits?



The finish of the most thrilling heavyweight championship battle on record.

Just now Baer and his handlers are loud in their announcements that Max will be a battling title holder. But we have heard such things in the past. Why, even Dempsey wasn't so quick to get back into the ring after his startling triumph over Jess Willard in Toledo on July 4, 1919. I remember the morning after the fight in the lobby of the Secor.

Jack Kearns, jubilant and enthusiastic, got the scribes into a corner and shouted, "Here is a champion at last—a guy who will fight—who loves to fight." But it was some time before Dempsey was seen in the defense of his laurels. Of course, it is only natural for a fighter to attempt to get the most, financially, out of a title. But in this country we are too lenient with inactive champions.

Granted that Baer is to be a fighting king. How are we to go about it? Who next? Let us consider the various contenders, and self-styled contenders, in more or less regular order.

There aren't many heavyweights at best at any time who are deserving of a chance at the crown, and at this writing, there are no outstanding fighters over whom the boxing world can go wild. The five leaders are Carnera, Steve Hamas, Walter Neusel, Art Lasky and Tommy Loughran.

First, let us discuss the case of Carnera. He lost the title to Baer by a knockout in eleven rounds, and as it has been the practice to give a fallen title holder a return engagement, it would seem only fair to consider the giant Italian as the most logical opponent for Baer in the next championship bout. However, there are thousands of followers of boxing who are of the opinion that it would be in the best interests of the sport if Carnera were to retire or be retired, after his poor fighting showing against Baer. Primo is a freak and boxing is no place for freaks. The best spot for him would be in the wrestling field in which he not only would be successful as a grappler but would earn considerable money as the greatest attraction of recent years.

Hamas, who comes after Carnera by virtue of his clean-cut victory over Max Schmeling and his triumph over Lee Ramage, is entitled to consideration. Hamas is a good fighter amongst an ordinary lot. He is not beyond the average and Charley Harvey, his mentor, is smart enough to know that and is doing the proper thing by holding out for a title shot rather than to permit him to fight the other contenders.

As for Neusel, who undoubtedly must be regarded as the luckiest fighter who ever came to this country, he is no menace. He is a wild swinger, a rough, strong, crude fighter whose knowledge of the sport is limited, but who has come through to the top ranking section by virtue of victories over Ray Impellitiere, Tommy Loughran and King Levinsky. In both of the last two fights, Walter was given the verdicts on a silver platter. Yet the decisions are what count and accordingly, he must be considered when the next championship challenger is selected.

* * *

ART LASKY, the Minnesota heavyweight, who made a poor showing in his New York debut a year ago, only to flash on the horizon after starting an extended campaign in California, seems to be the most promising of the younger set. His recent victories stamp him as a much improved boxer and if he continues his present stride, he may be given the preference by the time the next outdoor championship bout is arranged.

BAER SURVEYS FIELD

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Lasky's best triumph was made recently over Kingfish Levinsky, to whom he handed a severe shellacking.

As for Loughran, there can be no doubt that his time has come and that he no longer can be considered a tough challenger. At his best, he would have had no difficulty against the slugging Max Baer, as he previously had displayed in a bout in New York. But poor Tommy has been in the game so long, that his stamina and his legs have gone the way of all veterans. He undoubtedly could give a good account of himself were he pitted against Baer now, but he doesn't seem to have the same chances for victory as would Lasky or Hamas. They have youth and all that goes with it.

And behind these we find a corps of negligibles who are fighters mainly in their own minds, and who have no business in the ring with Baer. Even Maxie Rosenbloom has been put up for a crack at the heavy title. And so has King Levinsky.

For the American public, the most attractive match would be a fight between Baer and Hamas. Baer would have the advantage in power and hitting but Hamas, under the able tutelage of Charley Harvey, has developed into quite a boxer. He has proved that to the satisfaction of so able a professor of ring science as Dr. Loughran, the Philadelphia specialist.

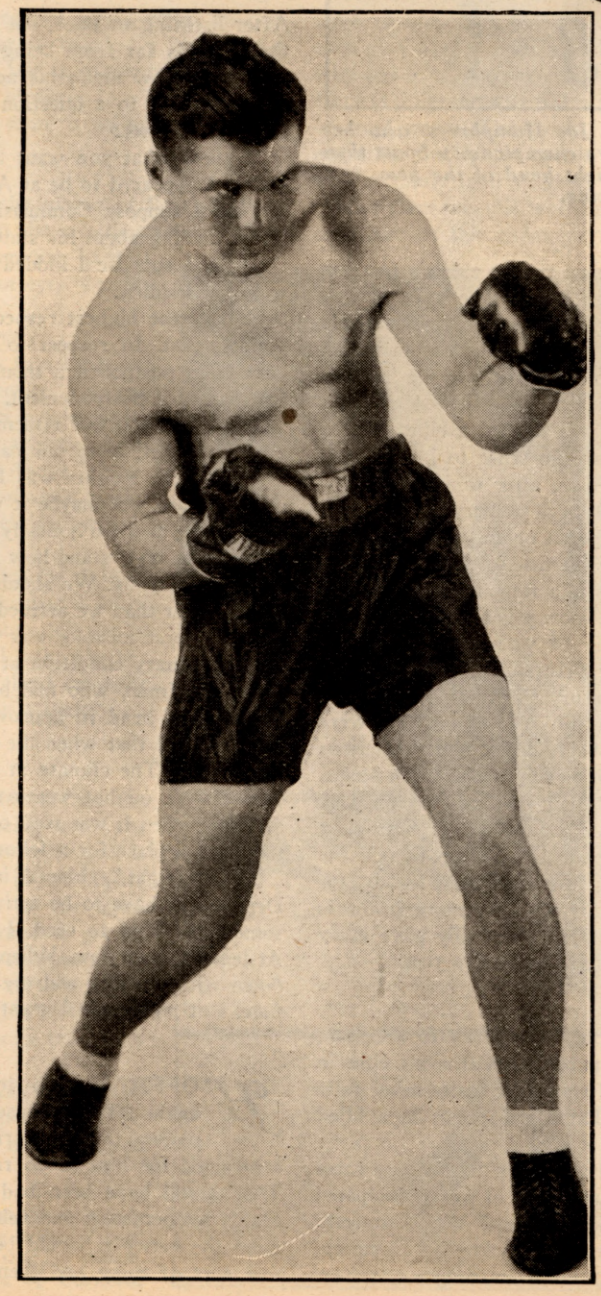
* * *

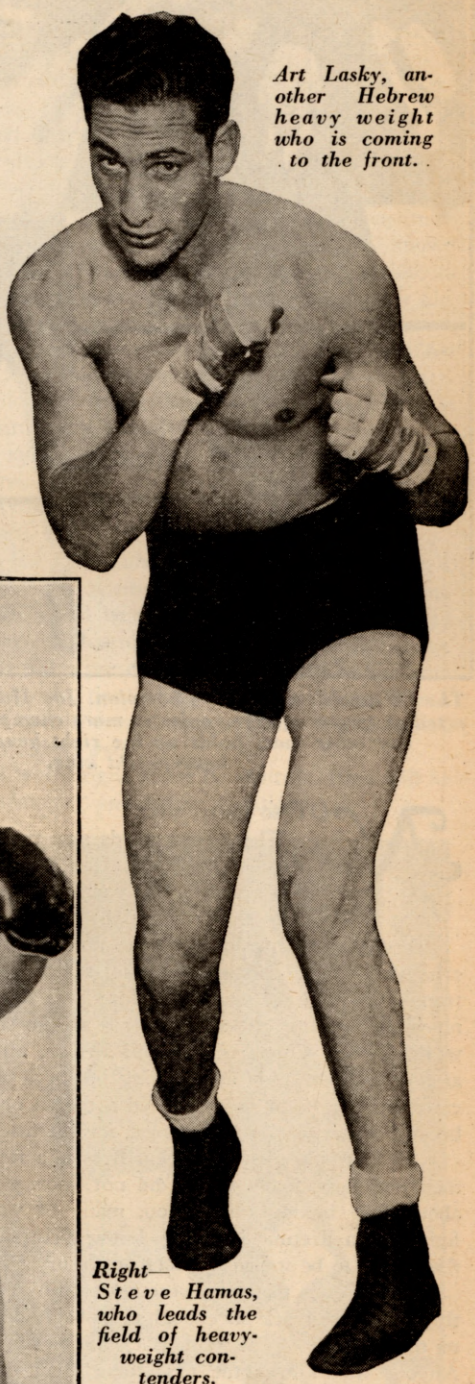
HAMAS'S triumph over Schmeling in Philadelphia this past Winter lifted the Penn State College man into a contending position. Of course, it would be folly to consider Schmeling at this writing, but if Herr Max beats Neusel, then we will have to give him consideration.

Hamas appeals to the crowd. He is a clean, able young man with a real college background. If by any chance the title were to move into the hands of Hamas—if he proved himself of sufficient class to merit the championship and the respect of the sports followers of America—he would be one of the greatest title holders we have had from the standpoint of public relations. His private life is as clean as a whistle. He makes a hit wherever he goes. And he can fight. Can he fight well enough to get a match with Baer? Well, you never can tell until you see them in the ring.

Let us dispose now of the Carnera claim. The Italian made a game and courageous fight in spite of the fact that he resigned. Only one other heavyweight had quit without having been counted out in the defense of his championship—Jess Willard, who threw in the towel himself as he sat in his corner after the third round against Dempsey at Toledo.

Carnera has reiterated a denial that he ever asked Referee Arthur Donovan to stop the uneven scrap. The writer was at the ringside and saw Carnera make two appeals to Donovan. One of these is quite plainly evidenced in the motion pictures, which furnish a most interesting and revealing complement to the witnessing of the fight itself.





Art Lasky, another Hebrew heavy weight who is coming to the front.

Right—Steve Hamas, who leads the field of heavyweight contenders.

* * *

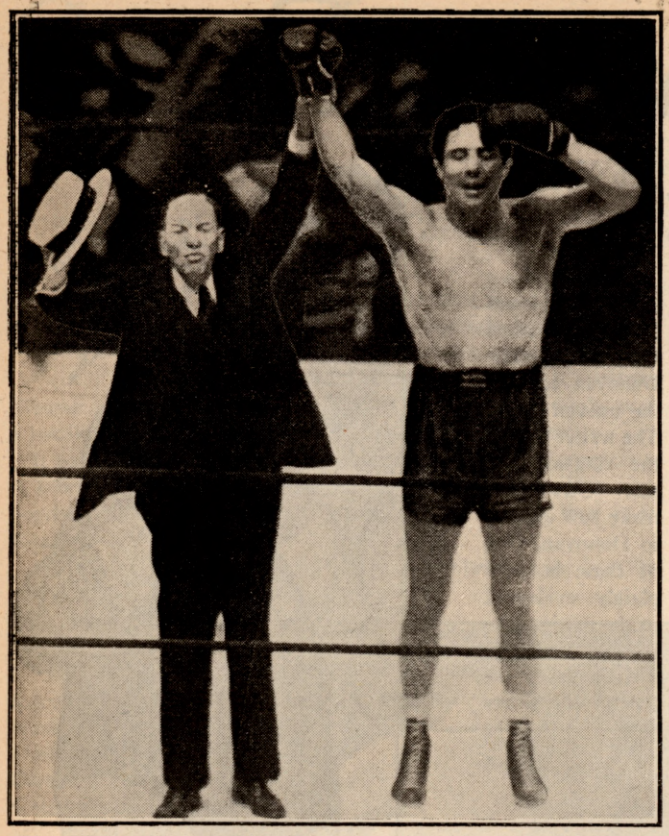
CARNERA bases his plea for a return match mainly on the contention that he was handicapped by a serious ankle injury after the first round. Close scrutiny of the motion pictures, which are the best and the clearest records ever made of a championship bout, fails to back up the Carnera camp.

The pictures show clearly that Carnera was able to navigate well right up to the finish. In fact, for the tenth *(Continued on page 39)*

Not So Nutty —What?

By WILBUR WOOD

(Sports Editor of *The New York Sun*)



The "Winnah" and New Champion. Joe Humphreys, who has acted as master of ceremonies in more championship bouts than any other man, holds up the right hand of the new heavyweight king.

NOT so nutty, what?

Those four words sum up the public's reaction to Max Baer after his knockout of Primo Carnera which carried the Livermore Lothario to the heavyweight championship of the world.

Probably no fighter preparing to do battle for the title in modern Queensberry history was so scathingly indicted for his training methods as was Baer. Max was labeled a clown and a nit-wit by boxing critics who could see no sense to his training work. Boxing Commissioner Bill Brown, after taking one look at the champion-to-be in sparring jousts at Asbury Park, advocated that the fight be postponed a month or called off entirely, because Baer was "not fit to fight for the title."

Now it is silly to suppose that Brown, a famous conditioner of men for many, many years, did not know what he was talking about. The boxing critics, too, many of whom have followed fights for a lifetime, certainly know their stuff. How, then, did they come to be fooled by Baer at Asbury Park?

The answer is that they were not entirely fooled, but they were thrown off the track far enough to be badly off in their predictions on the outcome of the fight. Baer was not in 100 per cent shape. Anyone who knows the first thing about boxing and physical condition will have to admit that had Baer been in first class fighting condition, Carnera would never have come up for the third round. Just when he had the Man Mountain ready for the *coup-de-grace,* it was necessary for the Livermore Lothario to step back and take a rest himself. He practically gave away several rounds to Carnera because he had to have a rest.

* * *

WHILE it may be argued that Baer was lucky to a certain extent in landing a numbing punch on Carnera's chin in the first round, a punch from which Primo apparently never fully recovered, it is by no means true that Max fought in a blind "trust to luck" fashion.

Baer's victorious battle was waged according to strategy carefully worked out in advance in many a council of war participated in by Baer, Jack Dempsey, Ancil Hoffman and Mike Cantwell. Baer, in discussing the fight later, gave full credit to Dempsey, his adviser; Hoffman, his manager, and Cantwell, his trainer. After listening to Baer, one is compelled to reach the conclusion that Max is far from being in reality a buffoon or a braggart, no matter how much his actions make him appear to be such.

In response to a question about his training Baer discoursed about as follows:

"I guess what you want to know is whether I really was as bad as I appeared to be at Asbury Park. The answer is both yes and no. I suppose Commissioner Bill Brown has had to take a lot of kidding about his statement that I was not fit to fight for the title. I suppose I kidded him a little myself, but he knows it was just kidding.

"I have the highest respect for Bill Brown and I am sure he realizes that. In respect to Brown's idea that the fight should have been postponed a month, I ask you who first brought up the idea of a postponement.

"No doubt you will remember that the first request for a postponement came from our camp. Dempsey was not satisfied with my condition. Neither was I. We would have liked to have had a week more, but maybe it was better we did not get it. But in view of the fact we honestly wanted a week's postponement, it is not hard to understand how Bill Brown was of the opinion there should be a delay. We should have been at Asbury Park a week or so earlier than we arrived."

"Our worst mistake was in sending Max to Lake Tahoe for his preliminary condition at that particular season of the year," cut in Hoffman, who had been listening to Baer's remarks and nodding his head in approval, probably figuring to remind his fighter of all that when the time arrives to get to work for the next fight. "The climate at Lake Tahoe was too cold for Baer, who thrives on hot weather, as he showed in getting in shape at Reno, when it was well over 100 in the shade. And it was too lonesome a place for a fellow of Max's temperament."

"That's right," chipped in Baer. "I'm the restless type, like Dempsey. I have to be active all the time. When I'm not doing something, I go to seed. I just can't stand a spot that's dead. At least, I can't now. When I get to be an old codger and settle down with my pipe and my dog I may go in for quiet and solitude. But right now I want action and excitement."

* * *

HOFFMAN then took up the thread of conversation again. "They accused us," he said, "of being greedy for money to the detriment of Max's condition when we contracted for him to do radio work while he was in training. That would have been bad stuff for most boxers, but I knew Max's temperament and felt that the more he had to occupy his mind the better it would be. He gets a tremendous kick out of that sort of thing and then, too, it served to distract his mind

from the tough job that his training had become. I don't deny that it was a tough job getting him ready after his year's layoff."

"No kidding, it surely was tough, crowding so much work into the short time we had," affirmed Baer. "It didn't take us long to realize that we were in a bad spot and we decided we had to train for a fight in which I would rate myself along, fighting in spurts and trusting to do enough to Carnera in those spurts to make him helpless to do anything to me while I eased up to rest for the next attack. So, really, I trained along the same lines as I fought and the result shows that we had the right idea."

Max was asked about his so-called "chin-toughening," in which he took from his sparring partners many punches which he might easily have blocked or slipped.

"Well," said the new champion, "it was like this. I knew Primo had a pretty good left hand and in spite of all that had been said about his lack of a punch, I realized that it was up to me to be able to take his best punches if he happened to get going while I was tired. So I figured it would be a good idea to let the sparring partners toughen my chin by walloping it."

The next question was whether Baer could have made a better showing than he did the afternoon that Commissioner Brown looked him over.

"It was a question," said Hoffman, "of Max doing his regular stuff, which Brown would not like, or breaking up our training schedule by having Max step on it. To have had him give everything he had at that stage would have had a bad effect, in our opinion. So we told him to go along as usual. Of course, we might have had the sparring partners fake a couple of knockouts, but if we had done that a keen-eyed observer like Brown would have spotted what was going on and there is no telling what he might have done to us."

* * *

THE interviewer next brought up the subject of Baer's hitting power, calling to Max's attention the fact that some boxing writers had credited him with being the hardest puncher in the history of the game, not even excepting Jack Dempsey.

Baer's reply was a model of diplomacy.

"The way I figure that," he said, "is that Dempsey fired leather bullets, while I throw rocks. You can make up your own mind whether you would prefer to be hit by a bullet rather than a rock. That shouldn't be too hard for anybody to decide."

"Do you think the statement that you are a harder hitter than was John L. Sullivan is an exaggeration?" was another question.

"Certainly it is an exaggeration," came the answer. "Of course, I never saw John L. fight and I know of his punch only from hearsay, but they tell me he hit like a sledgehammer. So again I ask whether you would prefer to have somebody land on your chin with a sledgehammer or be hit by a rock."

* * *

FROM the foregoing it is evident that the public, in sizing up Baer as being not quite as much of a nut as at first was suspected, is correct. Max turns the "nut stuff" in his favor whenever possible. As, for instance, in the fight. Baer was tired in one round and wanted to get by without doing any more work than necessary. So he distracted Carnera's attention in various ways, by doing an excruciatingly funny imitation of Primo's rubber legs and by pausing in Carnera's corner to rub his feet in the rosin.

It may be argued that Baer is foolish, in that he has nothing to show for all his work in the ring. To that Baer may reply that he has had one whale of a good time and that the best years of his life still are ahead of him; that he has showed that he is able to make money as an entertainer aside from his ring ability.

In interviews after the fight, Baer insisted that he intended to save some of the money that now is rolling in on him from all sides, but added that he intended to spend half his earnings in enjoying life while he still was young enough to enjoy life to the full.

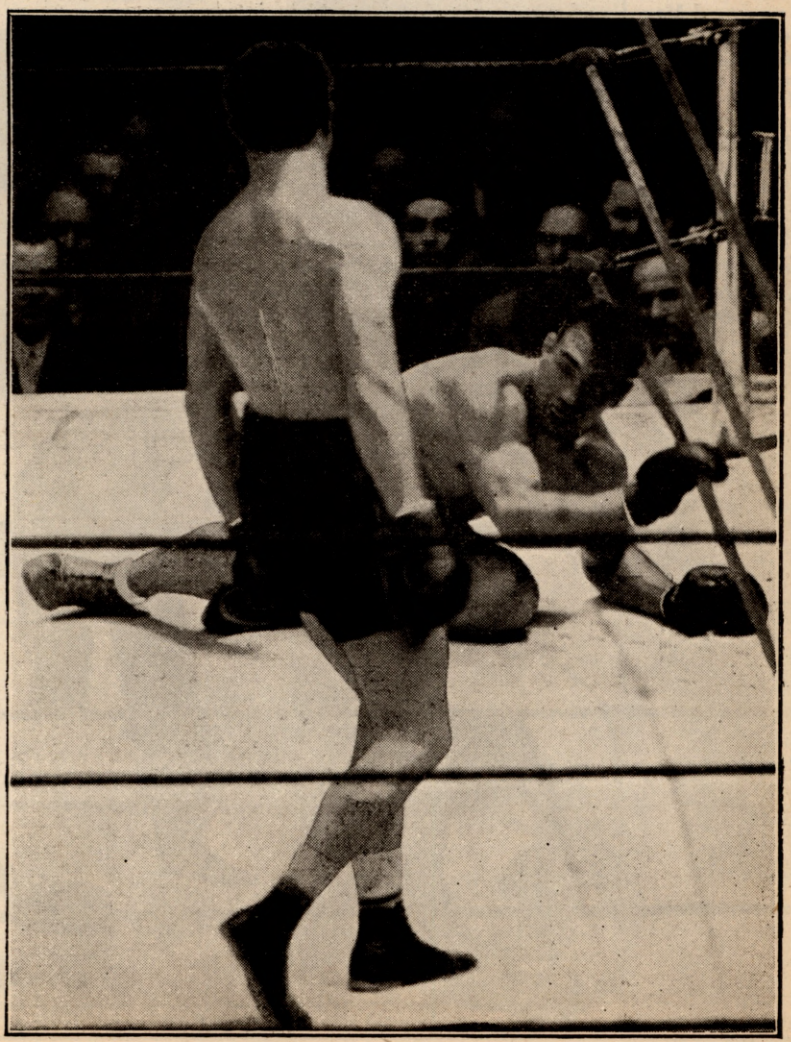
Some may say that Baer has been very lucky to get where he is, that he has succeeded in winning the championship that eluded the grasp of men who rated as much better fighters. If that is the truth, which is a matter open to argument, then it constitutes added evidence that Baer is anything but nutty. In the well known phrase, he is as crazy as a fox. A man may get by for a time on fool luck, but when he starts at the bottom and reaches the top, step by step, it is evident that he must have more than luck.

After all, the man who capitalizes on his assets, must be accorded a smart fellow. If Max has reached the top with fewer assets than some others who have failed, then it must be admitted that he has played his cards very smartly.

If Baer was as much interested in the works of William Shakespeare as Gene Tunney, he might well quote from the immortal bard of Avon in answering his critics and say: "He who laughs last laughs best."

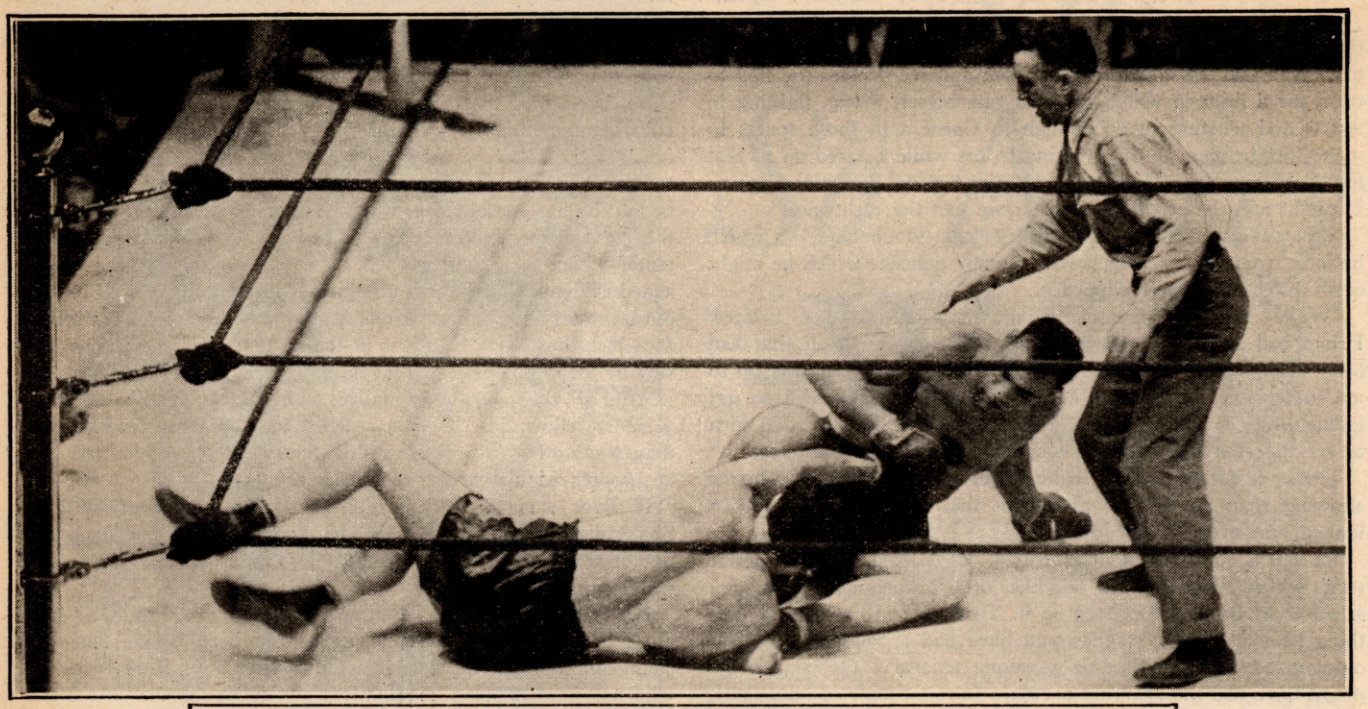
Yes, Max has the last laugh, and the best one. And he is in a most favored and enviable position. For here is one laughing champion who has the world laughing with him. Here is a man who has fired popular imagination, and intrigued the customers. Here is a fighter who fills a prescription right up to the final iota of requirement. The world, tired of sighing and wailing, is in a mood for the lighter vein in everything. And here is a champion who certainly is in a lighter vein.

Max Baer has this world right where he wants it. How will he capitalize on this exemplary and happy situation?

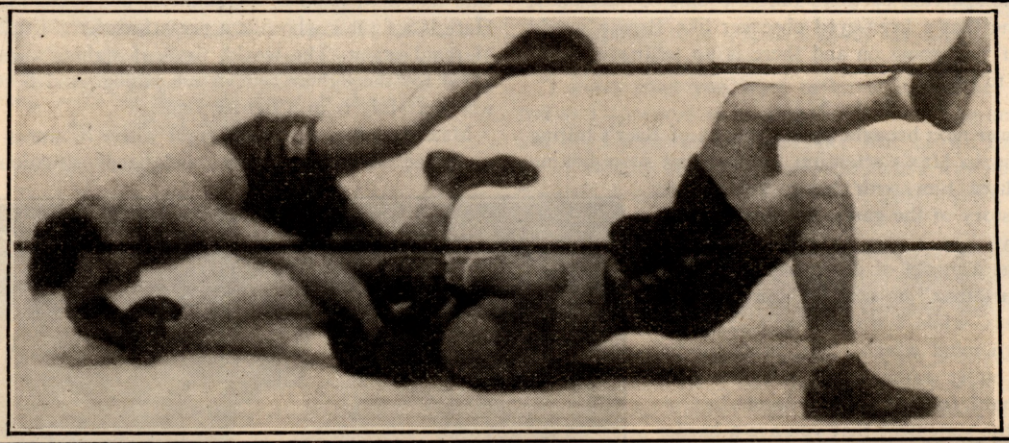


A Dempsey-Firpo scene reenacted. Max Baer stands over his foe while Carnera eyes him in a dazed condition. Louis Soresi, Primo's chief of staff, is watching the proceedings just to the right of Carnera.

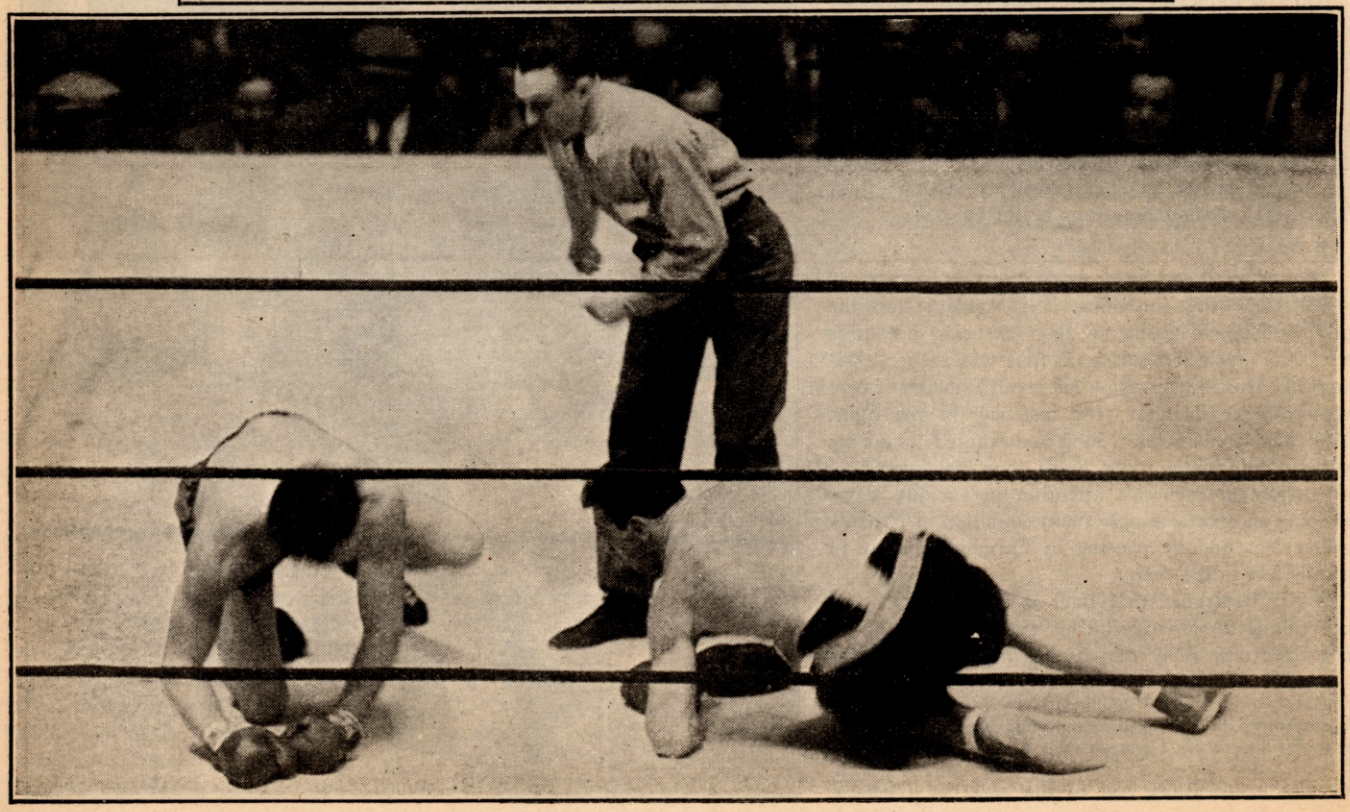
WRESTLING *or* BOXING?



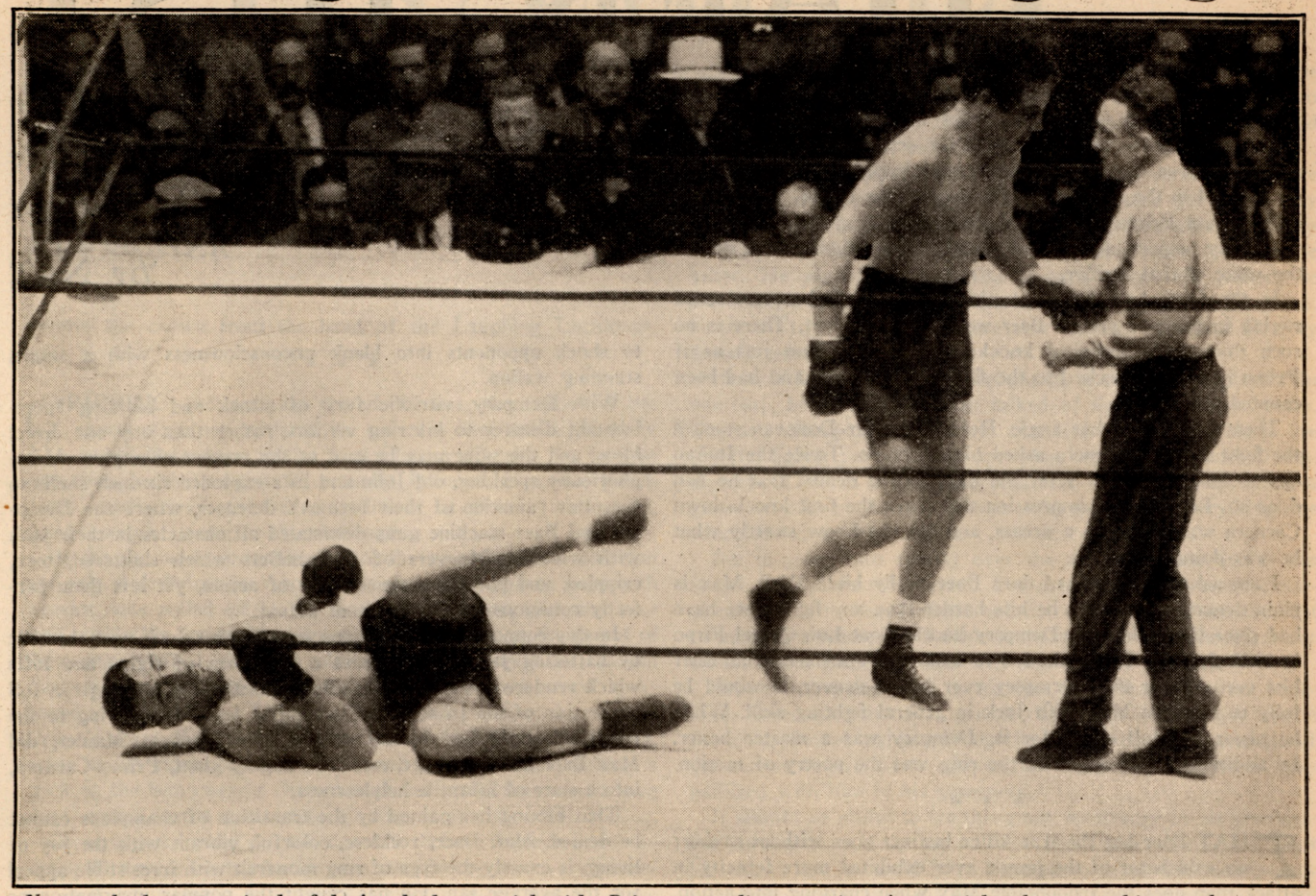
Above—It surely looks like a mat bout, but it's only Baer and Carnera on the canvas after Primo had dragged Max down after receiving a right to the jaw. (Right)—Baer and Carnera in the second round as they hit the canvas together.



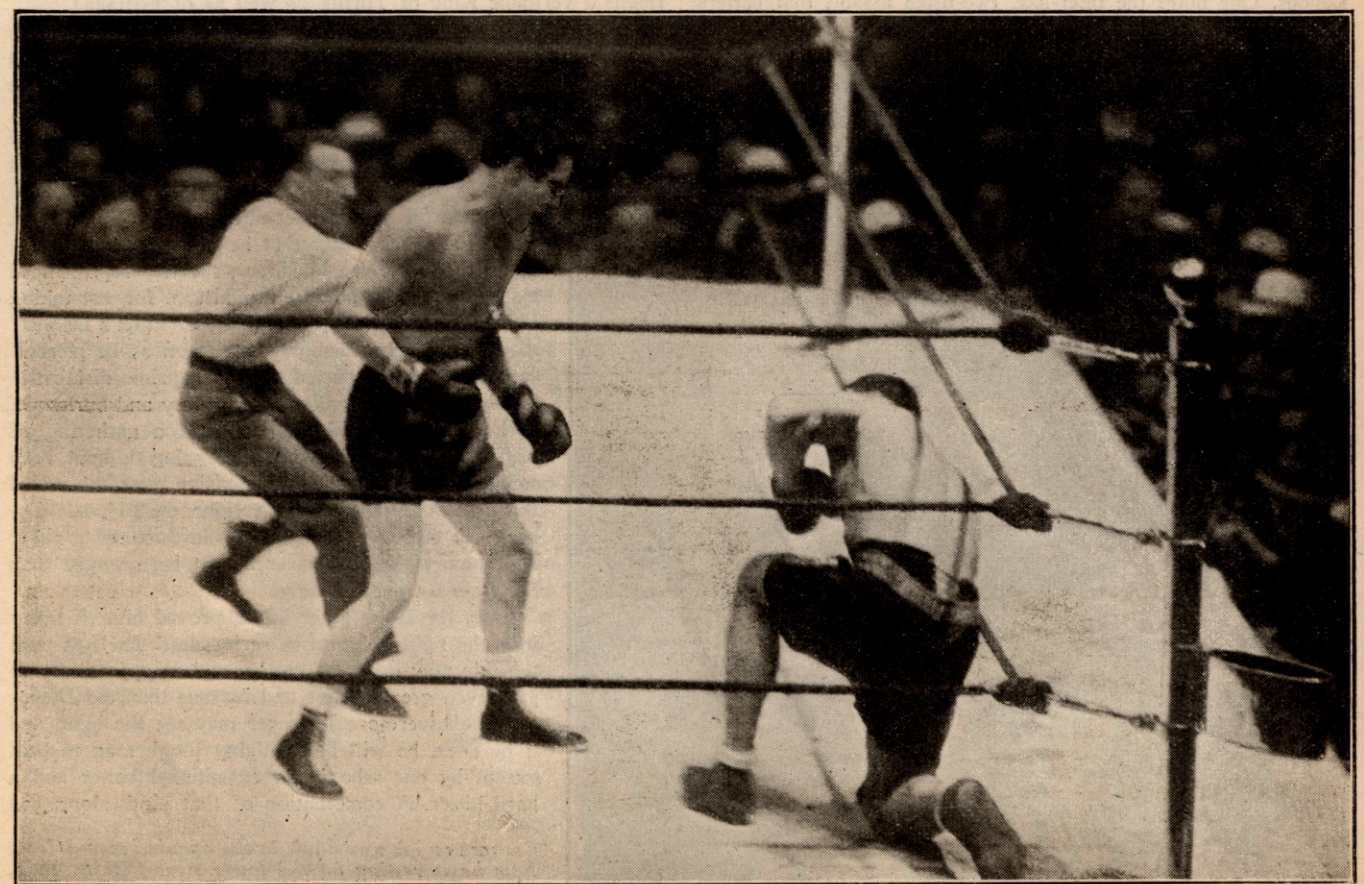
Below — An unusual scene, with Champion Carnera and Challenger Baer both on their knees after Primo was floored for the third time with a right. Max couldn't get out of the way as his Italian rival fell, and hit the floor simultaneously.



Exciting Moments in Big Fight



Next to the last scene in the fight for the heavyweight title. Primo struggling to arise after a right clout sent him to the canvas. Donovan is leading Baer away from his opponent.



Down on his knees in his corner in the tenth round. Referee Donovan drags Baer away from Carnera. Primo took a count of three.

BAER JUST

"RING" Editor Believes New a Harder Hitter Than Was Learns to Fight Without

By NAT

OF course, everybody still is talking about the Baer-Carnera fracas. And folks will be discussing that encounter until another Baer scrap comes along. And even then they still will hark back to that starry night on June 14 in the big Garden Bowl on Long Island, where Max knocked out Primo in the eleventh round.

For the expert, several interesting propositions stand out in the wake of that thriller.

In the first place, let me settle a dispute which seems to be raging in a lot of places. Baer won by a knockout. There is no such thing as a technical knockout, and Max won just as if Primo had been knocked to the floor, unconscious, and had been counted out.

Then there is another angle. Referee Arthur Donovan stopped the fight because Carnera asked him to do so. Twice the Italian appealed to Donovan. After the fight Primo denied that he had done so. But it is my impression that after the first knock-down Carnera was a man in a dream, and did not know exactly what he was doing or saying.

I am asked, "How hard does Baer really hit?" Well, Max is plain dynamite. I believe he hits harder than any fighter we have had since the night Jack Dempsey knocked out Luis Angel Firpo in 1923. In fact, I am tempted to make the statement that Baer hits even harder than Dempsey ever hit. However, it would be folly to compare Max with Jack in general fighting skill. While he never got full credit for it, Dempsey was a master boxer. In addition, Jack's action in the ring was the poetry of motion.

* * *

THAT Baer has the true killer instinct goes without saying; no wild beast of the jungle ever exhibited more ferocity in attack than does the redoubtable Max when charging into action. His methods strongly resemble those which made Jack Dempsey famous. One notes the tiger-like, two-fisted assault that batters down all opposition, the mad joy of battle which distinguishes the born fighter from the strictly manufactured product. Yet neither man can be listed in the category of one-punch knock-out hitters, of the John L. Sullivan or Bob Fitzsimmons type. Both John L. and Fitz earned world-wide fame for their ability to shock opponents into blank unconsciousness with a single, stunning wallop.

With Dempsey, vitriolic fury of attack and blinding speed brought disaster to his ring victims, rather than any one direct blow, and the same may be said of the present champion. Metaphorically speaking, old John and Fitz exploded six-inch shells to the utter ruination of their foemen's defenses, where the Dempsey and Baer machine guns devastated all obstacles in their path with whistling showers of fiery bullets which shattered, tore, crippled, and put the recipients out of action, yet left them perfectly conscious of the agony of defeat.

In this connection it is curious to note that Jack won the title by battering Jess Willard with a hailstorm of rights and lefts which rendered Willard incapable of continuing, although in full possession of his senses. And in similar fashion, adhering to the tradition established by his mentor, the Manassa Mauler, did Max Baer blast the huge, erstwhile mighty giant, Primo Carnera, into a state of infantile helplessness.

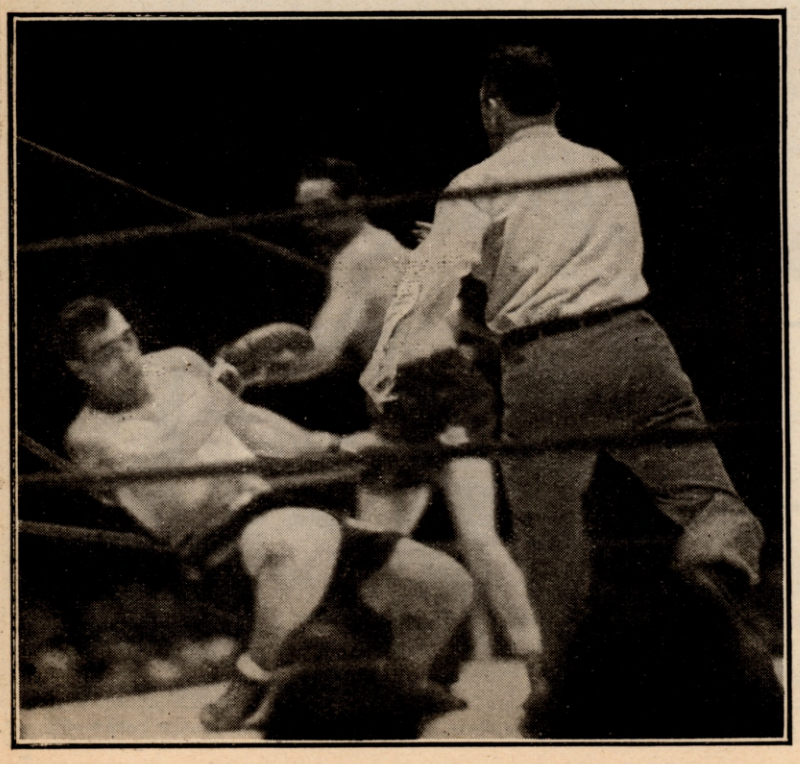
That boxing has gained by the transition of champions cannot be denied. Max Baer, reckless, colorful, vibrant with the joy of living, is exactly the type of ring monarch with irresistible appeal for the average fan. He has caught the popular imagination as no fighter since Jack Dempsey's day succeeded in doing, and reigns a veritable King of Thrills, as well as of Fistiana!

Down twelve times from bone-crushing blows, beaten so unmercifully that he could barely stand on his feet, Carnera stood a helpless, pathetic, stumbling, grotesque figure as Referee Arthur Donovan halted the bout.

The battle between those giants was really no contest, so far outclassed was the title holder. It was a one-sided affair in which the fighter who was reputed to be in wonderful physical condition displayed such a woeful lack of ability that he proved a toy in the hands of his rival, while Baer, severely reprimanded by press and the boxing commission for not taking his training seriously, displayed the "killer's instinct" made famous by Dempsey, and won as he pleased.

As had been expected, it was a primordial battle in which the combination of savagery and burlesque, both exhibited by the victor, held a gathering of 55,000 persons spellbound. Never has a bout been fought in the heavyweight division that resembled this one. With only two exceptions, the Firpo-Dempsey mill and the Dempsey-Willard contest, never has a more thrilling caveman tilt been waged than the Baer-Carnera shindig.

Baer, the latest giant killer, proved himself every inch the fighter except in seriousness. Perhaps with the title now in his possession and an opportunity to gain even greater fame and fortune than did Dempsey, the Livermore Larruper may see the light, and if he does, he will be a mighty tough man to beat except by one who is an exceptional boxer and a hard hitter. A combination of that kind, alone, can



Carnera on his way down in the opening round. Note how he is resting on the lower strand while Baer, like Dempsey in the Firpo battle, stands over his prey.

DYNAMITE!

Champion May Become Even Dempsey in His Heyday If He Taking Extended Rests

FLEISCHER

remove the crown from the head of the Laughing Lochinvar.

* * *

GRIPPING and exciting though it was, the battle of the giants was not without its comedy. The antics of Baer would have done justice to a Charley Chaplin. In fact, at one time in the contest he actually imitated Chaplin's punch drunk stunt, much to the astonishment of Primo, who stood, dumbfounded, staring at the challenger.

By far the most astounding act of the new champion, one that not only took Primo by surprise but caused the fans to gape with wonder, was pulled off in the tenth round, when, with the bout well within his hands, Max arose from his chair at the sound of the gong, walked sideways along the ropes until he reached Carnera's corner, and while the Italian behemoth stood spellbound, the Livermore Lothario shuffled the soles of his feet in Primo's rosin, then faced his foe. There stood Baer defenseless, arms at his side, cockiness written all over his face, pulling a trick on the heavyweight champion of the world that would have done justice to the greatest of all ring strategists—Kid McCoy.

Carnera just looked on, too dazed to believe his eyes, and too shocked to raise his hands. He was stupified by his rival's audacity, and while other more quick thinking fighters might have taken advantage of the opportunity to connect with damaging punches, Primo just gaped at Max.

In the rôle of the comedian, the new title holder proved that unlike other champions, he cannot be judged by the old standards. He is unlike any champion the fistic world has ever seen in the heavyweight ranks. His monkey-shines while he was in training are what caused so many newspapermen, and Commissioner Brown of the New York Boxing Board, to think of him only in terms of the clown and thus go so far astray on the outcome of the fight.

Various excuses have been advanced for the poor showing of Carnera, but the only one that can hold water, is the fact that he was scared out of his wits when he learned that the only man in whom he had any confidence, Bill Duffy, would not accompany him into the ring and act as his chief of staff. When that news was conveyed to him the night before the fight, he almost collapsed.

The absence of Duffy, the cold in Primo's head and sprained ankle sustained in the first round, all undoubtedly handicapped the champion, but the greatest obstacle to his success was the tiger man whom he faced. A fighting devil with a devastating right that doomed him from the very start. Baer's numbing wallops would have felled an ox and it was no disgrace for Carnera, even with his huge bulk of 263 pounds, to succumb to such attack.

For the first time, the Italian was subjected to a really powerful bombardment and he was amazed by Baer's drive, and sheer enthusiasm for battle.

FROM now on we will have to recognize Baer as the clown of the ring, but not the kind of a clown known to the stage. He is the type who kids his man along and then batters him into submission with unmerciful rights.

A clown? Perhaps, but not the kind we were led to believe when we saw him in training. Once the battle got under way which brought back to America the title that Carnera had taken to Italy, the laughing Lochinvar from Livermore, became the killer. He played his part like a born actor. He joshed, he sneered and he snarled and when he had victory within his grasp, he turned to comedy. Was there ever another like him? History doesn't record one.

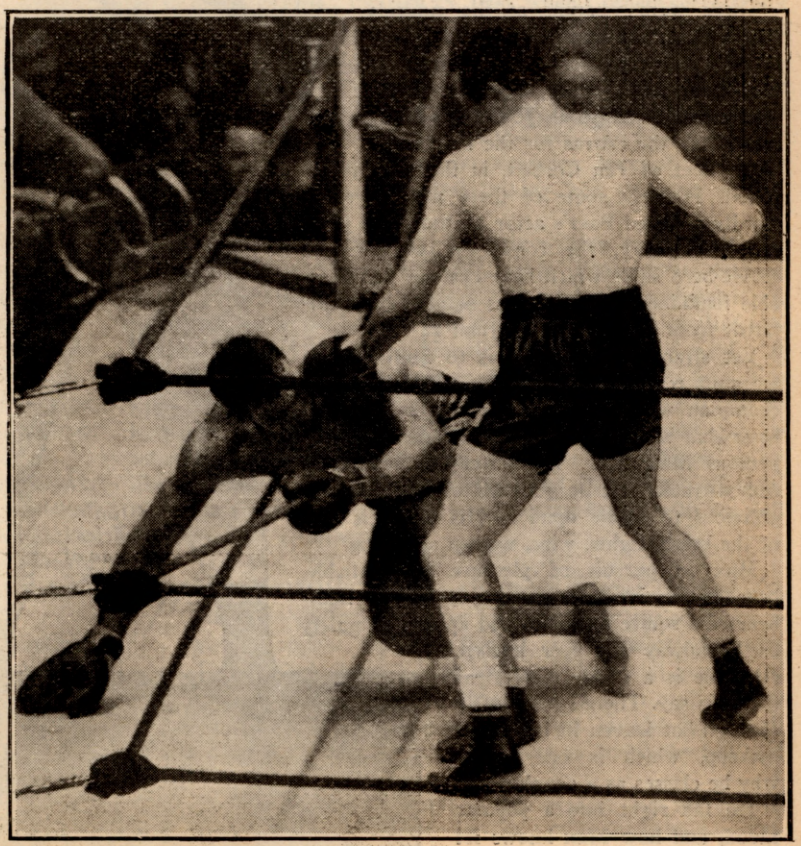
He was both devilish and delightful in the rôle he played. In one leap, he became the most talked of fighter in recent years. The new champion has brought new life into boxing. He is the colorful fighter for whom the sport has been looking since Dempsey retired. He is a ring natural if ever there was one. He is a game, terrific puncher, a fighter who possesses everything for which Dempsey was known.

But in going into ecstasy over the new champion, let us not forget the beaten title holder. I've seen practically every championship affair, heavyweight and in other classes, in the last twenty-eight years, but I don't know when I ever saw a greater exhibition of gameness than that displayed by Carnera.

Beaten into a daze, out on his feet on several occasions, hopelessly licked after that first terrible right-hand blow caught him on the chin, Primo exhibited superhuman courage in getting off the canvas twelve times without waiting for the count. I sympathized with him in his gameness.

It seemed so pitiful to see this giant, so strange in his bewildering surroundings, leap up, to have bomb after bomb hurled at his chin when he could have avoided much of this unnecessary punishment had competent seconds kept him down until the count of nine on each knockdown. Yes, pitiful and unnecessary! Where are the seconds of old?

As for Baer, he declared often before *(Continued on page 47)*



Baer landing a left to the face with Carnera already, technically down as the result of a right hand punch to the chin. Carnera is resting one hand on the canvas and grasping the middle rope with the other.

MAX, *the* MOVIETONE,

How Punching Playboy Baer Compares With Former Champions in Mental Makeup

By GEORGE T. PARDY

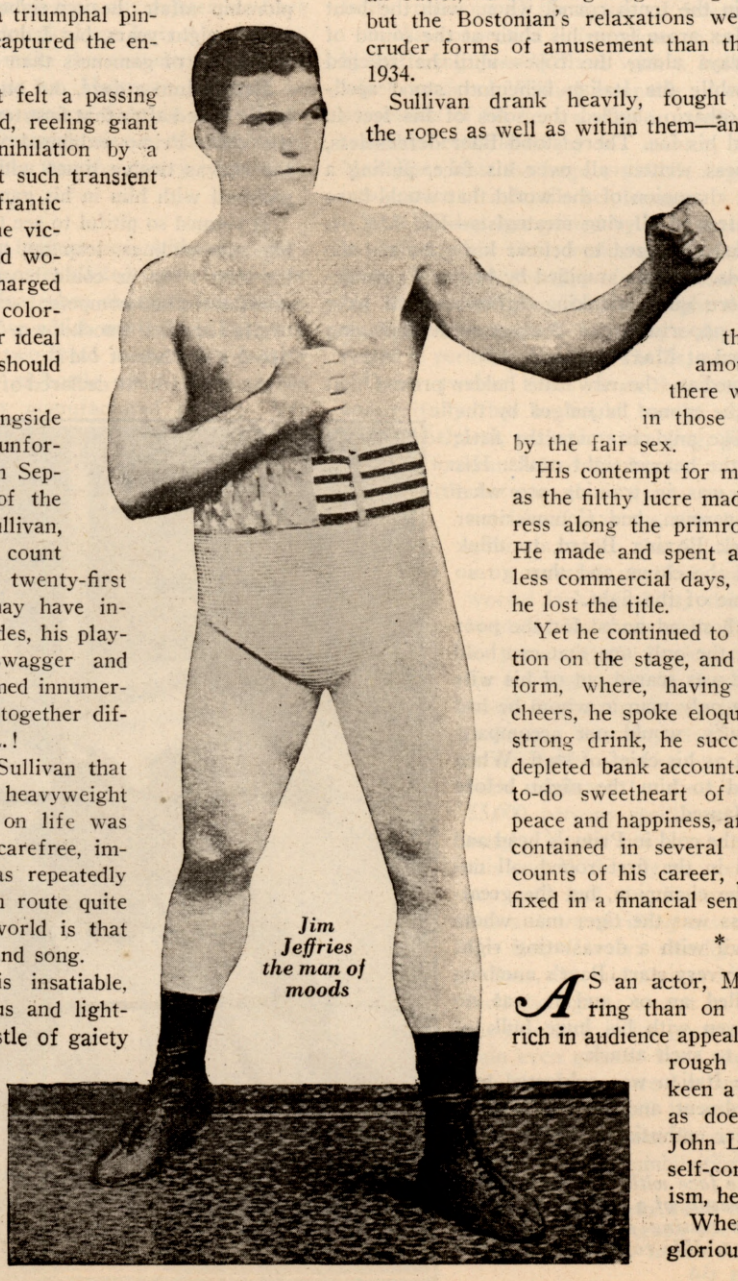
IT is generally agreed on all sides that the world's new heavyweight champion, Max Baer, appears destined to go down in fistic annals as the most popular ruler of the modern ring. A product of the jazz age, he fits into the scheme of things as to the manor born. His almost impudent cocksuredness, his eager lust for battle, his youthful appreciation of the very "joy of living" carry an irresistible appeal to a generation scornful of conventionalities, and eagerly receptive of the vivid thrills that come from the visualization of great moments pulsing with the glory of heroic combat and headlong speed. Baer's recent spectacular defeat of Primo Carnera meant something more than the mere dethroning of an old and crowning of a new champion to a huge majority of the thousands assembled at the Astoria Bowl on that fateful night. It was, in a sense, a recognition of the New Order of things, a departure from hitherto accepted conditions, the ascent to a triumphal pinnacle of a glamorous figure that captured the enthusiastic homage of the mob.

Doubtless most of those present felt a passing throb of sympathy for the battered, reeling giant who was rescued from utter annihilation by a referee's merciful intervention. But such transient emotion was speedily lost in the frantic wave of exultation which hailed the victor. These madly cheering men and women were reacting to the passion-charged atmosphere, vibrant with the raw, colorful lure of a warrior who was their ideal of what a modern fighting man should be.

There were veterans at the ringside whose memories went back to the unforgettable Battle of New Orleans, on September 7, 1892, when the first of the Queensberry champions, John L. Sullivan, crashed to the canvas for the final count at the feet of Jim Corbett, in the twenty-first round. Possibly some of these may have inwardly resented Baer's actor attitudes, his playboy personality, the conscious swagger and movie-hero smile which have charmed innumerable feminine hearts. He was so altogether different from rough, roaring John L.!

Yet strangely enough, it is to Sullivan that we must revert in order to find a heavyweight champion whose general lookout on life was somewhat similar to that of the carefree, impetuous Max Baer. The latter has repeatedly demonstrated that he goes his own route quite oblivious to public opinion. His world is that of the bright lights, wine, women and song.

Max in pursuit of pleasure is insatiable, brooking no interference, as joyous and lighthearted a squire of dames and apostle of gaiety as Broadway has ever known. Also, he is a good "mixer," as the boys say. There is absolutely no high-hat leaven in his social makeup, which is one reason why he classes as a popular idol. He fits right into a popular mood, and how Max knows it!



Jim Jeffries the man of moods

NOW take Sullivan's case! John L. fitted in as neatly to the environment of the Nineties as does Max Baer to that of the 20th Century in this year of our Lord. But Sullivan's times were lacking in many of the lighter, and it may be spurious, graces, which lend color to the age of jazz. Women did not patronize the ring then, in fact the average respectable citizen only did so in a secretive sort of way. It was only during the régime of the elegant, cultured Jim Corbett, that boxing edged forward to classification as a legitimate sport.

Sullivan could never be led on a leash. Like Baer, he knew what he wanted, got what he wanted, when he wanted it. Argument or cajolery were alike useless in dealing with the Boston Strong Boy. Again like Baer, he was brimful of the joy of life. The lion-like energy that made John L. a ring terror had to find an outlet, he loved fighting for fighting's sake, so does Baer, but the Bostonian's relaxations were necessarily limited to cruder forms of amusement than those available to Max in 1934.

Sullivan drank heavily, fought indiscriminately—outside the ropes as well as within them—and generally speaking, had "one hell of a time," during the long years through which he topped the list of scrapping coves. Such were his pleasures, nor were there wanting the thrills of certain amours, for John, although there were no Hollywood sirens in those days, was much admired by the fair sex.

His contempt for money, excepting in so far as the filthy lucre made easy his rainbow progress along the primrose path, was unbounded. He made and spent a fortune, large for those less commercial days, and was dead broke after he lost the title.

Yet he continued to be a big box office attraction on the stage, and later on the lecture platform, where, having forsworn the cup that cheers, he spoke eloquently against the evils of strong drink, he succeeded in building up his depleted bank account. His marriage to a well-to-do sweetheart of his youth, brought him peace and happiness, and, contrary to statements contained in several supposedly authentic accounts of his career, John L. was comfortably fixed in a financial sense at his death.

* * *

AS an actor, Max Baer, no less in the ring than on the screen and stage, is rich in audience appeal. But Sullivan, in his own rough way, possessed just as keen a sense of dramatic values as does the present champion. John L's stellar rôle, that of the self-confident overlord of pugilism, he played to the limit.

When in the rollicking, vainglorious mood induced by fre-

makes GAY CONTRAST

quent libations, Sullivan strode to the footlights, shook aloft his clenched fist and announced in stentorian accents that—"I can lick any blankety-blank in the house!" The crowd rose as one man and roared a delighted response.

As has been said of one great statesman of earlier times—"they loved him for the enemies he had made!" the said enemies being those serious critics of social ethics who viewed John L. as a bad example to the rising generation whose boyish members adored the reckless gladiator.

There was pathos in the dethronement of Carnera by Baer, but it was the sort of pathos which voiced the spirit of pitying contempt, with the spotlight focused on his conqueror at the final curtain. But the dramatist in John L. rescued him from oblivion after he was counted out before Corbett.

A never-to-be-forgotten picture is that of Sullivan, as, battered and bloody, he staggered to an erect position by the ropes, held up the powerful right hand which had caused so many adversaries to bite the dust and bellowed hoarsely:

"Gentlemen, all I have to say is that I stayed too long in the ring, and that I am glad the championship remains in America!"

Baer, the Happy Warrior, wearing the crown of victory.

* * *

WITH the exception of Gene Tunney and Jim Jeffries, every Queensberry champion has gone down to defeat in defense of the title. Jeff, like Gene, retired, and when he was stopped by Jack Johnson, he was the challenger. Should Max Baer ever share the fate of the great majority, it is a good guess that his exit from the place of high honor will be as dramatic as that of John L., for the actor's instinct governs the present king of the squared circle, even as it did the marvelous old Boston slugger.

Sullivan's successor proved less fortunate than Baer in winning universal popularity. Corbett shattered a national idol, and thereafter had to contend with the resentment nursed against him by the innumerable admirers of John L. In due course of time, however, Corbett won over some of Sullivan's disgruntled following, while building up for himself a new gathering of patrons from a different class of society.

The age was changing, the "rough-house stuff" being slowly but surely thrown into the discard. Corbett, courteous, polished, proud of his sobriquet of "Gentleman Jim," was the direct antithesis of roaring John, but the aftermath proved that the scientist belonged as surely in the chosen niche of his times, as did the slugger in the heyday of his prime.

But it would be foolish to assert that Corbett ever captured the admiration of the masses like John L., there always being a certain element that regarded him as a usurper of the royal purple. In his own way, Jim was a good "mixer," but he was discreet where his predecessor had been magnificently reckless, and his popularity suffered from a disinclination to lower himself to the mob level. Also, he was not what the fancy call "a kayo puncher," and it is an established axiom of the ring that the slugger, not the scientist, is ever the darling of the crowd.

* * *

WHERE Max Baer is hail-fellow-well-met with all classes of society, in a day when the lords of the underworld mingle freely at cabarets and night clubs with respectable citizens, Jim Corbett was obliged to draw a more significant line. John L's social range took in the tough saloons and their outcast habitués; Corbett, a familiar figure in recognized sport circles, and a popular stage entertainer, was fastidious in choosing companions.

Socially, therefore, Baer possesses advantages denied Corbett in bidding for popularity, not forgetting the financial and advertising values of motion pictures, in which Max shines so prominently, and which did not exist when Corbett occupied the fistic throne. Also Corbett labored under the handicap of being considered a light-hitting boxer, where Baer receives the adulation always accorded a rushing, smashing scrapper by the fans.

Up to date Corbett has been listed as the most accomplished actor among the pugs, but it may well be that Max Baer will outrank him in that respect. There was raw melodrama in the fight at Jacksonville, Fla., January 25, 1896, when Corbett successfully defended his title by knocking out Charlie Mitchell of England in the third round. But it was real life melodrama, for Corbett, nursing a well-deserved grudge against the Briton, was not acting when, for once in his fighting career, he threw science to the winds and roughed Mitchell all over the ring. The final round saw Corbett tearing in like a madman, dropping Mitchell repeatedly with savage swings, and at last lashing him senseless with a stunning right to the jaw.

There was a tremendously dramatic windup to the battle at Carson City on March 17, 1897, when Fitzsimmons became champion by knocking out Corbett with a left to the stomach, or, as the scribes would have it—the solar plexus. For after Jim was counted out and recovered himself, the loser rushed wildly at the winner and tried to engage in a rough-and-tumble fray with Fitz, until the seconds and sheriffs intervened. That too was in keeping with the actor strain in Corbett, nor would one be astonished to see Baer indulging in a similar exhibition under like conditions. Men with the Corbett and Baer brand of mentality can scarcely be visualized as accepting defeat with the dull submission of a Carnera.

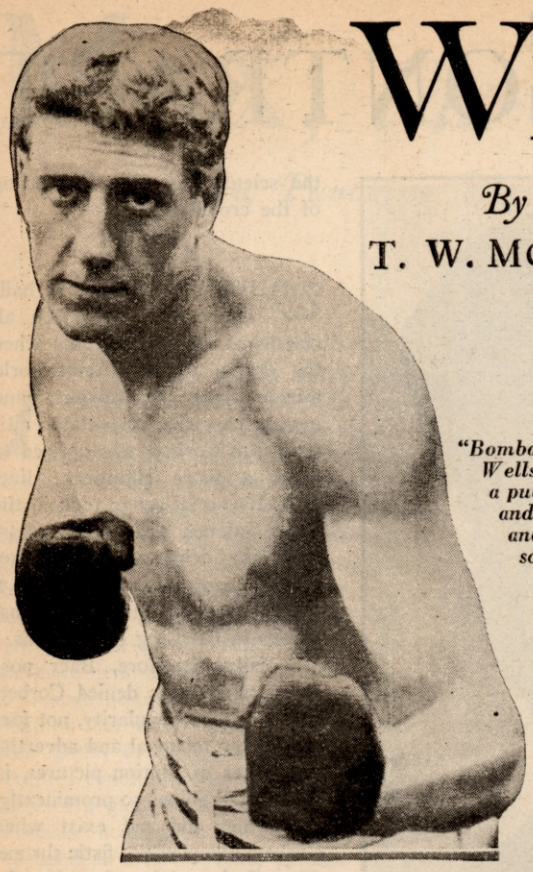
* * *

FITZSIMMONS' ability as a sledge-hammer puncher won him wide-world fame and as his personality was of the easy-going, familiar type, his friends and acquaintances were many. Unlike Corbett, he did not aspire to the social graces, nor did he patronize the roughneck element, a la John Sullivan. He was something betwixt and between the two. He did fairly well as a vaudeville attraction, but regarded as an actor, the less said the better about him.

He was no Baer nor Corbett in that respect, but the crowds that watched him meeting all-comers in *(Continued on page 38)*

WHITE HOPE

By
T. W. MCNIEL



"Bombardier" Billy Wells, who owns a pub in London and is a referee and boxing scribe.

I WAS thumbing through some old yellowed sporting journals recently and one item that was decidedly interesting was an article rating the world's 14 best heavyweights as of January 1, 1913. This was the period, you will recall, when the woods were full of "white hopes" all seeking to knock the heavyweight crown off the dusky dome of Jack Johnson.

The article set me to wondering just how the fates have treated these husky fellows in the 21 years that have elapsed since the rating was made. Here's some interesting dope on the boys whom the fight world was watching with bated breath, in the titanic struggle to return the title to the white race.

The ratings as then listed, follow:

No. 1. Jack Johnson, (champion); 2. Luther McCarty; 3. Sam Langford.

4. Jess Willard; 5. "Gunboat" Smith; 6. Carl Morris; 7. Frank Moran; 8. "Bombardier" Wells.

9. Al Palzer; 10. Jim Flynn; 11. Arthur Pelky; 12. Sam McVey; 13. Jim Barry; 14. Joe Jeanette.

Jack Johnson, the champion at the time, is still hale and hearty and still takes an active interest in the ring game. He is now promoting fights in New Jersey and has a road house. He is still able to eat three squares per day, which is better than a lot of the boys can do, and his famous "golden smile" is just as golden as it was in the days when he was ruling the fistic roost. Like a lot of old-timers, Jack is of the opinion that he could "take" Carnera like Grant took Richmond, if he could call back 25 years. Needless to say, he would have many supporters if it were possible for him to do so. Jack is still young looking, and hale and hearty.

* * *

LUTHER McCARTY, rated No. 2, was stricken from the picture at the height of a promising career. He was fatally injured in the first round of a bout with Arthur Pelky at Calgary, Canada, on May 24, 1913.

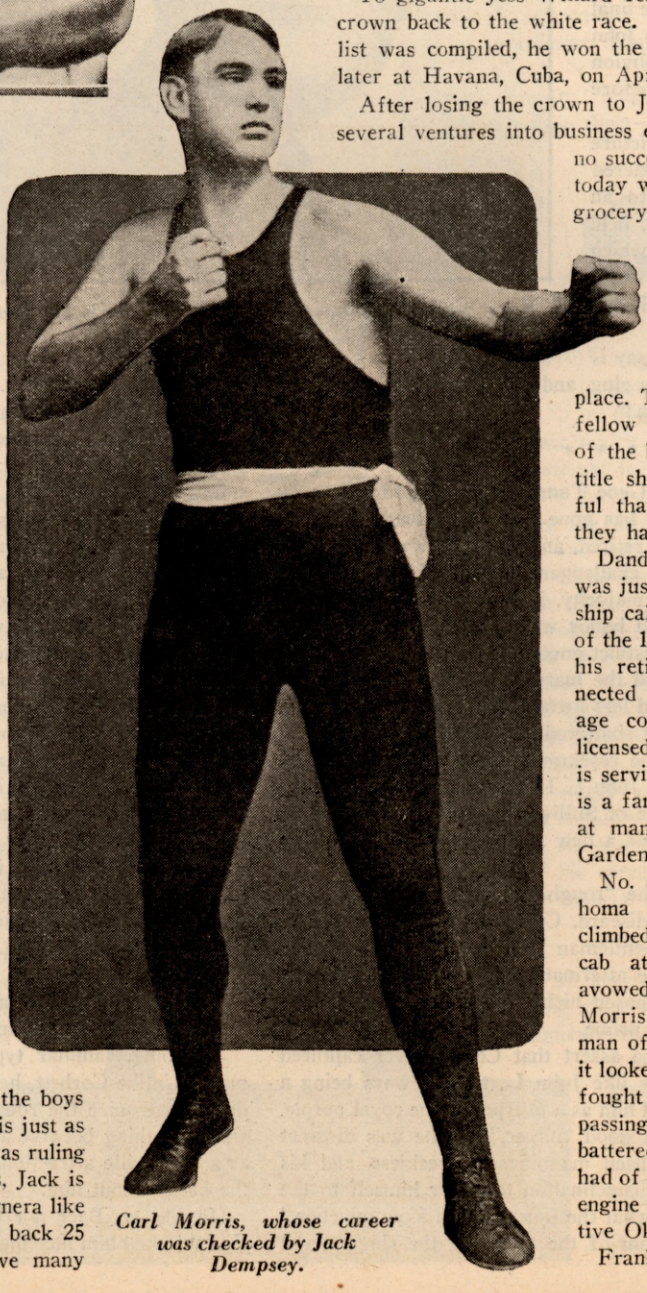
McCarty, a gigantic cow-puncher from the plains of the middle West, appeared headed straight for the title until the unfortunate accident. The bout is one of the few real tragedies in the history of the prize-ring.

No. 3, was another colored warrior, Sam Langford. What a sturdy old war-horse the old "Boston Tar Baby" was in his prime. Many claim that he could have beaten Johnson. Of course it is a matter of opinion.

Sam fought on until about 1923 when he was forced to toss in the sponge on account of bad eyes. Today he lives in his native Boston, practically blind, eking out a miserable existence with a shoe shining stand. Like all too many prize-ring stars, Langford threw his money to the four winds and saved nothing for a "rainy" day.

To gigantic Jess Willard fell the honor of bringing the crown back to the white race. Rated No. 4, at the time the list was compiled, he won the title a little over two years later at Havana, Cuba, on April 15, 1915, to be exact.

After losing the crown to Jack Dempsey, Willard made several ventures into business enterprises, but with little or no success. Jess lives in Los Angeles today where he is connected with a grocery concern. He recently went into bankruptcy.



Carl Morris, whose career was checked by Jack Dempsey.

* * *

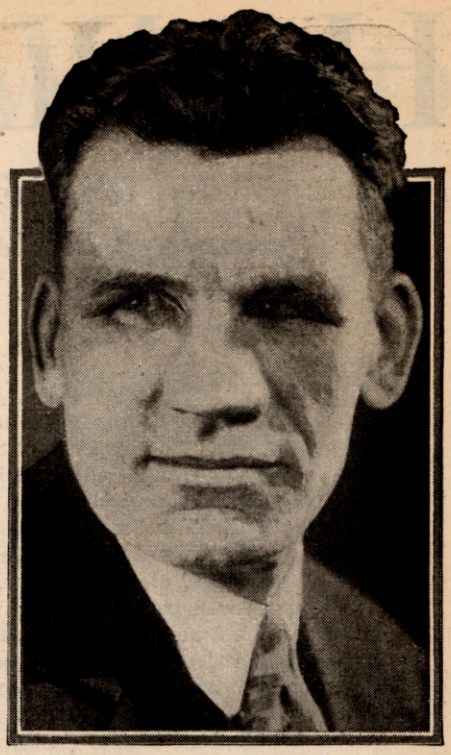
"GUNBOAT" SMITH, a product of the Navy, was in 5th place. The gunner was a tall, rangy fellow with a terrific wallop. None of the boys saw fit to give Smith a title shot, though it is very doubtful that he would have won it if they had.

Dandy fighter though he was, he was just a little bit shy of championship caliber. Smith was the last one of the 14 to hang up the gloves. After his retirement, Smith became connected with a Wall Street brokerage concern. Later he became a licensed referee in New York and is serving in that capacity today. He is a familiar figure as the third man at many of the big battles in the Garden.

No. 6 was that 240-pound Oklahoma giant, Carl Morris. Carl climbed down out of a locomotive cab at Sapulpa, Okla., with the avowed intention of licking Johnson. Morris was fast and clever for a man of his size and for a long time it looked as if he might succeed. Carl fought along till about 1920, finally passing out of the picture, a muchly battered giant. The last account I had of him, he was running a donkey engine at a logging camp in his native Oklahoma.

Frank Moran, the Pittsburgh red-

ERA RELICS



Gunboat Smith who gave Dempsey his toughest battle and is now a Wall Street runner and a referee.

head of "Mary Ann" fame, was rated No. 7. Frank earned two shots at the title but muffed them both. Johnson beat him in 20 rounds over in France in 1914 and Willard trounced him in the old Madison Square Garden in 1916 over the 10-round route.

Frank makes his home out in sunny California now, where he is a referee. He also dabbles a bit in the managerial end of the game and the movies.

"Bombardier" Wells was the 8th entry. This gigantic Englishman was possessed with everything needed to make an ideal champion but one, that being the ability to "take 'em." Wells was a clever boxer, a giant in stature, yet failed to make grade because of a brittle, oh so brittle chin. Wells owns a pub in London and is also a fistic scribe and a referee.

He served with honors during the World War and after that struggle was over he again pulled on the gloves, but after winning the world's "horizontal" title, Wells gave it up as a bad job. I've heard Wells is an assistant golf "pro" in England now but I couldn't say for certain.

* * *

NINTH place belonged to Al Palzer, the big burly Scandinavian from Minnesota. Al was too big and slow to get any place in the ring, though he did have an uncanny ability for absorbing punishment. He was an overgrown "Bat" Nelson in that respect, and took some bad beatings.

Perhaps the fight that Palzer is best remembered by, is the battle with "Bombardier" Wells. Palzer took enough punishment that night in 2 rounds, to have killed off half a dozen ordinary mortals. In the 3rd round Palzer swung a dying wallop from the floor that caught Wells amidships and knocked the handsome Englishman colder than the proverbial herring.

Palzer was shot and killed at his home in Minnesota in 1914. His father did the shooting, though it was proved to be of an accidental nature.

Jim Flynn, The Pueblo Fireman, was rated 10th. Flynn also had two shots at the title but failed to make the grade both times. Tommy Burns beat him in 1906 in 15 rounds. Jack Johnson beat him on a foul in 9 rounds in 1912 at Las Vegas, New Mexico. Flynn, who was a rough and tumble artist, depended solely on his brute strength to win, he knew little about boxing and cared less.

Flynn fought on till he was relegated to the "punching bag" class before he hung 'em up. Flynn, whose real name was Schriglione, was of Italian descent. Today he is living in Los Angeles, where he makes a living playing minor roles in the movies.

No. 11 was Arthur Pelky, the big lantern-jawed lumberjack from Canada. Pelky was one of the principals in the ill-fated McCarty-Pelky battle. Though a tough and rugged fellow, he was far too slow to cope successfully with clever battlers like "Gunboat" Smith and others of that type. After fighting along several years with indifferent success, Pelky retired and became a policeman at Ford, Ontario, where he died several years ago, a victim of the sleeping sickness. Pelky's real name was Peltier and he was a French-Canadian.

Pueblo Jim Flynn, the only man to knock out Jack Dempsey, never got very far.

* * *

SAM McVEY was 12th on the list and we might list him as a "colored hope." McVey's greatest claims to fame are his terrific struggles with Langford and Joe Jeanette. Sam made his home in France during the greater part of his career. McVey died several years ago of pneumonia.

Thirteenth place was occupied by Jim Barry, a rough and ready battler from the wide open spaces of Montana. Barry's battles with Langford are prize-ring epochs. They fought a total of 12 times and Barry failed to win a single one. He certainly was a hard fellow to convince.

In the latter stages of his career, Barry became a "dope" addict and finally during one of his many jamborees, he was shot and killed. This happened in the Panama Canal Zone a good many years ago.

The last man on the list was another colored battler, Joe Jeanette. Joe never became even a title threat, though he was a hard old nut to crack. Jeanette became a referee after his ring days were over. Later he established a gymnasium in Jersey City, N. J., which he still operates. He was also interested in the management of Stanley Poreda, the Polish heavyweight who looked as if he was going places a couple of years ago.

Looking over the list, it certainly appears as though the fates have treated this bunch of "hopes" rather cruelly. Not a single one has anything to speak of laid away for fast approaching old age. Possibly Smith and Willard are the best situated in this respect.

The Grim Reaper has taken a heavy toll of their number, as five of them, nearly half, have passed to their last reward. And only 21 years ago they were the finest specimens of physical perfection in the world! How many will be left in another score of years?

Those who fought through the 1910 to 1915 period have the satisfaction of knowing that they took part in one of the most memorable eras of modern pugilism.

Yes, sir. Those were stirring days, never to be forgotten "white hope" days.

HIS BLOW STUNNED

Arthur Pelkey, Whose Career Was Cut Short by a Lamentable Accident, Remembered as the White Hope Who Killed Luther McCarty

By BILLY ROCHE

IN the days of George La Blanche, Jake Kilrain, "Mysterious Billy" Smith, George Dixon, and John L. Sullivan, Boston, the key of the New England States, had definitely digressed from the ultra-cultured principles of its forefathers and was known as the scrappiest town on the map. Sullivan was the only one of the several mentioned above that could claim "Bean Town" for his birthplace, but all the others had become adopted sons of the capital of the Bay State.

Since that time few fighters have come from New England who worried the rest of the world with their fists. Andrew Arthur Peltier, who fought under the name of Arthur Pelkey, might be called an exception. Although here again, Arthur was not a New Englander by birth.

He was born in Chatham, Ontario County, Canada, on October 27, 1884, of Irish and French parents, who migrated, not to Boston, but to the little city of North Adams, nestled up among the Berkshire Hills in the northwestern part of the state.

Arthur was what might be called a big fellow in spite of the fact that his father was a French-Canadian and, like the majority of his race, small in stature. The son's weight was two hundred and ten pounds, his reach, seventy-eight inches, and height, six feet two inches.

Jess Willard, Peter Jackson, Primo Carnera, and Gus Ruhlin are the only fighters of all time of any prominence who could boast of a bigger stature. Had Pelkey had better training at the early part of his career, it is very likely that he would have made a more definite mark on the pugilistic score cards, for he had the physical advantages over practically everyone whom he fought.

* * *

PELKEY was twenty-six years old before he entered the ring as a professional. This was a disadvantage and one which he was never able to overcome, for the fighting game must be learned when one is young and in the plastic period, so that the mind and muscle may be trained along fistic lines.

On December 8, 1910, Pelkey was induced to go to Boston and match his mitts with Kent Salisbury. The bout was a six round affair, and ended in a draw, owing principally to the fact that he had had little training, was raw and awkward.

Tommy Burns, who had only a couple of years previous been succeeded by Johnson as heavyweight champion, happened to be at the ringside at the time and saw possibilities in this fighter with the enormous build. From that time on Burns kept a watchful eye over him and helped him along his very rough road, although he was not able to give sufficient time and attention to developing him as he would have liked.

Pelkey's next scrap was with George Christian at Westfield, Mass., in January of 1911. Arthur hadn't fully realized that the fight had started before Christian had placed a right to the jaw and knocked him flat for the full count.

From then on for practically two years, Burns's *protégé* didn't meet with defeat. Tommy Tracey fell in two rounds, Jim Sullivan in ten, Jim Barry in five, Jack Winrow in one round, and Arthur's first opponent, Salisbury, met defeat in a return bout of twelve rounds.

Bobby Avery kissed the resin in three rounds, Charley Haghey in nine and Tug Kennedy in four rounds. Then Pelkey met Soldier Kearns of Chicopee, Mass., in the Western Gateway Athletic Club, North Adams, Mass., on March 28, 1912. It was in this bout that Arthur proved himself a new white hope, for he knocked the Soldier out in the fifth round.

THE majority of the sporting world was looking with strained eyes for a man who could get the better of the champion, Jack Johnson, and therefore Pelkey's success met with their instant approval. Chief among the rejoicers, however, was Tommy Burns. It was his one ambition—that of finding a successor to his successor.

Jim Coffey was slated to meet Pelkey, but Kearns, who had a short time previously stopped Coffey, was substituted for him. In the fourth round Arthur floored Kearns twice for the count and had him very groggy at the bell.

Soon after the fifth was under way, Pelkey landed a right hook to the chin and all was over. The Canadian used a straight left and right to the body the greater part of the time, and it served successfully to weaken his opponent. Kearns had a wicked right, with which he twice staggered Pelkey, but, as a general rule, the latter avoided it.

On April 8, 1910, Arthur put up a slow ten-round bout that ended in a draw with Jeff Madden of Boston at the Whip City Athletic Club, Westfield, Mass. Pelkey was in good fighting trim, but Madden was overweight. The men toyed and jabbed at each other through nine of the ten rounds.

Jack McDonough had the idea that he could get the better of Pelkey, so challenged him. They met at the North Berkshire Athletic Club, Adams, Mass., on May 2, 1912. Three rounds were all that Jack could stand, and as the gong sounded he told his seconds to throw up the sponge.

Just one week later Pelkey was slated to meet Andy Morris in the same club. They went ten fast rounds to a draw. On May 23, 1912, Arthur met Jim Atwater, a Boston Negro scrapper, and the latter went down to inglorious defeat after one round of the scheduled ten.

The fight was held at the Western Gateway Athletic Club, North Adams, Mass. Jim was no match for the giant, who easily won the honors of the first round by punishing his opponent about the body. The second period started—and that was all. Arthur planted a right hook to the jaw and Jim went down. He gained his footing and tried to fight, but before he had even raised his arms he received another one of those right hooks and that was the end of the evening's entertainment.

* * *

JULY 29, 1912, was the day on which Arthur met his physical superior, Jess Willard. Willard was a comer, too, at the time. In fact, he was hardly known as he had been fighting only a little over a year and his scrap with Pelkey at New York City was his first appearance this side of Chicago.

The verdict rendered was no decision, and had one been allowed it is likely that it would have been a draw. These two giants of the ring put up a good fight, but both were clumsy and showed comparatively little science—at least to a New York crowd.

Soldier Kearns popped up again, not satisfied with the two previous decisions.

They met at the Royal Athletic Club, New York City, on August 20, 1912, and went ten fast rounds ending in a decision for Pelkey. Kearns had the better of only one round, the ninth, two rounds were even and the other seven were all in Pelkey's favor.

Arthur was content throughout the greater part of the fight to keep his man at a distance with a stinging left jab. In the first and second rounds, Pelkey peppered Kearns with left jabs.

the FISTIC WORLD

He cut Kearns's eye and started his nose bleeding. The soldier took the aggressive in the third and forced his opponent to the ropes. Pelkey was floundering and the crowd was yelling to Kearns to end it, when Arthur ripped a terrific right to the body and his man doubled up like a jackknife. Pelkey kept hammering away with both hands and had Kearns in a bad way when the bell came to the soldier's rescue.

The next four rounds were Arthur's. The eighth round was a repetition of the third. Kearns started with a rush and opened a gash over Pelkey's right eye and he seemed on the route to dreamland, but once more he let out a couple notches, hammering Kearns against the ropes and flooring him twice.

The soldier had the better of the ninth round, but no damage was done in this session, although Pelkey almost floored Kearns with another one of his terrific left-hand jabs. The fight at this stage had become mighty interesting.

* * *

PELKEY got in four straight left jabs at the beginning of the tenth without a return. He jabbed Kearns throughout the round and, at the end, was declared the winner. Pelkey weighed two hundred and seven and his opponent ten pounds less.

Arthur had his punch with him at Chicopee, Mass., on January 25, 1913, when he stretched out Bob Williams in the fourth round. This more thoroughly convinced the fans that he was a white hope, for he battled in full championship form.

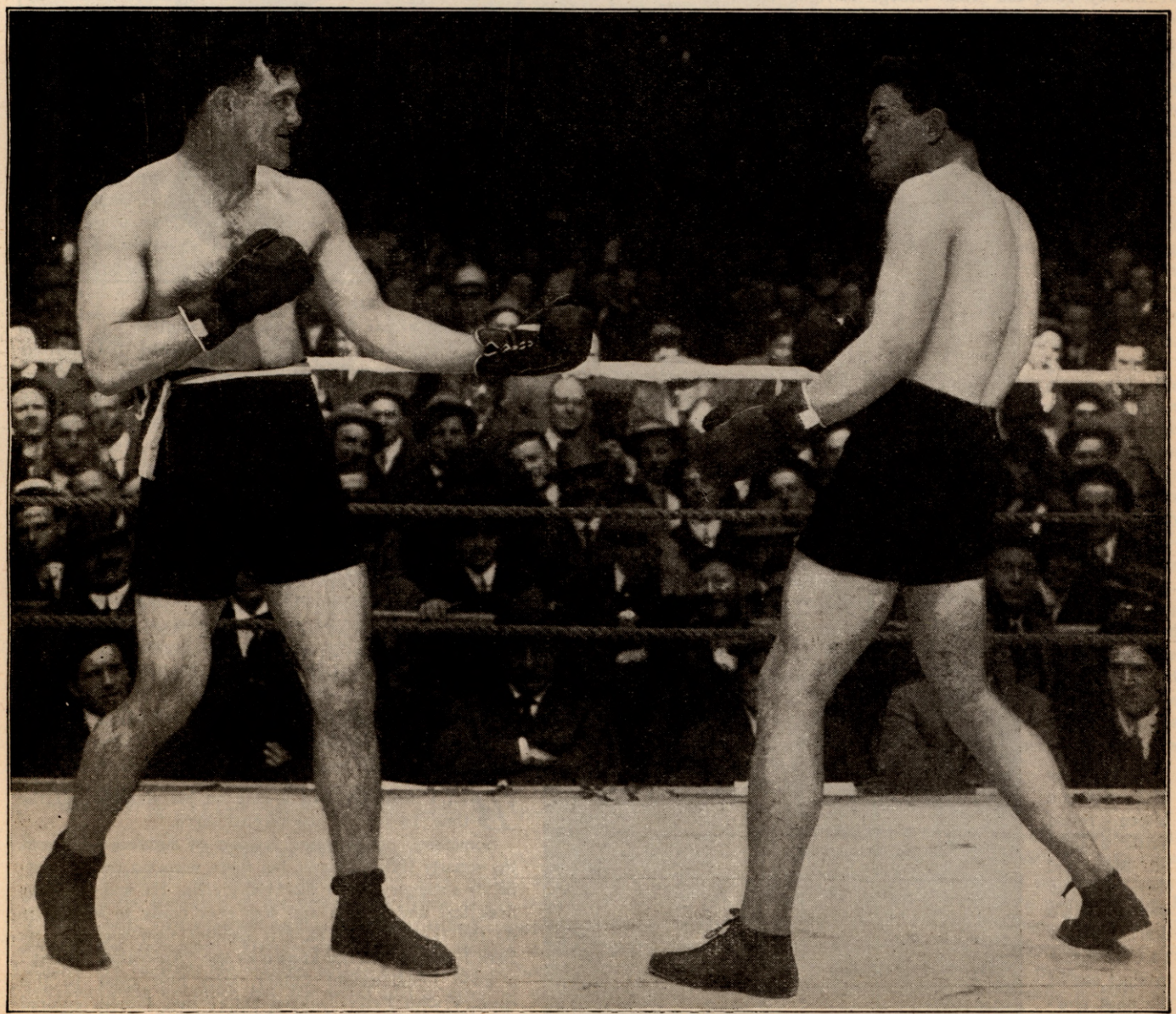
Defeat hit Pelkey like a ton of bricks—or to be more specific, it was Jim Coffey, the "Dublin Giant," at Philadelphia, Pa., February 23, 1913. The bout was scheduled to go six rounds, but it ended in the second.

At this stage in Arthur's life, he was induced to go to Calgary, Alberta, Can., by Tommy Burns, who had gone there and was instilling pugilistic inspiration and ability into the inhabitants.

Burns took him on as a sort of tryout for six months, but with the agreement that there was to be no decision. The fans were pleased with the son of their native soil and he soon became an idol.

Arthur had pulled a draw the year before with Andy Morris and was particularly desirous of pocketing him in a different pigeonhole of his career. Morris came up to Canada and they met at Calgary on May 1, 1913.

Pelkey made an excellent showing and loomed up more promising than ever, for Referee Tommy Burns had to stop the fight in the eighth in order to prevent a knock-out. All through the fight, Pelkey made his man look *(Continued on page 43)*



Arthur Pelkey (left) squaring off with Luther McCarty just before the gong for the start of the battle that ended in McCarty's death.

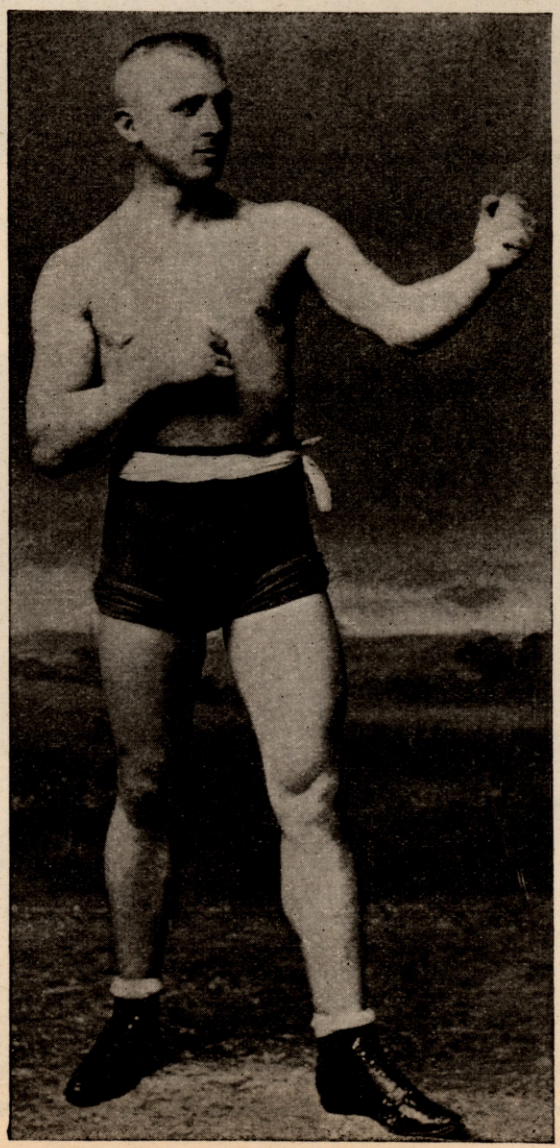
Ross's Unique Record

By ED. W. SMITH

HERE'S one spot where that constant argument between the old-timers and the modern fight fans, the line that says battlers of thirty years ago were about fifty per cent better than those of this present era, goes flooey, gets a severe crack in the shins or what have you.

Barney Ross did what George Lavigne failed to do thirty-five years ago!

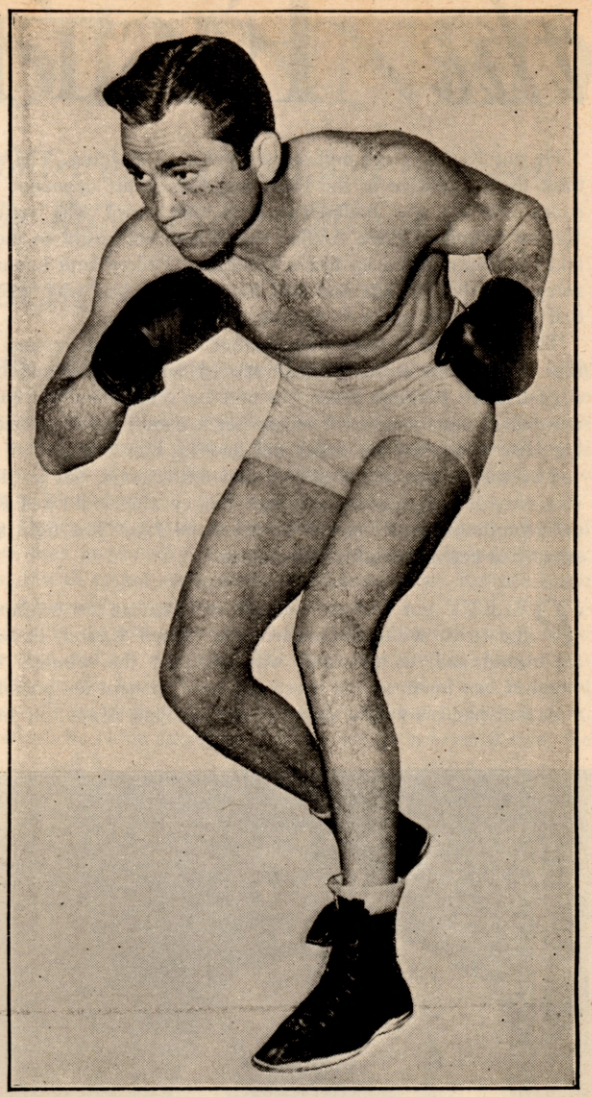
They have always said, those old-timers, that George Lavigne was undoubtedly one of the three greatest lightweights of all time, Jack McAuliffe and Joe Gans being the others.



Kid Lavigne, who fought Mysterious Billy Smith for the welter title.

Comparing Lavigne with the present-day Barney Ross as a world champion? Well, it was to laugh, said those old-timers. It just could not be done because THERE IS NO COMPARISON! That's how good George Lavigne of Saginaw, Mich., was.

Yet Ross beat Jimmy McLarnin in a fifteen-round battle a little bit back and there are few indeed who don't consider the Belfast product one of the most powerful of the welterweights we've had in years and years.



Barney Ross, who succeeded where Lavigne failed.

Lavigne in his prime took on a similar job back in 1899. There was a mighty man named "Mysterious Billy" Smith parading around—and could he parade!—at that time and he was the welterweight champion. They had to admit he was a star scrapper, this Smith fellow, because he was just after beating the whey out of Matty Matthews in twenty-five rounds and topped that off with a twenty-round victory over that smashing little gorilla of a man, Joe Walcott.

Those battles came in the same year, 1898. One was in August and the other in December. So you can see that Smith, something of a braggart and one of the greatest of the swashbuckling type of his time, wasn't picking any particular spots, persons or nationalities. They all looked alike to Billy and he could step on a champion's foot just as neatly as he could on a preliminary boy's. And that was one of his favorite tricks, too, showing incidentally that Primo Carnera went far back into the archives to borrow one from the old-timers of the ring.

* * *

BILLY SMITH had a chip on his shoulder all the time. In fact, it was riveted there.

Something of the same fashion of fighting man was the squatty little Lavigne, but there wasn't a thing boastful or swaggery about the blocky chap. He was a fighter first, last and always and was ever ready to let others do the talking for him. His handler then was the late Sam Fitzpatrick, once known as the "Australian Comet," a good middleweight fighter, who first came to this country with Peter Jackson before that famous colored gladiator took on Jim Corbett in the never-to-be-forgotten sixty-one-round no-contest *(Continued on page 44)*

"IRONY of FATE"

Tommy Ryan, Unmarked After Years of Fistic Mills, Both Bare-Knuckle and With Gloves, Loses an Eye Through a Mishap With a Nail

By THE CHICAGO REFEREE

IT is passing strange what queer quirks that thing called "the irony of fate" does to some folks now and then.

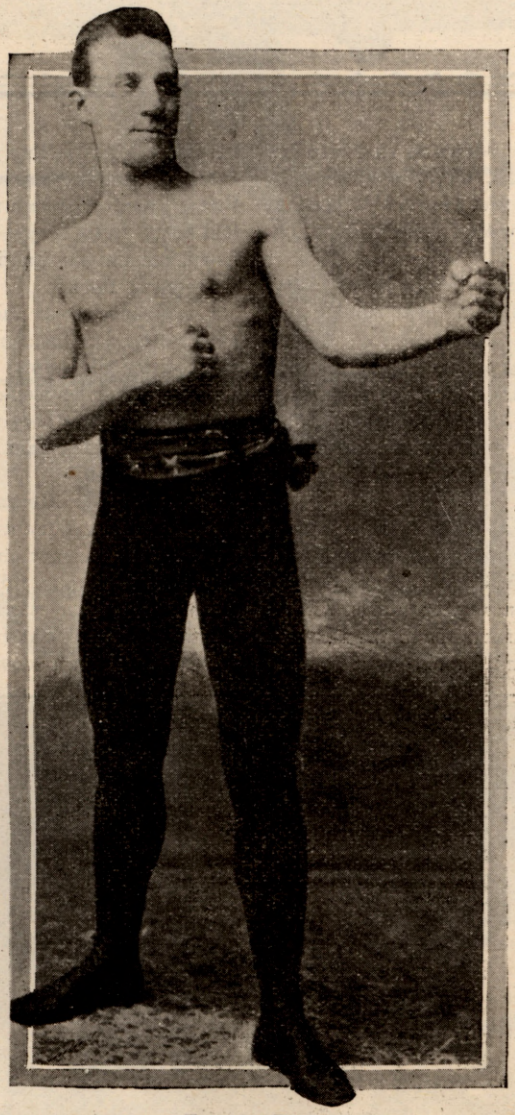
Take the case of Tommy Ryan, old-time welter and middleweight champion of the late '90's and a little later. With no attempt to go deeply into the ring history of this, one of the mightiest of all the gladiators of that time, we'll bring up the subject by stating merely that, for a matter of some twenty years, Tommy fought them all, from the lowly to the greatest.

He had many a skin-tight glove fight in the ancient days, four and a half decades ago. Later got much of his early fistic education and a lot of his experience in a day when the present-day punching-bag gloves were the common and accepted covering for the knuckles when men wished to settle a question of physical supremacy.

After we had become a bit more civilized and not quite so bloodthirsty in our ring tastes, Ryan covered his own natural weapons with the five-ounce glove, or heavier, perhaps, as decreed by the locale in which he happened to be performing.

He had scores and scores of battles and happily came out of them with but few mars on his original manly pulchritude. Best of all, Tommy came through with absolutely no impairment of his eyesight, those bright brown lamps of his glowing as brightly at sixty as they had when I first saw him around Chicago before the World's Fair of 1893.

Tommy was proud of his eyesight and often mentioned that he was most grateful to the Fates, especially after taking note of the young chaps of this age, boys of such splendid fistic caliber as Jackie Fields and Earl Mastro and Fidel La Barba, as well as several others before them like Joe Shugrue and Pete Herman, who are forced to go around either totally or partially blinded because of injuries from the gloves.



Tommy Ryan

Just about a year ago I met Tommy and showed him some photographs I happened to be carrying.

"What, no glasses?" I exclaimed as he started to examine the pictures.

"Not yet!" he said smilingly. "Ain't I the lucky guy, though?"

Injured by Flying Nail

A COUPLE of months ago Tommy was foolin' around in the backyard of his pretty little home in the town of Palms, Calif., just adjacent to that busy spot called Culver City, where the mammoth Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motion picture studios are located. He wanted to use a small bit of boarding for something or other but the wood had a piece of nail in the end of it. Tommy picked up a hatchet to chop off the nail but the bit of iron flew up and hit him smack in the right eyeball.

It was a most painful accident and Ryan relieved it somewhat with the simple first-aid afforded by the home. He didn't realize the gravity of the injury until ten days afterward when it began to pain him intolerably.

Then he consulted a great specialist in Los Angeles, but, alas, it was too late and the eye could not be saved. So, for fear the injury might in time affect the sight of the other, the ball was removed and a substitute of glass now adorns the once great fighter's features.

If that isn't the irony of fate, you tell one. Those sharp eyes that had been able to keep their owner's fighting front out of danger in the ring, even when the mightiest of fists were being propelled in his general direction with speed and power, had to succumb finally to a tiny bit of nail after all these years.

But the philosophical Ryan, who always could analyze a case with patience and discernment and was a good bit of a fatalist in his way, is bearing up cheerfully under this blow. He is glad that his left eye will be spared to him. But he just isn't going to do any more woodchopping for a long, long time.

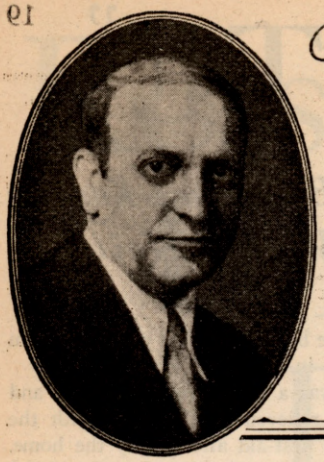
Ryan is sixty-four years old now and was born in New York State March 31, 1870. When he first came into Chicago along about 1890, he was a great fighter though lacking in experience and a bit of that tremendous polish that later he attained and which made him one of the smoothest-working fighting machines the world has ever seen.

It was my privilege as a mere kid to see several of Tommy's earlier battles, all of them of the "bush" type. In that day and age the promoter had to hire a train of cars and give out the tip to moneyed lads who could afford the "fin" or so that would cover the cost of the trip and a peek at the battle. The destination was some hayloft over the Indiana state line and the trip always was an all-nighter, almost always embellished with many a private battle on the side.

Quite a Contrast

NO, my friends, those were not the good old days! Only in story books could they be listed as such. I'll take mine now with a regular theater seat under me and the prospect of getting back to my own fireside before midnight. But I wouldn't have missed some of those experiences for a lot of money. They were worth all the suffering, especially since no one will ever have the privilege of duplicating them.

Ryan began boxing around 1887 and quit finally in 1907, and during that interim of twenty years, *(Continued on page 43)*



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Baer Won World Championship Twice in One Evening
Incompetent Seconds Should be Banned by Boxing Board
Baer's Hitting Was Matched by Carnera's Courage

THE Baer-Carnera fight is gone—down in ring history. And a brilliant chapter it makes, too. But those who sat at the ringside never will forget the terrible beating the Italian took, and the quite woeful manner in which he was handled.

Referee Arthur Donovan gave a poor exhibition of his specialty and by his vacillation in the tenth round, came near ruining the fight.

Louis Soresi, who was the chief second of the Italian, showed that he knew nothing about the job. Dan Morgan, American veteran, who also was in Primo's corner, never got a chance. It reminded me of the Dempsey-Firpo fight, in which the big Argentinian was handled by amateurs who possibly robbed him of the championship.

In this case, Carnera never had a chance. But he would have done better with more expert ministrations in his corner. When will fighters wake up to the tremendous importance of this detail?

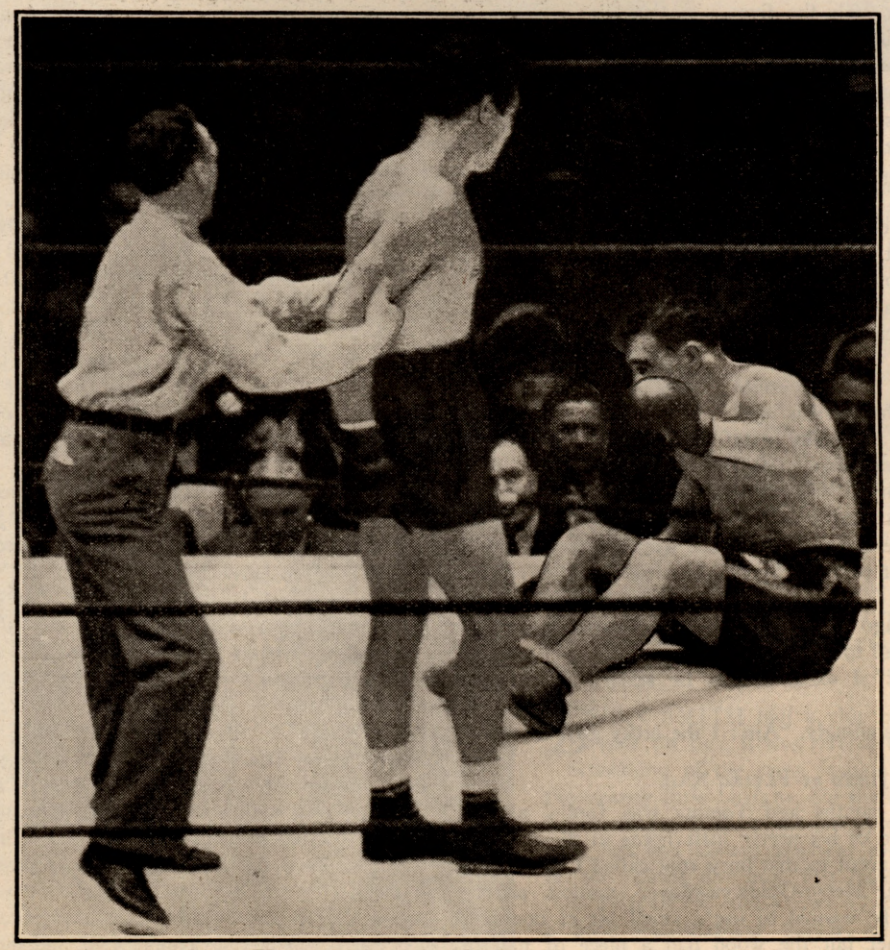
It was a pitiful sight to see such an inexperienced handler as Louis Soresi, manager of record for Carnera, issue the instructions in the ring. Although a veteran second, Dan Morgan, former manager of Jack Britton and other famed fighters, was engaged to take charge of Carnera's corner, he had little to say. With him was another veteran, Billy DeFoe, who trained Primo, and Charley Friedman—all seconds who know their business, but instead of appointing one of those three in command, Soresi took the helm—and what a mess he made of it.

It seems incredible that Carnera was left all to himself, yet the fact remains that such was the case. Not once during the entire eleven rounds—sitting on the Italian's side of the ringside I was in a position to see what was going on in his corner—did any of his seconds tell Primo to remain down and take the count after each knockdown. Instead, we heard Soresi yelling ridiculous advice to the champion—"Take it easy, Primo"; "You're all right, Primo"; "Stick out your left, Primo," and other such nonsense when what he should have been told was, "Don't forget to take advantage of the rest. If you go down, remain down until the count of nine."

Seconds! Pooh!

I was amazed at the attitude of Morgan, one of boxing's most competent handlers. There isn't a manager or second in this country who knows more about the game than does Dan, and I thought that he would have sufficient initiative to hurl Soresi aside when competency was required, but apparently Dan figured that he was being paid by Soresi and he let Carnera's manager have his way.

I cannot blame Morgan nor DeFoe for their failure to aid the stricken Primo. They were in the ring with the champion by the grace of his manager and as they informed me later, they had to obey. Soresi was in full command and their job was simply to minister to Primo when he came back to his corner. That, in short, accounts for the fact that not once during the eleven rounds did Carnera remain down for more than a count of four, when had he taken the nine count, he at least would have saved himself from a portion of the assault launched his way by Baer.



The final knockdown. The giant Carnera, bleeding, dazed and weary, ready to arise while Referee Donovan grabs Baer's arms to get him to a neutral corner.

* * *

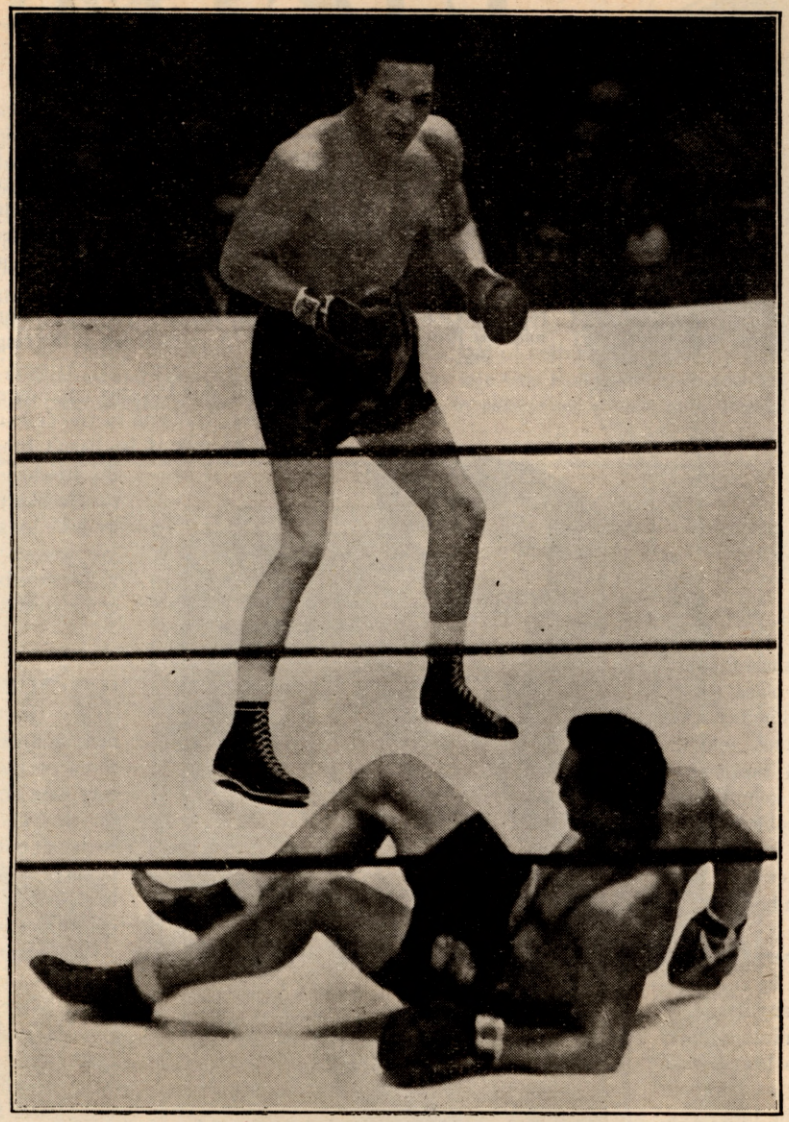
WHAT happened to Carnera was almost a duplicate of what took place on the night of the famed Firpo-Dempsey tilt. In that case, however, it was not the mentor's fault, but the fighter's. Luis thought more of his finances than he did of his health, and he refused to spend any money for a competent second. He originally had one of the world's best handlers in the late Jimmy Deforest, but thought that he was spending too much and could save all by taking care of himself in the ring.

On the night of the battle, he had a member of the Ar-

gentinian embassy as his chief of staff, and what this bird didn't know about boxing, would have filled a book. Dempsey and his seconds took full advantage of the situation and pulled off every trick of the trade. Had a competent American been in charge of Firpo, he undoubtedly would have been crowned the champion that night, especially after Firpo had punched Dempsey out of the ring. A competent handler could have had Dempsey disqualified on fifteen counts but the poor second in Firpo's corner looked amazed, bewildered, just as did Soresi in the case of Carnera, and Dempsey retained his crown in the most thrilling heavyweight encounter on record other than the Baer-Carnera mill.

That shows how much depends on competent seconds. Yet Carnera went into the ring to defend a crown, with a man who knows his banking, but not the fight racket, as his guide. No wonder poor Primo was shellacked!

Some time ago, when incompetent seconds ruined a good fighter in Justo Suarez, who received such a terrible shellacking from Billy Petrolle that he was forced to retire after showing considerable promise, I urged that the boxing commission compel all applicants for a seconds' license to undergo an examination of the simplest form in order to protect the boxer. In fact, upon the suggestion of the late William Muldoon, I wrote a book, "How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer," to aid those who sought posts as seconds or managers, and since that book was published, nine states among those where boxing is legalized, refuse to issue licenses to applicants unless they pass an oral test based on the subject matter in this book. I am not writing the above for the purpose of boosting the sales, because I don't have to do that, but I would suggest that Louis Soresi and other incompetent handlers of fighters make a study of this book before attempting to convey pointers to the men in their charge.



The first knockdown in the first round. Note the "killer" expression on Baer's face.

* * *

AND while on the subject of seconds, why not go a step further and put the referees on the carpet, also. New York boasts of many referees and judges, but there aren't more than a dozen who know their business. It is my opinion, despite the adverse criticism levelled at Arthur Donovan for the blunder he pulled in the tenth round, he still remains the best referee in the state. Yet on three occasions he has lost control of the situation by being either overanxious to please or becoming too excited. That does not speak very highly of New York's staff.

Were George Blake the third man in the ring on the night of the Carnera-Baer tilt, there never would have been the mixup witnessed in the tenth round when Donovan couldn't make up his mind whether he ended the affair, whether the bell had sounded or the fight was still on. Blake certainly faced as difficult a situation in Cleveland on the occasion of the Schmeling - Stribling bout as did Donovan, yet he never faltered. He handled the situation to the Queen's taste and received proper recognition for it.

It is easy to criticize, but that is farthest from my mind. I offer the above only to call attention to the New York Commission that something should be done and must be done to develop a class of fearless, competent, quick - thinking referees and judges, which they now do not have. For one thing, I believe it would be in the interests of the game to have at least one meeting a month with all officials and the boxing board, to discuss points that may have come up for dispute in the past, to discuss the rules and to have a general confab in which all hands might participate. Then again I would alter the state rules to permit the managers of a championship or other important bouts to name half a dozen referees acceptable to each and have the boxing commission make its selection from the lists supplied as was done in the Miami battle between Stribling and Sharkey and Sharkey and Scott. There can be no harm in such procedure.

In view of the tremendous purses the champions obtain even in these days of depression, I would also alter the rules to eliminate the fixed fee of $200 for such an important post of referee, and place the fee at $1000 with the promoter and the manager of each fighter paying a pro-rata share. Then there will be an added incentive for efficiency.

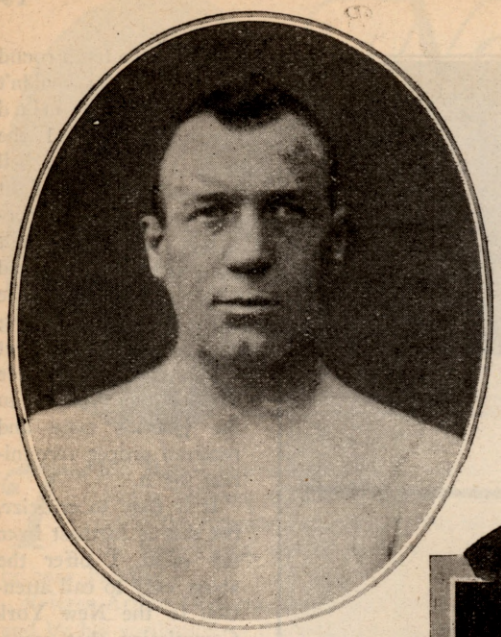
Just think of it! Here is a championship heavyweight mill with the gate receipts amounting to almost half a million dollars, the fighters collecting close to $300,000 and the most important man in the ring receiving the measly sum of $200. What an opening such a small fee leaves for the gamblers if they thought they could reach an official!

There is no more honest man in the game than Arthur Donovan and when he halted the bout, he did so only because he wanted to save a grave situation. He honestly believed he was justified in doing so, and as things turned out, his blunder probably saved the game from a fatality.

In the tenth round it seemed that another Campbell case was in store for the spectators. There is no telling what might have happened had not Donovan unwittingly added comedy to the affair by halting the bout for twenty-one seconds to ask Primo how he felt and whether he wanted the bout stopped. For once, an official error helped the sport.

(Continued on page 40)

FIGHTING



Gus Ruhlin, a dogged, persevering fighter, who could take blows without flinching.

JOE CHOYNSKI, up-to-date the greatest of all Jewish heavies developed since the bare knuckle era gave place to the padded gloves and kindlier rules of the Queensberry ring, once told the writer that he considered the man a champion fool who refused to quit under fire, when his case was absolutely hopeless. In other words, Joe implied that there was no sense in a boxer taking unnecessary punishment, when he hadn't an earthly chance of winning.

Curiously enough, however, Choynski was never known to profit by this eminently discreet theory at any stage of his long and thoroughly admirable career between the ropes. He was beaten on a few occasions, but so long as he could stand erect, he fought to the bitter end. This seeming inconsistency of theory and practice may be explained as logical in Choynski's case because Joe always believed he had a chance of putting over a kayo punch, no matter how badly he was battered.

Napoleon said with reference to British troops, that the English never knew when they were beaten; and a similar indifference to the evil fortunes of mimic war, frequently served not only Joe Choynski, but many another heroic gladiator, as a victory mascot. It is an established fact that any reputable American boxer would sooner stand the gaff up to a point where he is knocked unconscious, than refuse to play out a losing game, so strong is the prejudice in Uncle Sam's domain against a "quitter."

On the other hand, it is considered no disgrace in France for a fighter to "resign," as it is termed over there, when he feels that, although he has done his best, his best isn't good enough to win. During his earlier career, for example, Georges Carpentier "resigned" a couple of times when the going got too rough for him. Yet Carpentier's reputation never suffered as a result of these diplomatic retirements, and the courage he showed in his desperately gallant, though hopeless battle against Jack Dempsey in this country, stamped him forever as a gamester of the first water.

Recently at a local club, a hapless featherweight was undergoing the unpleasant process of being macerated by his opponent's flying gloves into a condition of extreme grogginess. He hadn't a chance to win, he was leg-weary, reeling like a horse with blind staggers, and ever and anon flopping to the floor under the painful impact of punches that reached him from all points of the compass. Yet a number of his misguided, though well-meaning friends among the patrons persisted in rooting him on to fresh exertion, and this was the burden of their chant:

"Be game, Jack, be game. Don't quit, Jack, stick it out. 'Atta boy!"

Finally the referee mercifully intervened and stopped the useless slaughter. A veteran fan at the ringside voiced his approbation:

"That referee knows his business," he said to his companion. "No use letting that kid stay any longer. When a man's thoroughly whipped, common sense demands that he should be compelled to quit if he hasn't brains enough to 'chuck it,' as the English say, of his own accord. And people like those idiots who kept yelling to him to stick it out, when the poor guy was on the verge of collapse, ought to be shot before they grow up and become public nuisances."

* * *

"YOU'RE probably right in this particular instance," said the man addressed. "But don't forget that some of the most spectacular victories ever won between the ropes were scored by men who appeared to be hopelessly beaten at one stage of their fights. I don't believe in allowing foolish kids to be half killed, but it's different with seasoned ringsters.

"Remember when Jeffries beat Fitzsimmons the second time, in San Francisco? Nine out of ten men would have stopped under the punishment the big fellow received. That threadbare phrase —'cut to ribbons'—was literally true in Jeff's case. Such a dilapidated champion was never seen. His nose was hammered flat, both eyes cut under and above, one eyebrow hung down like the wing of a sick crow, his lips were crushed to pulp. Ten minutes after that eighth round, when he finally got home the punch that put Bob away, he was as blind as a bat, and old Billy Delaney had to lead him to the dressing-room. But—Jeffries won, through sheer grit that enabled him to hang on to the finish.

Jack Munroe, whose courage on the battlefields of Flanders proved that the fight critics erred in their designation of him after his second battle with Jim Jeffries.

"Or take the first Billy Petrolle-Jimmy McLarnin scrap at the Garden, which isn't so long ago as time flies. Did you ever see a scrapper so close to being knocked cold, and yet standing to his guns as McLarnin did?

"Jimmy was punch-drunk, staggering, beaten to a frazzle, it didn't seem possible that he could last into the tenth and final round. Even Patsy Haley, the referee, himself one of the Old Guard survivors, thought the thing had gone far enough and wanted to call a halt in the eighth frame. But McLarnin begged him not to interfere, and Patsy didn't, with the result that Jimmy stuck it out to the last bell, badly beaten, but not disgraced. It merely goes to show that a fighter with a big rep can't afford to quit, not in this man's country, anyway, where the game guy is always sure of a big hand from the boys."

The psychology of courage as manifested in some cases has frequently proved a hard puzzle to solve for those interested in studying it. There have been many instances of men winning to the goal through sheer determination and their ability to stand severe punishment; and such cases, although exciting the admira-

HEARTS

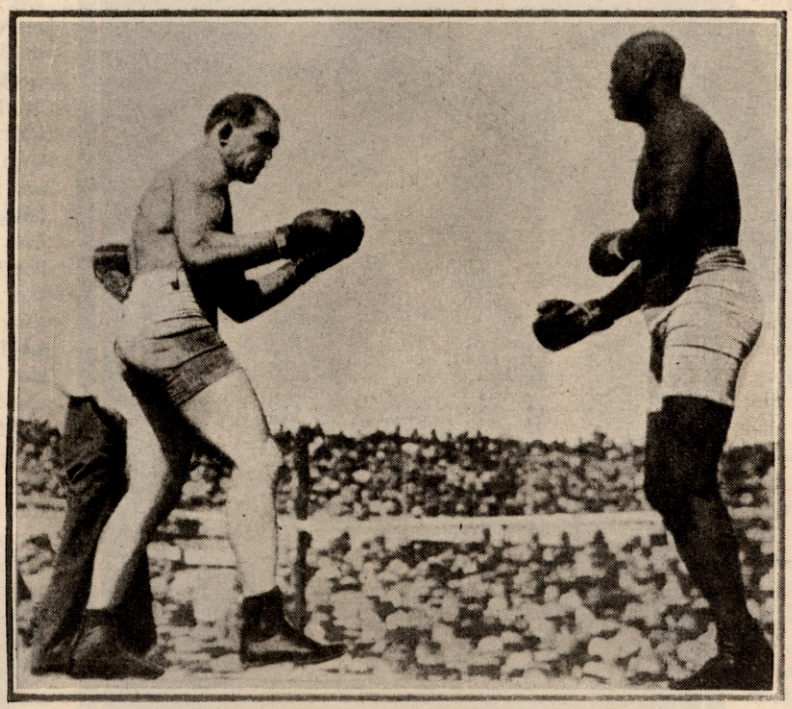
By GEORGE T. PARDY

tion of the spectators, were not productive of much wonderment. It was only what might be expected of gladiators who had earned a reputation for gameness. But what is harder to understand is why some of these tried warriors have on other occasions deliberately thrown away all chances of winning, through apparent fear of encountering a glove-beating, such as they had often stood up under without quailing.

There was Jack Munroe, the white heavyweight, who sprang into sudden prominence in 1902 by knocking down the then all-conquering Jeffries in a bout at Butte, Montana, where the champion had contracted to stop Munroe and failed signally. Prior to this combat, Munroe, a sturdy chap weighing over 200 pounds, had fought several battles in which he scored knockouts and proved himself to be a customer of uncommon toughness. Following the bout with Jeff, he came East, knocked out Peter Maher in four rounds, and bested Tom Sharkey in six before a Philadelphia club.

Surely these feats entitled Munroe to rank with the pugilistic elite? The promoters thought so, at any rate, for they matched him with Jeffries for a twenty-round bout on the Coast. Munroe trained faithfully and before the eventful night arrived seemed to be in the pink of condition and brimful of confidence.

But when he faced Jeffries in the ring, his courage apparently oozed out of the toes of his fighting shoes. The bout ended in a victory for the champ in the second round, after a most lamentable exhibition on Munroe's part.



When Jeffries fought Johnson, the man who tried to get back the title for the white race gave a determined exhibition of gameness.

The iron-sinewed Butte miner appeared to be as helpless as the traditional lamb led to the slaughter. He trembled as he awaited the bell in his corner. He walked to the center of the ring like a man approaching the electric chair for a final rest, and once there he seemed to have given up all hope. Jeff knocked him down several times without Jack making any attempt to fight back, and after being floored a couple of times in the second round, he reclined where he was and was counted out. It was a sad fizzle.

The sport writers said he quit, that he lacked a fighting heart, after witnessing such a performance. But in the following two years Munroe was victor in four battles, one taking place in Australia, and proved then as he did in the World War that the sports writers erred in their opinion.

He held the man who afterwards acquired Jeffries' title, Jack Johnson, to a six-round draw in Philadelphia. Retiring from the ring, he became mayor of a small Canadian town. When the World War broke out Jack was one of the first to respond for England's call for recruits. He enlisted, went to the Front, took part in many desperate struggles in France, where the Canadian troops covered themselves with glory, and was badly wounded, after having saved an officer's life in battle under fire, at the risk of losing his own. He was one of the Princess Pat's greatest heroes. There wasn't a more courageous soldier in France than Jack Munroe. Yet he failed in fighting courage before Jeffries.

What was he afraid of? Even Jeff's terrific punch fell several degrees short of working the mischief a Krupp shell is capable of? It is difficult to reconcile the heroic figure of Munroe dashing with his comrades through an inferno of whirring bullets, with the person who went down to defeat before the big Californian. Yet the same man's spirit rose to heights of daring in the one instance, and wilted horribly in the other. If ever a man proved his courage, Munroe proved it on the battlefields of France. He was afraid of nothing.

The late Gus Ruhlin, another prominent heavyweight, earned a name in prize ring annals as a dogged and persevering battler. Huge of frame, a boxer of no mean skill, he could give and take punishment without flinching. In the days when Billy Madden handled him, that well-known manager felt assured that in Gus he possessed a future world's champion. Nor was Madden alone in that belief.

* * *

RUHLIN was a universal favorite among sporting men, and opinions were very evenly divided as to his chances of whipping Jeffries for the championship title. He had never been known to stop under punishment. So when Gus was matched with Jeffries he found plenty of backers, although the Californian was naturally the betting favorite, as was to be expected. But what was not expected was the strangely pitiful showing Ruhlin made. He was not only outclassed at all stages of the battle, but appeared actually afraid to mix matters. He retreated constantly, with Jeff forcing him from rope to rope, and refused to continue after the fifth round had been concluded. It was undoubtedly a case of "yielding." Yet until then Gus's worst enemy would not have accused him of lack of gameness.

Ruhlin fought many battles after the Jeffries fiasco, knocking out Maher and Tom Sharkey, as well as several minor lights of the ring. In all of those encounters, he displayed the energy and confidence that had distinguished him in every instance save one? And some of these latter-day fights were contests in which he was pretty badly beaten up, before he managed to drive home a winning punch. If any of his victims figured Gus as an easy mark because he quit before Jeffries they were sadly in error. But nobody could ever explain the fit of timidity that seized him when facing the champion.

* * *

ONE of the most remarkable cases of a fighter turning defeat into victory through gameness, occurred when Johnny Griffin and Solly Smith met in 1893 before the Columbia Club of Roby, Indiana. The lads were feathers and contenders for the crown of their class, then held by George Dixon. The winner was scheduled to meet Dixon for the title in New York.

Smith was a California product and *(Continued on page 45)*

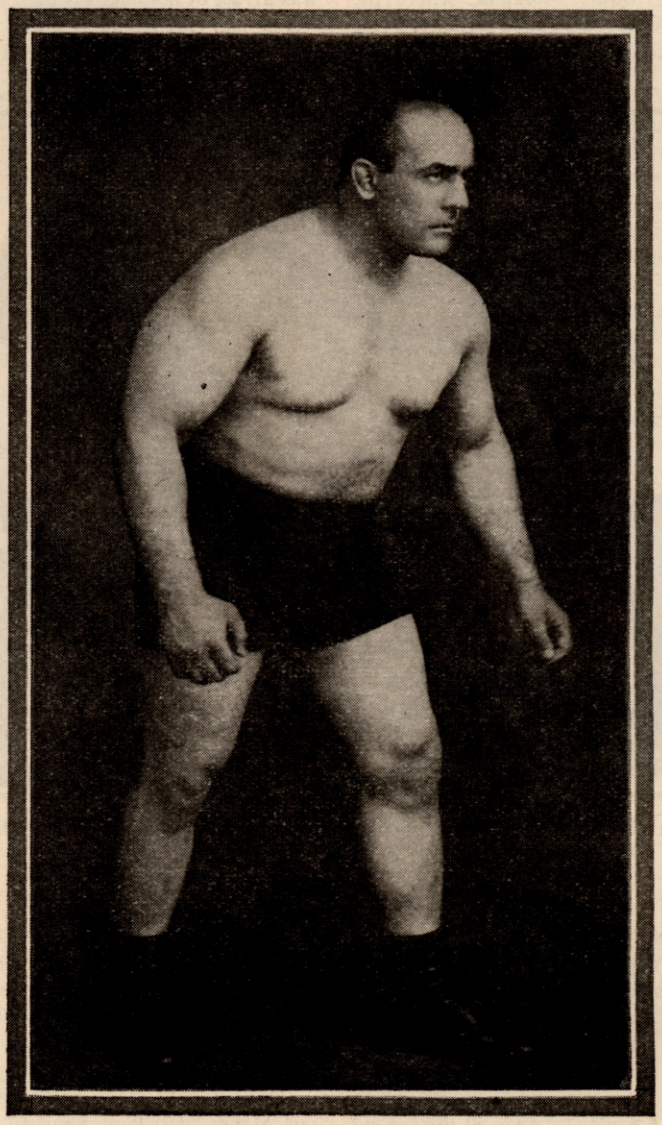
From MILO *to* LONDOS

IN physique, Zbyszko was a throw-back to the time of the cave man. Standing only five feet 10 inches, he was gigantic in breadth and thickness. In fact, his strength was that of a gorilla. It was superhuman. It was because of that natural strength that he decided to become a wrestler.

His chest, when not expanded, was 49¾ inches and expanded, it measured 53¼. He had a waist of 38, a neck of 19 inches, thigh of 25 inches, calf of 18 inches, wrist 9½ inches, biceps of 18¾ inches and his weight varied between 230 to 250 pounds.

That Zbyszko possessed vitality in almost superhuman degree was indicated by his manner of meeting all comers under all kinds of conditions, but probably the greatest instance of this attribute was shown following his match with Constant LeMarin, the Belgian champion, at Montreal some years ago, a match which George Touhey, of Boston, refereed and which, according to the late Touhey, stood out as the hardest fought mat contest he had ever seen in the history of wrestling on this side of the Atlantic. It was one of the most severe in point of ferocity the writer has ever seen in his sixty-five years of connection with sports. Nothing that can be recalled ever compared with it.

The contest took place in the immense arena at Montreal, on May 24, 1914. The day, known as the "Queen's Birthday," is a holiday in Canada, and because of the popularity of LeMarin, then making his home in that city, as well as the fact that he had previously defeated Zbyszko in a one-fall bout in Chicago, the match attracted world-wide attention. That was the first time any man had ever scored a fall, other than Gotch, on the husky Pole and this rankled in Zbyszko's breast to a degree that worked him into a frenzy.



Stanislaus Zbyszko as he appeared about the time he met Aberg.

The great Arena was packed to the rafters and many thousands were turned away for lack of accommodations. As is customary, the men were called into conference with the referee in the dressing room to interpret the rules and to settle on what should constitute a fall. The match, as originally made, called for "mixed styles," that is one fall was to be at Graeco-Roman, the other at catch-as-catch-can and the style of a third, if necessary, was to be decided, if they wished it, either by the toss of a coin or by whichever one should win his fall in the shortest space of time.

But there was an eleventh hour hitch. Just what this was has never been determined to the writer's satisfaction as the conversation was carried on in French. Suddenly, however, Zbyszko leaped to his feet, and shouted in English: "He has assailed my personal courage, and this will be a battle to the death."

ZBYSZKO strode from the room and went direct to the ring, where he took his corner and sullenly refused to listen to any further requests for information as to style or the conditions under which the contest was to be decided.

It was finally agreed between the managers of the men that the first fall should be at catch-as-catch-can, and with this understanding the principals were sent into action. From the first instant it was realized that both wrestlers were in such a mental state that they would resort to anything, fair or foul, and that the mere winning of that contest, was secondary to the desire to punish. This was all the more strange because, up to this time, both had enjoyed world-wide credit as being clean in their work on the mat as well as cultured gentlemen, for both were university graduates and noted for their extreme intelligence and manliness in combat. But whatever it was that happened in the dressing room, the fact remains that for the time being both Zbyszko and LeMarin were turned into frenzied human beings bordering on the brute.

After they had been wrestling less than fifteen minutes they fell, locked together, through the ropes onto the concrete floor. On the way out, Zbyszko's head came into contact with the corner of the press table, inflicting a deep gash from which the blood poured. They continued to struggle on the floor, and were only separated by the combined efforts of the referee, many of the spectators, and some police officers.

The referee sent them to the dressing rooms, figuring that, if they could be quieted, the contest would go on and the better man, in a wrestling sense, would win. This, however, was not to be the case. Zbyszko's injured forehead was patched up and, against the advice of the attending surgeon, he insisted on returning to the mat and continuing the battle.

LaMarin was finally adjudged a loser on a foul, when the Pole was so badly injured that he had to be carried from the ring and transferred to the hospital, where he was found to be suffering from a fracture of the skull and brain concussion.

* * *

ALTHOUGH badly injured, Zbyszko escaped from the hospital, and in spite of his condition, traveled to New York to enter the ring in Madison Square Garden against George Lurich, the trickiest of all the Russian wrestlers that have ever come to America, and one of the world's strongest men, as well. Even in his deplorable shape, weakened by loss of blood, Zbyszko gave Lurich a terrific fight before collapsing.

Yet only one month later, we find our hero in St. Petersburg, now Petrograd, capitol of Russia, where he had gone to compete

to BROWNING

By A. D. PHILLIPS
(World's oldest, active sports writer)

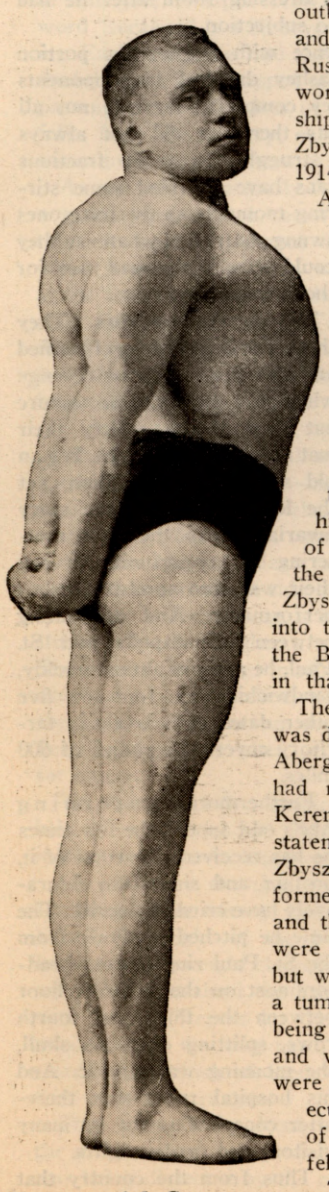
CHAPTER XXII

in an international tournament in which both Aberg and George Lurich were entered. Prior to the World War days, Russia was one of the most prolific spots on earth for good wrestlers and Zbyszko was one of the favorites in the land of the Czar. He had already defeated Lurich and was clamoring for a chance to get even with Aberg. That was to come sooner than Zbyszko had expected.

Here is the story which I received from Zbyszko upon his return to America. It was soon after he had whipped Strangler Lewis and won the world crown, that he was asked to give an account of his thrilling adventure in Russia and his story, here repeated, makes most interesting reading:

Zbyszko, being an Austrian subject, was interned, but as he was an athletic idol among the Russians, he was given the greatest possible leeway and permitted to compete with the same freedom as subjects of the Czar. This situation continued until the Revolution, when a sudden change came over the authorities, with Kerensky at the helm, many of his privileges were cut off and there was an undercurrent which he could not understand at first, but which became plain at a later date.

Lurich, as previously mentioned, had been in America at the outbreak of the war, as was Alexander Aberg, the Esthonian, also a Russian subject, who had held the world's Graeco-Roman championship up to the time of his defeat by Zbyszko at Boston in February, 1914.

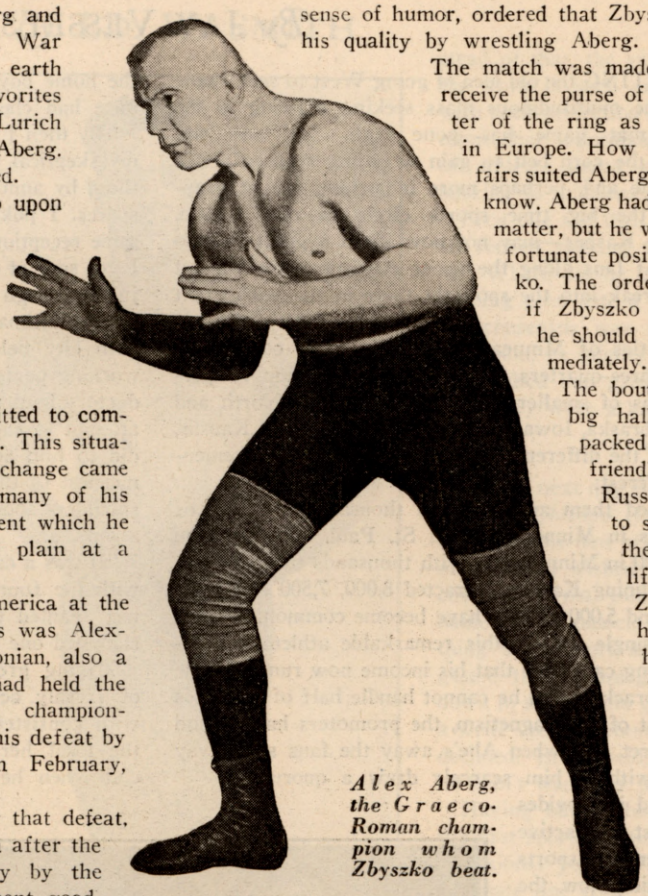


The powerful George Lurich.

Aberg, smarting over that defeat, and back in Russia after the decree of amnesty by the Kerensky government, goaded by professional jealousy, and the fact that he was being pressed by Zbyszko for payment of a debt of 6000 rubles which Aberg refused to pay, circulated the story that Zbyszko was in reality an Austrian spy and set about luring him to Moscow on the pretext of making a match with Aberg for the Graeco-Roman championship. Zbyszko, not suspecting the ruse, fell into the trap set to capture him for the Bolsheviki, which was in control in that district then.

The wrestling situation at the time was dominated in war-torn Russia by Aberg and George Lurich and Aberg had no difficulty in convincing the Kerensky soldiers of the truth of his statement in regards to the status of Zbyszko. Stanislaus protested and informed the authorities that jealousy and the indebtedness of Abert to him were responsible for Aberg's charges, but without avail. The country was in a tumult at the time and people were being arrested upon the least suspicion and without the formality of a trial were executed forthwith. Secret executions without trial were the rule of the day and that's what Zbyszko felt would happen to him.

The authorities, moved by the wisdom of Solomon or an odd sense of humor, ordered that Zbyszko must prove his quality by wrestling Aberg.



Alex Aberg, the Graeco-Roman champion whom Zbyszko beat.

The match was made, the winner to receive the purse of gold in the center of the ring as was the custom in Europe. How this turn of affairs suited Aberg, Zbyszko doesn't know. Aberg had no choice in the matter, but he was in a far more fortunate position than Zbyszko. The order provided that if Zbyszko lost the match, he should be executed immediately.

The bout was held in a big hall in Petrograd, packed with soldiers friendly to Aberg, the Russian, and anxious to see Zbyszko lose the match and his life. Aberg, so Zbyszko says, hired several hundred soldiers to root for him. in the American style.

The contest lasted two hours and forty-three minutes, for Aberg was a first-class wrestler, strong and tricky, and Zbyszko dared not take chances. Finally he wore Aberg down and pinned his shoulders to the mat.

With several thousand soldiers ready to do him harm, Zbyszko, calm and collected, waited until the purse was given him, then tearing open the bag containing a thousand rubles, he threw the money into the crowd. While the soldiers scrambled for it, Zbyszko made his escape by automobile. He was pursued but got to Odessa where friends hid him. In the early days of Bolsheviki rule, he could not leave Russia, but wandered around the country, with little money and less to eat. The armistice signed, he crossed the border to his home in Poland, half-starved and amazingly thin for such an elephant of a man. Food was plentiful there, and Zbyszko jumped from 200 to 275 pounds.

In Poland, he became the trusted lieutenant of Ignace Paderewski in the reconstruction of his native land, a position he held throughout the regime of the famous pianist.

The fortune Zbyszko had before the war was gone. He had to begin all over again as a wrestler, and as soon as he could, came to America.

First being a fat man, and second, a veteran, Zbyszko had to go through a long siege of training. He took off forty pounds, and his skin, recently stretched by layers of fat, hung on him in folds. But his muscles were powerful as ever and his endurance had come back.

First he beat Soldier Leavitt, a 246-pound wrestler, then threw Padoubney, the Russian Giant, six feet six and 255 pounds in weight. The Soldier Leavitt whom he beat, is now the 302-pound "Man Mountain Dean," who has been tossed so often by ordinary wrestlers in recent months.

Recovering top form, Zbyszko worked his way up and won from Stecher. Then he challenged Strangler Lewis, the acknowledged champion. They met in the 22d Regiment Armory, New York, and Zbyszko startled the wrestling world—and Lewis—by throwing the Strangler in 23 minutes and 17 seconds.

Kashey Cashes In

By JAY VESSELS

CONVERTING the old idea of going West to seek fame, one of the multitudinous mass seeking a living in the eastern mat game has gone right out into the heart of the corn belt to gain wrestling renown and a fat fortune and, perhaps more important, to put grappling back into the big time sports circle in that region.

The name—Abe Kashey—may not now mean a great deal to the huge cluster of fans along the upper Atlantic seaboard, but it probably will break into the spotlight there in the not distant future.

In the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, comprising a population of three-quarters of a million sports-hungry persons, and in dozens of smaller places in Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin and Kansas, Kashey has meant the difference between lukewarm and tremendous wrestling interest.

They have turned them away by the thousands at some of Abe's bigger bouts in Minneapolis and St. Paul. Abe and Jim Londos drew 10,000 in Minneapolis, with thousands turned away. Other shows headlining Kashey, attracted 8,000, 7,500 and 6,000 in the two cities and 5,000 crowds have become common.

Thus within a single winter, this remarkable athlete has become such a drawing card here that his income now runs into the upper mat salary brackets and he cannot handle half of the dates available. As a test of his magnetism, the promoters have found much to their regret that when Abe's away the fans stay away and local shows without him scarcely draw a quorum.

How Kashey did it provides one of the most attractive chapters in American sports history. Kashey did know the flattery of ring heights in the East, but that was when he was an amateur, showing as the New Jersey light heavyweight champion back in 1926-29, and as metropolitan amateur heavyweight champion in 1930.

One of a family of wrestling sons whose father is a silk weaver in Paterson, N. J., Abe is just another American youth who climbed from obscurity to at least potential national fame. He now is poised on an upper rung of the tricky ladder and another year or so should find him ready for the plunge into the big puddle. For that matter, he professes craving now to take them all on for the highest stakes.

The extraordinary thing about Kashey's rise is that it apparently lacks parallel in mat annals. Let Abe tell about it:

"I was going great in New Jersey and in the New York rings while I was working as an amateur for six years or so and when I got to be New Jersey state champion and then metropolitan champion in New York, the acclaim was great. But when I tried the pro game I couldn't seem to get going. I guess maybe it was a case of the home boy and his invariable failure to click with those who once had cheered him as a Simon pure.

"By then I was married and had started a family, so I shocked my skeptical father and four brothers, three of whom are wrestling, by announcing a forthcoming expedition to the wide open spaces. I poked around in small towns and first got about the same reception that I had been used to in the East. I guess then I got sore at the seeming futility of the thing and began getting just as rough or rougher than the law allowed."

This ultimately brought the surly tenderfoot into the fertile twin city field and his newly affected villainous attitude was working perfectly when he got his first chance there. His introductory bout was with a local pride, just getting under way in an attempt to capitalize on his football popularity. Well, what Abe did to him and subsequent local opponents branded him as the meanest of the old meanies and strangely hoisted him head and shoulders above anything that ever graced the mat business hereabouts.

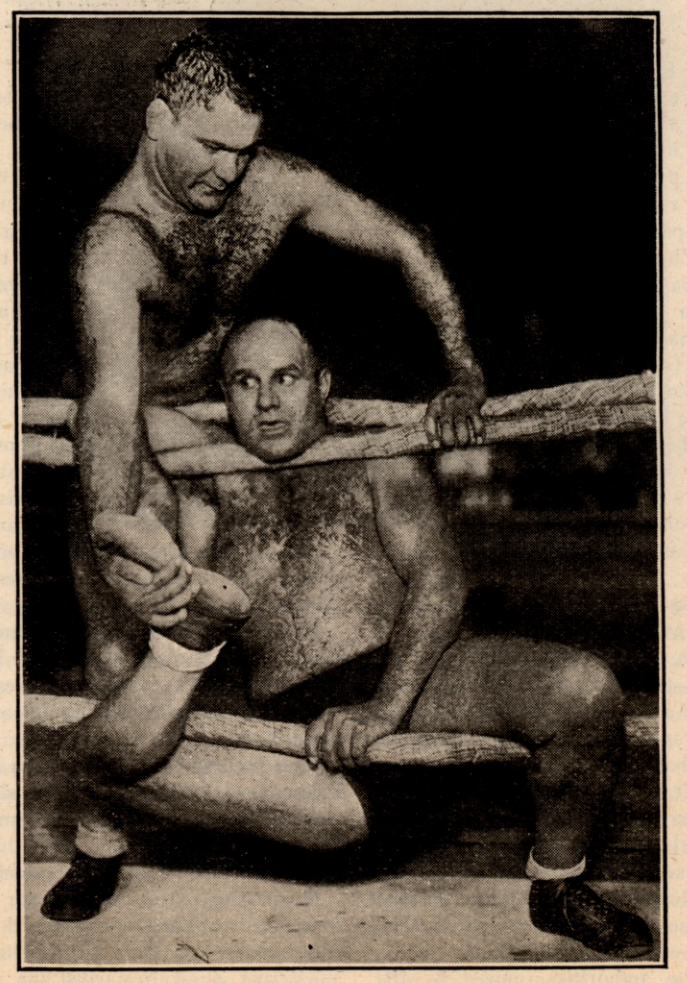
"It was a case of being a villain to get popular or else flounder with the fourth raters and what an investment it has been for me," panted the big fellow in his dressing room after he had slammed one of his husky foes into subjection.

Mixing great strength and science with a generous portion of freshly acquired dramatics, Kashey drubbed his opponents with consistent regularity and they comprised most if not all the local heroes and his workouts therefore did not always end when he left the ring. His struggles to evade fractious fans have provided some stirring moments as the irate ones swung chairs and whatever they could seize in the mad race for the dressing room.

There's the paradox. They think he is a fiend personified and still they yowl for revenge when Abe turns on the torture but they cannot satisfy their mat desires without him. It's an old story after a fashion, yet the local version of the story invariably has the fans muttering for opportunity to pay their way into another Kashey performance. And alternating between Minneapolis and St. Paul, he appears almost weekly, sandwiching in four or five other dates each week in territory covering a radius of 500 miles.

Furthermore, concerning Abe's odd appeal, the few times he has received the worst of it, brother and sister fan figuratively have cried in anguish. The time he pitched headlong from the St. Paul ring to land headforemost on the concrete floor between the third and fourth rows, splitting open his skull, the moaning was terrific. And his hospital room was thereafter conspicuous for its many visitors and profuse gifts.

Thus from the country that produced such mat greats as Strangler *(Cont. on page 44)*



Abe Kashey tries some of his rough stuff on another tough veteran, Stanley Pinto. Stanley can take it, and give it, too.

Possessor of 1,000 Holds

By ED. W. SMITH

ONCE upon a time, and it wasn't so very long ago, there was a bright young wrestling man who advertised, and quite extensively, too, that he was the proud possessor of 1,000 holds.

Now, this is quite a few holds, by and large, or just about nine hundred more than are used legitimately and ordinarily in the game—more holds than the late Lon Chaney once had faces, more than all the fighters put together have alibis—in a word, plenty of holds.

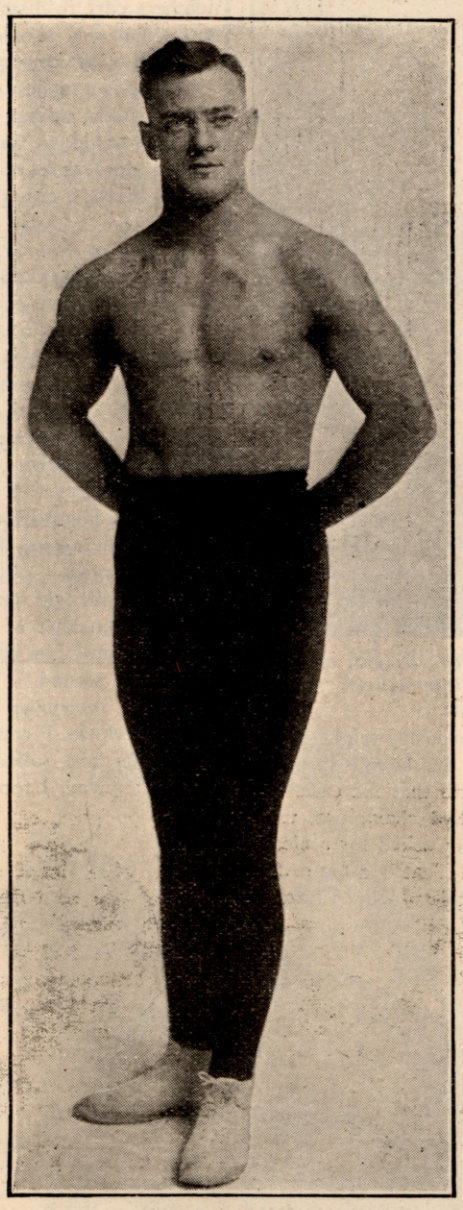
So it could hardly fail that he should become champion of the world—and he did.

Earl Caddock, just a plain farmerish lad from a little place known as Anita, Iowa, sneaked into Chicago one day, totally unknown, and within a short time he was on the road to fame and a lot of fat gate receipts. Now, perhaps the word "sneaked" is a bit severe as describing Earl's entrance into the big city for, doubtless, he just dropped off an ordinary passenger train like lots of other honest folks from the country, even if they do sometimes come from wrestling centers.

At any rate, he actually "sneaked" into a gymnasium out on the West Side—I think it was the famous Hull House, where some of the boys were training at the time—and asked if there were any *good* wrestlers around who'd like a try-out. Were there? Oh, boy, did they flock out of corners and crannies and fairly leap out of locker rooms!

* * *

EARL was tall and lean—about six feet or a little more—but didn't look as if he tipped the Fairbanks beam at more than 160 or so, with his street clothes on. He had a lean face, too, with a more than prominent chin that protruded out under a liberal nose, a face that was studded by the brightest, clearest eyes. There was laughing mischief in those eyes and when he smiled, which he seemed to be doing much of the time, there was an occasional chuckle of confidence that bespoke the boy's utter self-satisfaction and a certain disdain for others.



Earl Caddock

Yet there wasn't a suspicion of the braggart or bully about him. He was calm and pleasant spoken—the sort of chap you'd instinctively like to know and talk to.

So while the stranger was stripping in the gymnasium that afternoon about twenty years ago, Ernst Kartye, a most capable light-heavyweight of the time, and Benny Reuben, who later became middleweight champion, and Lou Talaber, another middleweight who attained the heights and had many a tough dust-up with Johnny Meyers for the 160-pound title, and a dozen tough amateurs, all working hard, were arguing quietly among themselves as to which of them was going to be first to "have some fun" with the stranger.

They gave Benny Reuben the place and all gathered around the mat to watch and probably "catch the pieces" as the stranger was being dissected by the crack Chicago boy. Well, sir, in true story-book fashion, nothing like that happened at all, at all. Instead of that, the young man went about his work in such masterful fashion and with such perfection of purpose and technique that immediately that entire gang of athletes flared at once and started buzzing in amazement.

First one and then another took a shot, all retired shaking their heads. Who is he? Where did he come from? And the buzzing grew into a whirl of chatter and the consensus was that if he wasn't a champion, he mighty soon would be. For he handled that gang, one after another, as if they were a lot of novices.

* * *

THE next day Kartye came down to the *Chicago American* office to tell me about the new star he had discovered, or who had wished to have himself discovered. Ernst told me the stranger's name was Craddock or Coddick or something of the sort and that he had suggested to the young man that he come down to see me and get some pictures and a write-up. The young man had smilingly declined, Ernst said, and told him that he didn't want any publicity.

Having but a short time before been the first sports writer to exploit the then sensational Joe Stecher, from just over the state line from Caddock's birthplace, I was keen on the scent, and in a few days I had cornered Earl Caddock, pictured him, and the rest was easy.

Not long after that he signed up with Gene Melady, prominent stock yards merchant of Omaha, Neb., who had a strong yen for the promotion end of the game. And in passing, I'll say that they made a great team. Gene promoted some great matches in the Nebraska metropolis, among them the most famous non-stop match of all time between Joe Stecher and Ed "Strangler" Lewis—five hours without the men being off their feet! But that's another story and I'll reserve the telling of it until some later date.

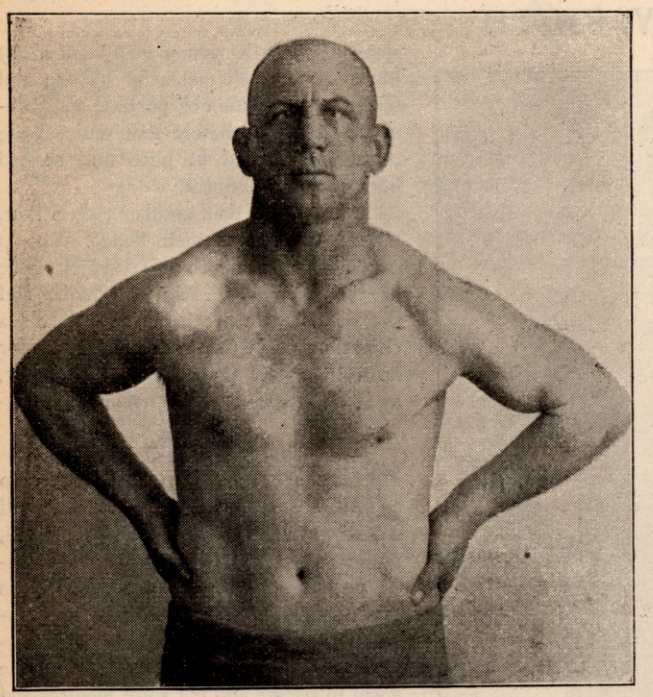
That surely was the "farmer boy era" among the "rasslers," Stecher and Caddock closely following that other great yokel of the hinterland, Frank Gotch. At that, I imagine that a large majority of the best wrestlers of the huge stock we've always had with us came from off the farm or something closely akin. It seems to be a real farmers' game for it is the vogue in almost every little hamlet.

* * *

PERHAPS it was Gene Melady who gave Caddock that title of "the man with 1,000 holds." I wouldn't be knowing about that but the thing suggests itself that, in the main, most great wrestlers have copyrighted or at least trade-marked some one hold to their everlasting profit and fame. At any rate, Caddock at one time was admitted to be the greatest mat tactician of any day—if that is reasonable language. A legitimate champion, all right, because he beat Joe Stecher and many another of the top-cabin boys.

Even if he didn't come from California—probably never was in the state—he was what might be *(Continued on page 46)*

EKLUND MERITS



Clarence Eklund, veteran Wyoming light-heavyweight, who can still take the measure of younger topnotchers.

DURING the past year, the light-heavyweight wrestling division has gained in leaps and bounds in popularity with the mat fans, but with that increase, has also come an increase in so-called champions, until now, the puzzled followers of the sport have asked for a clearing up of this abuse and a single champion. That is a big order, and we shall endeavor to show our readers why Clarence Eklund, the veteran Wyoming matman and rancher, deserves the post as king of the light-heavies. For many years he was recognized as such, but later was automatically retired.

The championship claims of LeRoy McGuirk, Charles "Midget" Fischer, Pinkie Gardner and others have received a great deal of exploitation during recent months, while very little consideration has been given the accomplishments of Eklund. The truth of the matter is, Eklund has defeated every wrestler of note in the 175-pound division with the exception of Fischer who has repeatedly avoided the veteran. Yet they keep on saying that Clarence is too old, or that he has retired, two excuses that fail to hold water.

* * *

EKLUND has come off his Montana ranch with the sole intention of proving to the world that he, and he alone, deserves the title of champion in the light-heavyweight division. Should any of the topnotchers care to dispute his ability, Clarence will gladly accommodate them, and should he be defeated, he will no longer ask for recognition as king of his class.

Eklund is a modest sheep and cattle rancher of Buffalo, Wyoming. He dislikes talking about his prowess, and it is most difficult to get him to do so, but once he's started he discloses experiences with a dry sense of humor that adds to the telling. He never spares himself either, as you will agree.

* * *

I HAD heard that Eklund's victims at one time or another included a long list of formidable heavyweights, and asked him to tell me about them. He tried to change the subject. "I heard you beat John Pesek," I said to Ekky. "Yes, but that was a long time ago; Pesek was just starting out," he grudgingly conceded. I insisted upon knowing what other heavyweights he had trimmed, and he finally pleaded guilty to having pinned, among others, Allan Eustace, Rudy Dusek and Ray Steele. All of them are now topnotchers.

"Tell me about beating Pesek. When was it? How much did he weigh? Where was the match? How long did it take you to beat him?" I urged.

"Well," the old man finally gave in, "I wrestled John Pesek first in September of 1915. It was in his home town of Ravenna, Neb. I pinned him for the first fall in 46 minutes, and he quit in 13 for the second.

"I don't remember what hold I used to pin Pesek, but it wasn't a hammerlock. I couldn't beat him with a hammerlock—he was too strong, and rolled out of them every time.

"But anyway, I took the first fall in 46 minutes. We came back and started in on the second. We were wrestling out in the open and the sun was blistering hot. After 13 minutes Pesek wanted to stop and get a drink of water. I told him he couldn't leave the ring. Some farmers were picnicking near by, and they had food and water in sight. John jumped out of the ring and went after the drink of water he wanted.

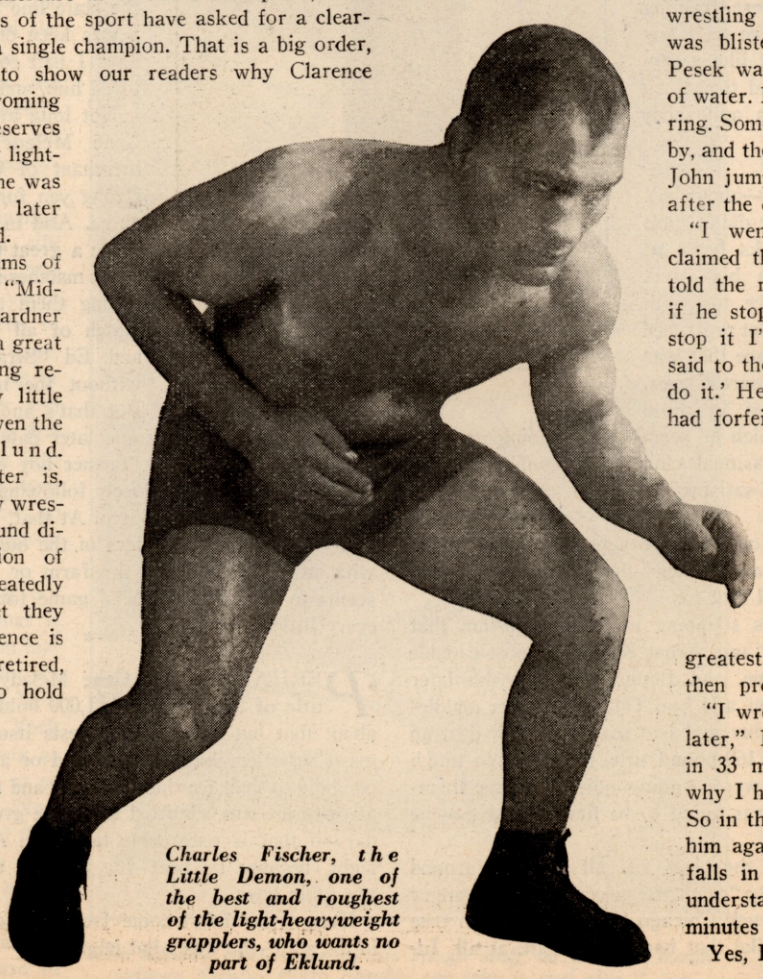
"I went over to the referee and claimed the match on a forfeit. I also told the referee he'd save Pesek's arm if he stopped the match. 'If you don't stop it I'll have to break his arm,' I said to the referee, 'and I don't want to do it.' He allowed my claim that Pesek had forfeited by leaving the ring. The truth was I'd been trying to break his arm ever since the match started—and couldn't."

* * *

HAVING told how he defeated Pesek, one of the world's greatest wrestlers of all time, Ekky then provided the rest of the story.

"I wrestled Pesek again three years later," Eklund said. "He pinned me in 33 minutes. I couldn't understand why I hadn't been able to stay longer. So in the fall of the same year I tried him again. This time he beat me two falls in 30 minutes. Then I couldn't understand how I had stayed the 33 minutes in the preceding match."

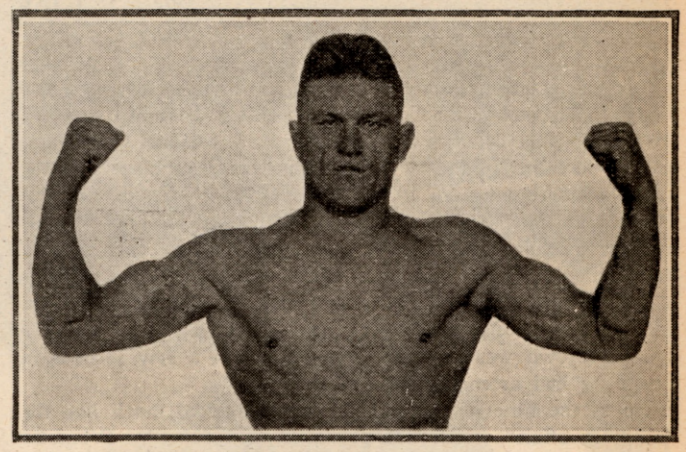
Yes, Eklund insisted with emphasis,



Charles Fischer, the Little Demon, one of the best and roughest of the light-heavyweight grapplers, who wants no part of Eklund.

CONSIDERATION

By AUSTIN R. GRAMLICH



John Pesek, rated the best of the heavies by Eklund, was beaten by the latter when he started in the game.

John Pesek was the greatest wrestler of them all. He believes Pesek could have beaten Ed Lewis when the Strangler was at his best.

"Pesek had a way of doing things," Eklund explained. "He could get behind a fellow with the greatest ease. He'd grab an arm or a leg and go behind and stay there. He didn't do a thing twice the same way. He was like a big cat, just as fast and strong as a big cat, and as cunning. Yes, I'm sure he'd have beaten Lewis. Pesek is still good. I guess he's about 42 now. I don't believe anybody can beat him even yet."

How much did Pesek weigh at his best?

"Oh, he weighed from 196 down to 184, depending on how many rabbits were about," Ekky explained. "If he had plenty of rabbit hunting to do he'd get down in the 180's. But I guess he was in best wrestling form at 195."

* * *

EKLUND beat Allan Eustace in about 1918 or 1919 at Oak Hill, Kan. Oak Hill was halfway between the home towns of Eklund (Miltonville) and Eustace (Wakefield). Eustace weighed over 200, Eklund only 171.

He beat Rudy Dusek at Casper, Wyo., in 22 minutes in 1922.

He also tossed Ray Steele, who then was known as Pete Sauer, in 1923.

"I beat Steele five times and lost to him once," said Eklund. "After he beat me I quit wrestling him. I knew I couldn't win again, for Steele was getting better every match."

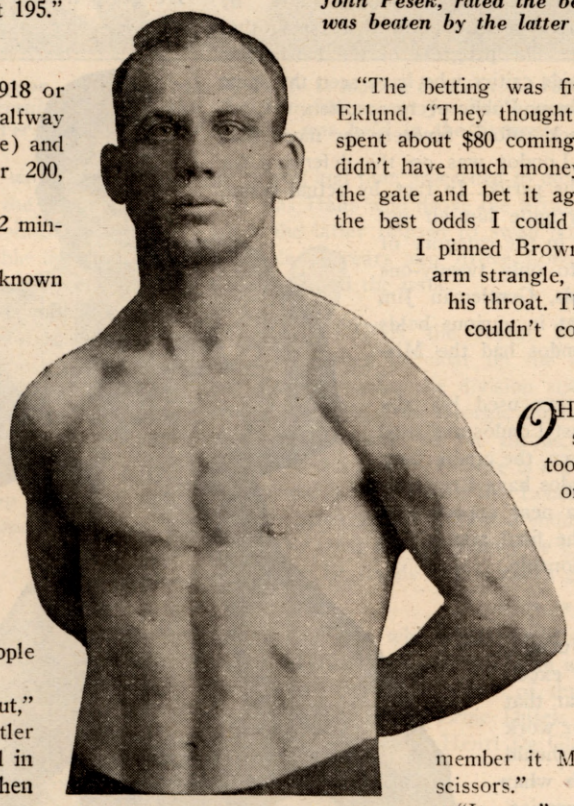
Steele weighed about 185 then. Now he's one of the 210-pounders seeking the heavyweight championship.

* * *

IN the old days there was a great deal of betting on wrestling matches—betting by the wrestlers themselves and by the farmers and townspeople where the matches were held.

"We'd always have a side bet on every bout," said Eklund, "usually from $100 up. A wrestler had to bet to get along. The gates were small in the old days, and the promoters were worse then than they are now.

"It was pretty hard sledding, I know. I traveled far from home to wrestle, and I carried my own mat with me. A fellow couldn't carry his own referee, however, so he had to put up with home-town officials. That made it hard. You had to beat the home-town boy so plainly that everybody could see he was beaten. But you had to be careful and not scuff him up too much, or he'd claim a foul and get it."



Eklund as he appeared as a middleweight in 1912.

The most money bet on any of Clarence's matches was when he grappled a Hindu in Moose Jaw, Canada, in a handicap match. He was the champion of the Pacific coast at 160 pounds. Eklund agreed to throw him twice in one hour. Five of his fellow countrymen put up $3,500 in $20 gold pieces, $700 apiece. Eklund beat him the first fall in 19 minutes and the second in six with rolling hammerlocks. By rolling hammerlocks Clarence explained, he meant the Hindu rolled into them, but couldn't roll out.

Another match Ekky remembers when a lot of money was bet was one with the great Texas favorite, Pete Brown, a wealthy cattleman and considered invincible at his weight. He and Eklund wrestled in Houston in 1915, the match being promoted by the Gulf Coast Sporting Club.

"The betting was five to one on Brown," said Eklund. "They thought he couldn't be beaten. I had spent about $80 coming down from Wyoming, and I didn't have much money. I drew $75 of my share of the gate and bet it against $300. Four to one was the best odds I could manage to get at the time. I pinned Brown in thirteen minutes with an arm strangle, wrapping his own arm around his throat. The arm was injured and Brown couldn't come back."

* * *

OH, yes, the old man has lost some matches and some bets, too. The biggest bet he ever lost on a match, oddly enough, was with a heavyweight well known to mat fans—Pat McGill. It was about 12 years ago at Lincoln, Neb. Eklund lost two straight falls and $1,150 placed as a side bet. McGill beat him with a body scissors and wristlock.

"Why," I said, "as I remember it McGill's best hold was a head scissors."

"It was," said Eklund. "But he never got around to using his best on me. He tried out the body scissors and it worked—and that was that."

"What do you think of Frank Wolff?" I asked the old man. Ekky wrestled Wolff, the tough German matman, and had his hands full.

"I've run onto a lot of wolves in my time," said Eklund, "and I never had any use for any of 'em.

"I was driving a four-horse team to a load of wheat, moving it from Elbow to Davidson, Saskatchewan, Canada, when I had a real wolf scare," added Ekky. "It was a 45-mile trip. During the night one of my horses tired and the others couldn't go on with the load. I unhitched the three that were all right, and started for the nearest camp, after fastening the other one. I was walking along behind the horses to keep warm. Suddenly one of the horses shied and came to a stop. I suspected wolves and shivered. I got down close to the snow and looked ahead, and, sure enough, there were two wolves.

"I mounted one of the horses and we went slowly ahead. You know, when as many as three horses *(Continued on page 48)*

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By "TEX" AUSTIN

JIM LONDOS, the Greek idol, regained the world's heavyweight championship from Jim Browning in a one fall match in the Garden Bowl of Long Island City, N. Y., on June 24, with a series of crotch holds and body slams in 1 hr. 10 min. 10 sec. and thus takes his place with the newly crowned kings of 1934. Although Browning, the manipulator of the famed airplane scissors, outclassed his opponent almost from the start and held the upper hand by such a wide margin that few in the throng of 25,000 persons could see Londos at all, the usual thing these days in wrestling, an unexpected spurt with its series of accompanying slams, suddenly found the defending crown wearer "helpless" and within a few seconds, a new king had ascended the throne.

Up to the time of the fall, the match looked much like the "shooting affair" which was promised the public by Promoter Jack Curley and the principals, but that sudden "lapse" by Browning will never convince those who know their sport that Londos is Browning's master. The progress of the battle was decidedly familiar to the ringside critics who have seen the same quick finish perpetrated on Johnny Public every so often.

Browning punished the Greek Adonis severely for more than an hour, during which time Londos was on the defensive for more than three-quarters of the period. In fact, by actual count, Londos was struggling to wriggle himself out of almost every type of hold in the category of wrestling, thirty-four times to only twenty-one by Browning. In other words, Gentleman Jim had the challenger on the mat in various holds almost twice as often as Londos had the Missouri farmer.

Not only that, but Browning used his airplane scissors five times against Londos and used the punishing spread-eagle seven, the cradle four, while only four times did Londos have Browning in tight spots. It was from a near approach to defeat that Londos flashed the final attack that regained for him the championship.

* * *

WHILE it lasted, it was a furious, flashy attack, but if the excellent condition of Browning at that stage and his previous superior work is a criterion, Londos never should have been able to accomplish what he did. In at least half the duration of the match, Londos seemed helpless as the defender punished him badly with almost as many holds as Earl Caddock was given credit for using. Gentleman Jim seemed to be more secure against his challenger than he had previously been against any of his rivals since he won the title from Strangler Lewis, but apparently it was not in the cards for him to continue such fine work and he proved a toy in the hands of his Greek opponent in the last three minutes of the struggle.

To begin the second hour of the tussle, both engaged in some flashy fisticuffs and Londos bitterly complained but without avail. Browning then struck Londos a rabbit punch that almost floored him and that was the start of the finish for the old champion.

Coming out of the temporary grogginess, Londos, like a flash, leaped forward. He grabbed Browning's left foot forward and Gentleman Jim fell toward the ropes. His head never touched the ropes, yet after he had bounded back, he held his hand on his neck and shook his head from side to side indicating that he had been severely hurt, and Londos, sensing the kill, leaped forward again, grabbed a crotch hold and slammed Browning against the floor.

That was only the beginning. Five more times Londos repeated the operation while Browning, appearing subconscious, offered no resistance. He was banged again and again against the floor. He grew weaker and more dazed and when the eighth tumble was recorded, Londos quickly jumped on top of his opponent, pressed his shoulders against the mat for the fall that decided the contest.

Referee Bothner slapped the shoulders of Londos in token of victory but that did not suffice. So intent was the Greek Adonis on making certain that there would be no flaw in the victory, that it required considerable persuasion and tugging by Bothner to get Londos to release his hold.

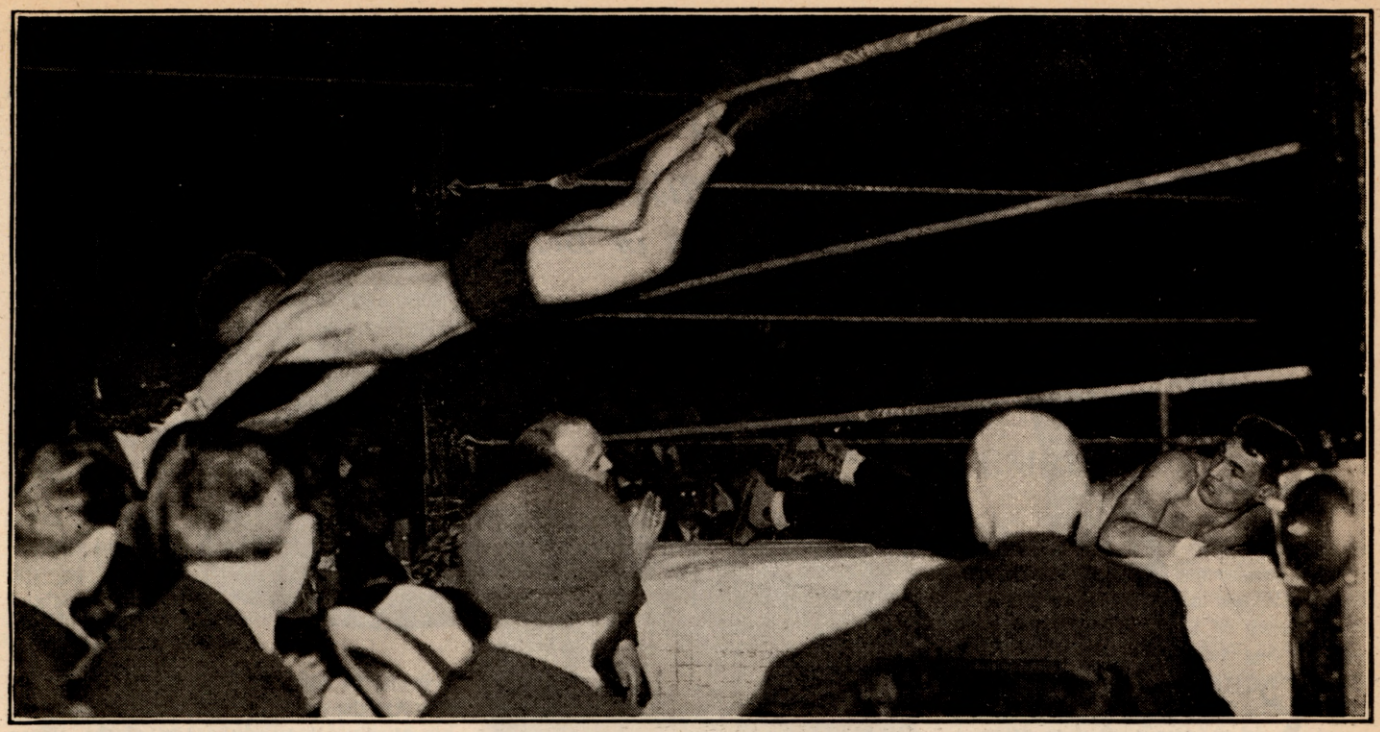
Browning lay helpless and had to be aided by his seconds and Bothner, but after he shook his head half a dozen times, he smiled at the victor whom the clarion-voiced Joe Humphreys had just introduced as the new world's wrestling heavyweight king; then Browning walked over to his conqueror, shook his hand warmly and left the ring without any further help—all within the space of five minutes.

* * *

THAT, folks, is the story of the fall of Browning and the rise of Londos and, sorry to say, we cannot go into ecstasies over it, much as we would like to and wanted to, because candidly, the titular tilt was not up to expectations, either as a shooting match which had been promised us, or a spectacular affair. It was just one more ordinary bout with the exception that the championship muddle has been settled, and henceforth we will be able to write only about one champion so far as New York and all its allied states are concerned.

There is no doubt that Londos will prove, as he has before, a much more popular title holder than Browning.

Jim Londos applying the wicked Japanese leg lock. It was one of three punishing holds that he used against Browning.



A dive executed by Farmer Boy Freddie Thompson, of Red Creek, N. Y. He is soaring between the ropes to a perfect landing in the fourth row of spectators. The above was the result of his missing flying tackle meant for his opponent, Speed Hall, of Buffalo, who is shown watching his adversary in flight. The match was held in the Syracuse Auditorium.

THERE was very little doing in the mat world during the past month, aside from the match of the year between Browning and Londos. Most of the contests scheduled for that period were called off to enable the two Jims to put in several weeks of intensive training for their encounter. Rather than use inferior substitutes on cards on which Londos and Browning were to have appeared, the promoters decided to abandon the shows in most cases. Then the heat of summer caused a lull in activities to an extent. Many of the grapplers flocked to New York to see the head men of their profession exchange grips.

Londos put in some strenuous training at Asbury Park, N. J., where Max Baer prepared for his championship encounter with Primo Carnera, while Browning rounded into shape at Carnera's former quarters at Pompton Lakes.

* * *

NOW that Carnera is no longer heavyweight boxing champion, it would be a splendid move on his part if he forsook the mitt-slingers to resume his wrestling activities. Primo is built more for the mat sport than for the noble art of boxing, and would be a tremendous drawing card in the thousands of towns where fans have been hankering for a glimpse of this gigantic human.

What if Primo were to become heavyweight wrestling champion? He would then have the distinction of being the only athlete ever to hold both titles. And if he turns to the mat, it is a certainty he would become the title holder.

Carnera started to wrestle with a travelling carnival in France when he was only seventeen years old, and took on all comers. Ten bouts a day was nothing unusual, and Primo repelled men who later became great in the sport. For three years the Italian Goliath worked at the strenuous pastime until he was persuaded to enter the boxing field.

The mat sport could well use Primo Carnera as a new attraction.

* * *

AFTER avoiding Hans Steinke, the giant German, for the past eight or ten years, Ed "Strangler" Lewis finally came to grips with him at the Ridgewood Grove club in New York and defeated Hans after a tough tussle. Both are well along in years now, and Steinke has probably gone back farther than the headlock king.

Had the match taken place eight years ago, the result might have been quite different. Lewis waited until Steinke was past his prime, and then proceeded to defeat him.

It was Hans who drove the Strangler out of New York State when the latter refused to swap holds with him, just as Lewis, a couple of years ago, drove Londos into the sticks when the Greek refused the issue.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the recent Browning-Londos match was expected to clear up the championship muddle in the heavyweight ranks, the division still has two title-holders. The second one, Ed Don George, holds sway in New England by right of succession to the throne, having defeated Henri De Glane for the honors. George is a great wrestler, and deserves a championship match with the Londos-Browning winner. Don is a clever matman, has unlimited endurance and is as game as they come. We trust he will shortly be given the opportunity to show just where he stands in this man's game.

* * *

It was George who administered the first defeat to Billy Bartush since the latter's return from a triumphant tour of Europe. Don turned the trick in two of three falls in Chicago. George also took over rough Ernie Dusek, after the latter had put the skids under the hardy Henri De Glane.

* * *

JACK PFEFER, who, until the Londos group affiliated again with the Curley group, was one of Jack Curley's mainstays, has been left out in the cold by the new organization and instead of giving up the ghost, he has decided to fight the combine by staging "New Deal" wrestling. Know what that means? Well it is the "two bits" type. You pay a quarter admission and you see six or eight bouts.

Of course Pfefer cannot afford to place on exhibition the stars that the Curley troupe give, but he has a number of good boys on his list. The headliners are Herb Freeman, Tiger Flowers Johnstone, Maurice La Chappelle, Tony Morelli, Max Martin and Charley Midget Fischer.

A few weeks ago Pfefer accepted the promotion post for the gigantic New York Hippodrome which is being used by Humbert Fugazy for opera, and there every Monday he stages a wrestling show. His first two were quite successful as more than 4000 fans flocked to the famous Sixth Avenue theatre in New York City.

WITH THE BEHEMOTHS

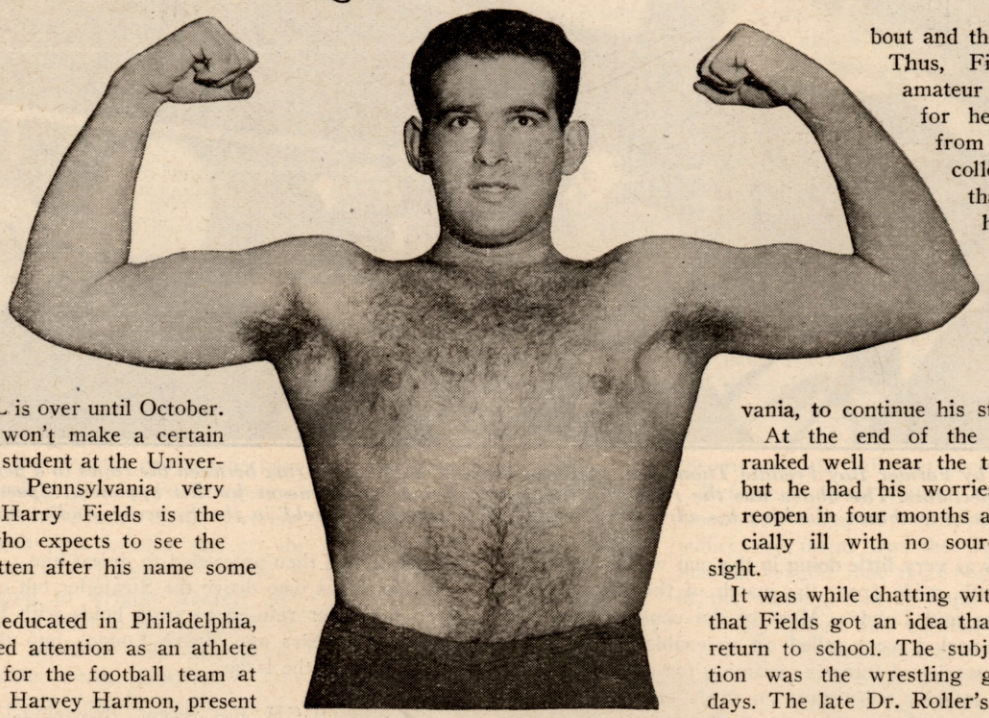
DID YOU KNOW THAT—Ivan Linow and Bull Montana, both hard looking grapplers of the old school, *(Continued on page 46)*

Studies Medicine and Wrestles

Harry Fields, Former Haverford Football Star Rates High in Both

By MORT BERRY

(Philadelphia Daily News)



Harry Fields, who is following in the footsteps of Dr. Roller and Dr. Wilson.

SCHOOL is over until October. That won't make a certain medical student at the University of Pennsylvania very angry. Harry Fields is the name of the lad who expects to see the letters "M.D." written after his name some day.

Born, bred, and educated in Philadelphia, Fields first attracted attention as an athlete when he reported for the football team at Haverford College. Harvey Harmon, present head coach at the University of Pennsylvania, was the mentor of the Main Line team. It was the same old story at Haverford. One season the backfield would be good and the line weak. The next season would find conditions reversed.

In 1928, Haverford boasted of a nationally famous athlete in Charles "Eggs" Morriss, who was considered one of the best fullbacks in the East. The rest of the ball toters were of high calibre but there was a gap in the line . . . . until a young giant from the freshman class, Harry Fields, appeared.

Using his 245 pounds to the best advantage, Fields soon became a stimulant to his coach and a headache to his opponents. His six feet and six inches of height enabled him to intercept many passes and, despite his tremendous weight, it was very hard to catch him on open field.

* * *

HARRY loved sports in which there was body contact. Thus, it was perfectly natural for him to turn to wrestling when the time-keeper's gun ended the last football fray of the season. He caught on to the grappling game easily and piled up an impressive list of victories.

When the referee called the heavyweight finalists of the 1931 National A.A.U. Meet to the center of the ring for their instructions, it proved to be a battle between the East and the West. Jack Riley, All-America tackle from Northwestern University, was the man on whom Chicago was counting to come through. His rival was the handsome Haverford collegian, Harry Fields.

Both men entered the ring undefeated. Throwing precaution to the four winds in an effort to land the crown, Fields fell an easy victim to the more experienced Riley.

The Philadelphian profited by his mistake however, and his list of victims continued to mount. He brushed aside all opposition in the try-outs for a berth on the 1932 Olympic wrestling squad until he reached the final round.

Once more history repeated itself. Jack Riley and Harry Fields staged a breath-taking duel. However, the Mid-westerner managed to secure a finishing hold on his weary foe and on the bout and the berth of a fall. Thus, Fields ended his amateur grappling career, for he was graduated from the little Quaker college shortly after that match. Harry had a very high scholastic average and was admitted to the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, to continue his study of medicine.

At the end of the first season, he ranked well near the top of the class; but he had his worries. School would reopen in four months and he was financially ill with no source of income in sight.

It was while chatting with a sports scribe that Fields got an idea that enabled him to return to school. The subject of conversation was the wrestling game of bygone days. The late Dr. Roller's name was mentioned; and it was then that Fields got his idea.

Dr. Benjamin Roller, who held the heavyweight championship of the world for a brief spell, received his medical education at Penn. He found it necessary to wrestle in order to pay his tuition. Then there was Dr. Ralph Wilson. He, also, attended Penn by means of the money he earned as a wrestler. If they could do it, figured Harry, then he could!

Ray Fabiani, Philadelphia's wrestling promoter, heard the young medical student's story and decided to give Harry a chance to display his wares. Fields sailed through the air to down his first professional opponent with a flying scissors and virtually flew into the hearts of the Quaker City sport fans. His popularity mounted and Harry was kept busy with engagements throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

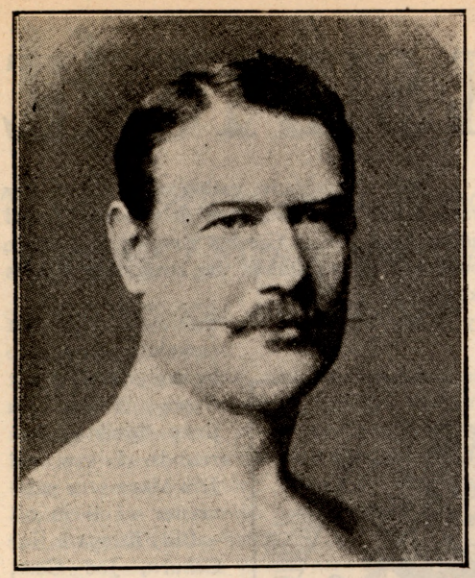
* * *

CLASSES reopened and Fields attempted a Herculean feat—keeping up in his studies and wrestling at the same time. It is not necessary to mention that it requires almost all of one's attention to study medicine. Despite this fact, Harry Fields managed to wrestle without sacrificing his college work; but the strain was terrific. Frequently, he would read his lessons on the train as it raced over miles of track to take him to the town where he would have a grappling engagement.

This would continue in the dressing room until an attendant would inform him that it was time for his bout to go on. The match completed, Fields would take up where he left off before the bout as he headed homeward. Once in his room, he would pore over his books until the wee hours of the morning. That was his routine day after day.

The mid-year exams were at hand when Harry received his biggest match, a wind-up with Dick Shikat in New York. When one locks grips with so formidable a foe as the Teuton, he should be in the best possible condition. But the scholarly Philadelphian was not. He was torn between a desire to make a favorable showing on the mat and in the examinations.

It was quite apparent that the German *(Continued on page 46)*



Duncan C. Ross, famous Scotch athlete.

TEN FALLS *in an* HOUR

That's What William Muldoon Accomplished in His Match With Duncan Ross

By PAYNE EMERY

IT is difficult to picture a latter day wrestler making the sort of match that the late William Muldoon did for April 2, 1882. The locale was Louisville, Ky., and judging by the conditions for the contest, it was tinctured by the nearness to the somewhat noted first day of April. Nevertheless, Muldoon, known as the "Fighting Gaul," because of the character he assumed in the play of "Sparticus," with Robert Downing, the hero, wagered $200 against nothing that he would throw Duncan C. Ross, the Scotch giant, six times within an hour.

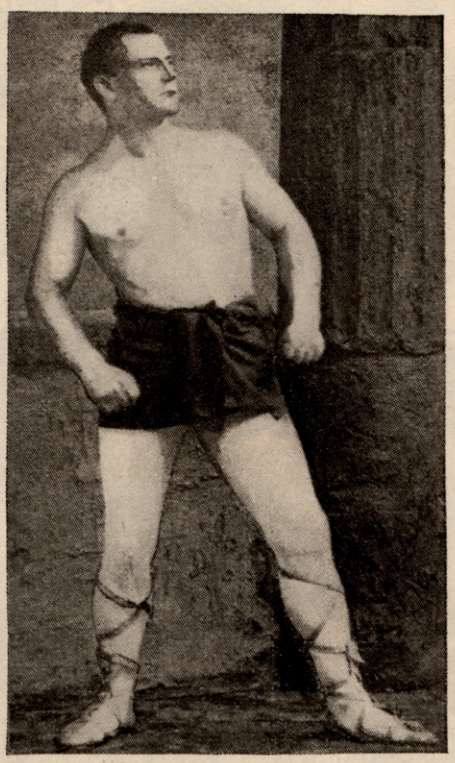
Muldoon stood to win nothing if he accomplished the feat, but if he failed, he would have been minus $200 and a large consignment of valuable reputation. Owing to the dictum of the dramatists, Muldoon won no wrestling contests in stage plays, but once beyond the glare of the footlights, he had a habit of conquering nearly all who consented to meet him in combat. That's how great a wrestler William Muldoon was.

Therefore, while his ultimatum to Ross was regarded by many as being altogether too difficult an undertaking, those who knew exactly the formidable character of Muldoon's ability as a grappler, were ready to concede that he had a good chance to win the one-sided wager from the great foreigner who had been boasting of his prowess.

The manner in which the remarkable wager came to be made showed the difference between the methods of the early mat experts and those of the present time. A modern wrestler might hold the belief that he could throw another man six times in an hour but he never would say so nor wager to that extent for fear of spoiling an easy mark. Furthermore, to wager $200 against nothing is the last thing a wrestler of the present would do. It took nerve for Muldoon to act as he did but he had complete confidence in his ability, and his judgment was vindicated.

* * *

MULDOON'S attention was first attracted to Ross through the challenges issued by the Scot, who was a herculean all-around athlete. He stood well above 6 feet in height, and scaled considerably above the 200-pound mark. He was a versatile Caledonian athlete, being proficient in all the Scotch games, such as tossing the caber, throwing the hammer, jumping, sword dancing, etc. Ross had made Louisville his headquarters for nearly a year, and by his performances in games, and victories over the wrestlers in the vicinity, had convinced the residents of that Kentucky city that he was the best man at his weight in the world.



William Muldoon, America's greatest wrestler in the pre-Gotch days.

Naturally the loud talk of Ross and his entourage was reproduced in the newspapers of cities in the North and West, and was brought to the attention of both Clarence Whistler and William Muldoon, both then in their prime. Whistler was first to make an effort for a match with the Scot, but his overtures failed entirely.

Then Muldoon, went directly to Louisville and bearded the Scot in his den. The champion made an unvarnished offer of $200 to nothing that he would throw Ross six times in an hour. Ross may have had misgivings as to his ability to throw Muldoon once in an hour, but he felt confident that Muldoon could not put him on his back six times in 60 minutes, and, regarding it as an easy money scheme for himself, he accepted the defiance, and signed articles of agreement.

The sporting element of Louisville, which had been misled by Ross' boasting, and evidently had a limited knowledge of Muldoon's ability, were amazed at the conditions for the match. They were inclined to the view that Muldoon would fail and that he had lost his mind in making such terms with as great a wrestler as Ross was reputed to be.

* * *

ROSS himself was confident he would win, and previous to the opening tussle he sat in the Opera House wings, with a look of supreme self assurance on his face. But when the referee was appointed, Ross began to ask for an extension of rules in his favor.

The first claim was that he should have ten minutes rest following each fall. Muldoon conceded the point by saying: "I will give Ross ten minutes rest after each fall, and will see how many falls I can win in an hour."

The referee was a man by the name of George Knott, who frankly admitted he knew nothing whatever of Graeco-Roman rules, and in the discussion that ensued, he furnished proof that he did not.

Next on the list, Ross demanded that no fall be allowed unless two shoulders and a hip, or two hips and a shoulder were pinned to the mat. This caused a long argument, but Muldoon finally yielded the point, although it was a violation of Graeco-Roman rules.

Finally Referee Knott became discouraged by the various problems and resigned, whereupon Major Hughes, Chief of the Louisville Fire Department, was installed as referee. Ross objected to Hughes, but as earlier in the day he had asked for Hughes as arbiter, he was overruled.

Referee Hughes declared that Mul- *(Continued on page 43)*

GAY *and* FESTIVE

"YOU coves can have all the fun and sport you like here, but don't get rough or try to rob any one in my place."

This was honest old Harry Hill's usual warning to all suspicious looking, crude characters that dropped into his famous boxing and vaudeville resort, for a night's lark, with more or less larceny in their minds, if they got an opportunity to trim some boozy sucker.

"During the whole 30 years I ran this place, nobody ever was robbed or gypped out a dollar," Hill often proudly declared to me.

"I've held probably a million dollars in stakes and bets on big fights, national elections and other contests and the winners always got their money in full—every bloomin' shilling of it."

The popular old sporting resort stood on the corner of Houston and Crosby Streets, in this city, and was undoubtedly the most famous place of its kind in America. There you would see some of the most distinguished men of the country, quite frequently hobnobbing with some ordinary pugilist or some comical Bowery character, as if they were the greatest pals, as they laughed, chattered and drank the flowing champagne together.

I remember seeing Theodore Roosevelt and Chester A. Arthur enjoying boxing bouts at Hill's. And at the next table sat three of the most notorious bank burglars. Little did I think then that both Roosevelt and Arthur would become Presidents of the United States. Nor did I imagine that about a week later the same cracksmen would rob the Manhattan Bank of about $1,000,000.

But one was liable to meet all sorts of people at the old resort—Naval admirals, Army generals, Wall Street magnets, presidents of great colleges. British Dukes, Lords and other noblemen, celebrated actors, and of course big and little champions in most every sport, all mingling together with Bowery bums, Broadway sharpshooters, big bankroll gamblers and artful con men.

New York's gas-lit night life at Harry Hill's. Scenes, characters, incidents and accidents during a typical night at Hill's famous rendezvous.

It certainly was a most democratic gathering without any question of caste, race, creed, social standing or wealth. Liberal millionaires like George Law, James Gordon Bennett, Lawrence Jerome, George Gould and others staked the struggling boxers to many a fat bankroll.

It was at Harry Hill's that John L. Sullivan really first came into prominence by knocking out Steve Taylor in three dazzling, fast rounds. I saw old Jem Mace—the past-master of them all—Billy Edwards, Joe Coburn, Joe Goss, Johnny Dwyer, Jim Dunne and a host of other champions and near champs display their clever fistic tactics at the old resort.

* * *

KELLY and Murphy, a very snappy, fast team, used to box about four rounds most every night. They put up such a flashy, dashy, slam-bang bout, that many strangers imagined they were fighting furiously. So realistic were their fireworks, that these strangers between the rounds would shower them with all kinds of money. It was a great act for Kelly and Murphy and quite interesting for the merry mob that enjoyed thrilling pugilistic action.

At one time Hill was reputed to be worth almost $1,000,000, most of which he invested in hotels and steamboats in and around Flushing, L. I., in which he lost thousands of dollars. Then came his row with Police Captain Murphy over "protection money." Hill charged the police with levying blackmail upon him, which finally led to the closing of the famous old resort after a very long and bitter political and police rumpus.

Poor old Harry with very little of his fortune left, endeavored to retrieve his loss by opening up a café, only to be hounded and closed down by that "secret power" that follows those who antagonize the police. After a desperate struggle for existence, he passed away flat broke in spirit and finance on August 27, 1896, at Corona, L. I.

BOXING RESORTS

Where All Comers Enjoyed Rattling Fights and Other Amusements in Old New York

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

The dean of America's sports writers, who has just reached his 80th birthday.

THE old fistic fans who fancied blood and thunder slugging combats, always dropped in at Oweny Geoghegan's rough and ready place on the Bowery, where, for a five-cent beer one could witness half a dozen or more so-called "sparring bouts," which was a very mild name indeed for a hammer and tongs battering battle.

Geoghegan, in his prime, was quite a fiery bare-knuckle slugger and a rough and tumble fighter outside the ring as well. He always insisted that all the boxers who performed in his place for the edification of his patrons, should fight like demons.

"See here, you blokes," I've often heard him yell to boxers waiting in their corners for the call of "time" (there was no bell in the old days), "I don't want any fancy light sparring. Do you hear? I want you mugs to fight like hell or yer don't get a damned cent."

And how these poor, battered-up, half punch-drunk, hungry, goofy pugs, would tear in at each other like wild men, slugging, scuffling, smashing away until they were smeared with blood and exhausted, all for generally $2.50 each.

I remember one little game Englishman, Joe Fowler, hardly a featherweight in poundage, who must have fought at least one thousand conflicts in Geoghegan's place alone, during the many years he hung out there. This poor, dilapidated, battle-scared veteran was a most pitiful sight, with a badly broken nose, fearful cauliflowered ears, deaf as a bat and hardly able to see but still he was willing and anxious for an opportunity to fight and invariably took a murderous beating.

"It's a shame to allow that poor little fellow to fight any more," said a wealthy member of the New York A. C. to Geoghegan, as he slipped Joe Fowler a ten spot.

"How de hell can I stop 'im when he keeps begging me to put 'im on all the time? Why if he didn't keep scrapping he'd curl up and die. That's his only graft and pleasure."

* * *

BUT not all the pugilistic talent were of Fowler's type at the old Bowery resort. Among those who boxed there were Jem Carney, lightweight champion of England, who fought Jack McAuliffe a 74-round tough draw mill, Tug Wilson who tricked John L. Sullivan at the old Madison Square Garden by flopping down about 30 times in four rounds without a blow. William Sheriff, "The Prussian," Dick Hollywood, featherweight champion of England, Patsey Marley, George Rooke, Joe Coburn, heavyweight champion of America, Billy Madden, George Siler, afterward a noted referee, Jim Fell, Jack Hopper, Sam Collyer, Arthur Chambers, Nobby Clark, Jack Burke, Pete McCoy, Jerry Barnett, Dooney Harris and a flock of other noted ringsters of the past.

Uncle Bill Tovee, announcer at Harry Hill's and Owney Geoghegan's, in the old days, was an English bare-knuckle fighter in his youth.

"How many bouts have you pulled off in your place?" I asked Oweny shortly before he closed down his "sluggery."

"That's darn hard to figure out," he answered trying to estimate how many. "Probably about 10,000, at least for many years I've kept the joint banging away day and night."

This may seem rather an exaggeration to those who never spent a gay and festive evening at the old Bowery fistic resort, but when one considers that Geoghegan had one ring on the main floor and another on the second in which there was almost constant fistic action, it appears to be quite plausible and not overestimated to any extent. It surely was a mint for the tough, hard-boiled proprietor.

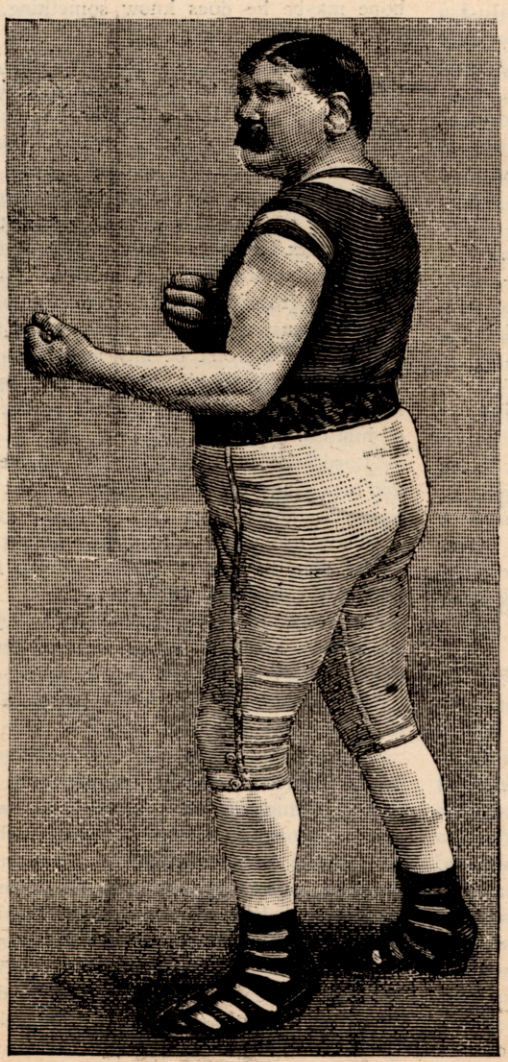
* * *

THAT a topsy-turvey, hullabaloo emporium was Billy McGlory's Armory Hall, on Hester Street just west of the Bowery, in the 80s and early 90s. What furious and humpty-dumpty fights took place there, in and out of the ring, generally after midnight.

What high-kicking fantastic dancing among the giddy gals, frisky Bowery boys and other gay pleasure seekers who were out for an all-night jamboree or a free-for-all fracas.

Quite a mob of the old punched-out fighters hung out there also, waiting for a chance to earn a few bucks by banging each other around in a slaughtering bout, as an extra attraction for the howling crowd of midnight revelers who invariably threw the poor sluggers considerable coin, when a very slashing bout thrilled or pleased them.

Old Fiddler Neary used to *(Continued on page 42)*



Jack Turner, an old-time English pug.

It Happened to ME

By RANDOLPH PRESTON

THE name of Walter Boyd doesn't mean much in ring history. If you say my name to the younger fans they think of me only as a manager, if they think of me at all. Most of them don't even know I'm an ex-heavyweight champion of the world.

It hurts to write that "ex" in front of the title. It's a grand title, and some grand men carry it through its pretty long history. But all ring history is comparatively recent, because a fighter's active life is so short. It seems that Dempsey is now considered "history," but it is less than a dozen years ago that he knocks Firpo, the big Argentine, from then till now. Just a few years, and yet it's ancient history. It's nearly thirty years ago that the little incident I'm telling you about happens. Is that prehistoric?

I am at Galveston, Texas, a few years after the big storm of nineteen hundred, and by this time they have brought most of the town back from the Red River district, where it is washed in the washout I mention. I am on my way to New York, where I am to fight the champion in about two months.

A guy signed to fight the champ is pretty apt to think he's about twice as good as anybody else in the ring. But as a young man I am not like that. I think I am *three* times as good as anybody in the ring. I am only in Galveston three days, waiting for passage, but you can learn a lot in three days. I learn a lot in three rounds.

I am in ring togs, down at the old Athletic Club, working out with my trainer, Lefty, and old Harry Thomas who is then on the down grade from the middleweight title. As I say, I am the leading contender of the day, and nobody can be as wise as a leading contender. So I am showing off to the few spectators who loll about, and finally manage to knock poor old Harry through the ropes. I get a big hand from everybody except one big man who is standing down close to the ropes. He only frowns, and says to me:

"There wasn't any use in that, Sonny."

Laughing in his face, I call Lefty into the ring and we go it hammer and tongs for three rounds. When we call it quits the big man steps even closer and speaks to me again.

"You look pretty good, Sonny," he remarks. And I boil over. If there is anything that gets a man's goat like that one word "Sonny" I don't know what it is. "Yes, sir," he adds, "you look pretty good." "Look, hell," I retort, "I *am* good!"

He only raises his eyebrow on that, and shrugs his shoulders. When he shrugs he reminds you of an elephant taking a deep breath. He runs his finger along his chin, and looks me over like he is judging live stock. He twists his head on one side and grunts, "Hum!"

"What do you mean, 'hum'?" I growl, getting tired of this stranger and his airs. He ignores my question.

"Are you tired?" he asks anxiously, like a mother over a sick child.

"Of course not!" I snap at him.

"You ain't going to box any more right now, are you?" he asks in a tone of great expectancy.

"As soon as Harry comes back, if it's any of your business," I bark at him.

"Lord, Sonny, would you fight a few rounds with me?" he asks, like a modern panhandler asking for a meal and expecting to get it. As for me, I will like nothing better than to punch this guy's nose. Remember, he calls me "Sonny"; and he repeats it, if you'll notice.

"Lefty," I say, without even answering the stranger, "fix this gentleman up with ring togs." I suppose I say that ten times a day, now, in my uptown gymnasium, but this is the time I remember above all others.

* * *

THE stranger and Lefty go into the dressing rooms, and I have a couple of the boys clear the gym. I don't want the idlers around when I murder this big chump who walks into the lions' den. In a few minutes he come back with Lefty, and bounces through the ropes like a man who is used to it. He is smiling like a new champion, and goes into a corner to swing on the ropes. He limbers up like a real fighter, and I begin to hope maybe he does know something, as I want him to last more than one round.

Let me say that the man looks like he will last a round and then some. He is tall and broad shoulders, and the more I look at him the more like a fighter he looks. His long arms hang down like telegraph poles, and his big fists are plainly meant for boxing gloves. He probably can't get any other kind on.

When he steps out of his corner and walks up to me in the middle of the ring I see he is bigger than I think at first. He tops my six feet by an inch or two, and he looks heavy. I weigh in at two hundred and five, more or less, and if there's an ounce of fat on me it's grease from the breakfast bacon. But the stranger must weigh two hundred and twenty.

I decide he won't be any pushover, after all. That is, if he knows anything at all about boxing, and I figure he won't step in the ring at all if he doesn't feel he can at least take care of himself.

"Lord," he says, stepping up to me, "I've been wanting to get in a ring for weeks. What weight gloves are you wearing, Sonny?" There goes that "Sonny" again.

"These are a new extra-heavy weight for training," I tell him. But I plan to suggest lighter gloves for our fight. I want to hurt this smart guy all I can.

He looks over the gloves like he never sees a pair before, muttering to himself as he does so. Finally he shakes his head, gives a short laugh, and says to me:

"Oh, lord, what they won't think of next! Now me, I fight more with my bare fists than I do with gloves."

He's playing right into my hands. I suggest we fight with bare knuckles, as it will make it more exciting. He agrees, and I almost laugh in his face. So I throw aside my heavy gloves, and we get ready to carve on one another with knuckles. I send one of the boys to second for the stranger, Harry will help me along, and Lefty is the referee. Then I find out we're one man short, as we have no time-keeper. I ask Lefty if he can handle the time as well as referee the fight, but the stranger puts in a suggestion.

"Let's make our rounds by knockdowns, instead of time," he offers. "That's the old way, and the best."

This is all right with me, so Lefty calls us out to the center and gives us the instructions. We go to our corners, Lefty calls

time, and we start the fight. Start my first bare knuckles bout, and my last, with a big man who wants to fight without a time limit on rounds, and who looks like a born fighter.

I begin to wonder if I bit off more than I can chew when I accept his challenge. But, as I say, I'm a self-centered young fool and so I open up with a fast drive at him, which he merely walks away from.

Then I shoot out a left jab, which the other man blocks easily, and he shoots a right fist against my ribs. If he has gloves on I will swear there is a horseshoe in the right one, but as he is bare fisted I know it is only a trained punch behind it. I decide to go a bit more carefully.

I watch my guard sharply, and the stranger's right a bit more sharply. We spar for a few minutes, and then I get a left through to his head. He takes it on the cheek, and shoots one back to my mouth; a nice one, which brings a long cut on my lip.

As I spit out the blood he says cheerfully, "I didn't mean to cut you, Sonny. I thought I could nick your jaw and make you keep that guard up a bit more." He sounds like old Pop Harrison giving me my first boxing lessons. You can imagine how I feel, having a stranger step into the ring and start giving me instructions! I try a little harder to knock him out.

When you are on your way to fight the champion you are expected to be able to look after yourself, at least. I am a pretty good fighter, sure enough, and this I say after many years of retirement. That's different from a fresh kid blowing off, as I do at the time of this particular fight.

My best bet is that I am unusually fast for a man my size, and I see that the enemy is a little slow on his feet. So I open up with the fastest I have in me, and that is good enough to cause the champion no little worry over the coming fight. But it doesn't seem to worry this guy any.

He merely gets faster, too, and when he can't keep up with me any longer he just stands flat-footed and shoots out long punches that shake me up more than a little bit. Once he hangs one on my chin that makes the old gym do a couple of flips and turn inside out. But it comes back all right, and so do I.

Then I get a fast right through his guard, and have the satisfaction of seeing his head snap back like a head does when it is planning on bouncing off the mat. But the stranger doesn't bounce off the mat. Instead he bounces off the ropes and knocks me into the opposite ones.

Before I have time to recover, he is all over me like a roof and is raining down a storm of heavy blows that make my teeth rattle like dice on Saturday night. Hard, bare fists come crashing into my face and body, and I try to defend myself. I might just as well try to stop a kicking mule.

I feel my eyes cut open, my lips slashed, and I'll swear I'm black and blue from the waist up. Then a short, hard right takes me on the chin and I sit down heavily. The stranger immediately goes into his corner. Harry yells time, and I get slowly to my feet and go into my corner.

* * *

AS Harry rubs me and wipes the blood off my face, I begin to think about the man across the ring and how he gets in here anyway. The more I think about him the madder I get. I'm as mad as the proverbial wet hen. I'm madder than a wet hen.

Here some dumb palooka walks into my training quarters, challenges me, and then proceeds to make a monkey out of the leading contender. I get so hot the sweat begins to boil. On top of all this, the guy tries to give me a boxing lesson. And he calls me "Sonny." It's more than a self-respecting fighter can stand. I determine to go out in the second round and do my best.

If I do my best, the stranger does a little better. I fight so fast, that I am practically exhausted by the time three minutes is gone, and there's no bell to stop the round like there is now. No time limit on rounds, and bare fists; boy, there's an arrangement for a real man to try.

I got enough of it in a very few minutes. I shoot out my right three times, hard and fast, trying to reach his chin. On the third jab I let my guard slip down one eighteenth of an inch too far, and his fist drives through like an express train to catch me full on the nose.

I hear a dull crack, like a wet stick cracking under foot, and the back of my head feels like it steps into a sledge hammer. I can't see for a minute, and I only know I'm conscious because I have sense enough to clinch, and I can still feel those hard punches coming into my body.

As the enemy steps away my head suddenly clears and I see the vicious right he shoots at me. Just in time, I step in under it and counter with a left hook and a prayer. Both the hook and the prayer seem to work, and before he recovers I land a right on his jaw. I see him go down like a parachute jumper, and Harry calls the end of the second round.

But the stranger is on his feet so quick, that I know he isn't hurt, and he walks to his corner a lot steadier than I walk to mine. When I sit down I discover that what I vaguely suspect is true. My nose is broken. When I raise my hands to feel it, I see my knuckles are all skinned and bruised, and both hands are swollen. Lord, before this I don't know what it is to fight with bare knuckles.

We go into the third round a little slower than the other two. I go in with as much zip and speed as I can force into it, but I am as tired at this third round as I usually am at the fifteenth. A rally doesn't usually come until late in a fight, but I feel that the third round in this fight is pretty late for me. So I start a whirlwind drive with all the strength that is left in me.

I shoot hard with three or four lightning punches, and this time, my opponent clinches with me. As I shake him loose, I swing one from my heels that will probably knock a horse off his feet. Only it doesn't hit a horse. It hits the big fellow on the side of his jaw, and knocks him into the ropes. But he bounces back like nothing is wrong and rushes me into a corner. I fight my way out, taking a lot of punishment as I go. Then I start another drive.

But I'm a little slow, now. I lack the pep I have when I start the day's training. You can go on more or less indefinitely with sparring partners, wearing heavy gloves, and resting when you want to. But after a hard-hitting, brick-like fist has hammered you a few times you begin to get tired.

I can feel my timing slipping away from me, and my judgment of distance isn't perfect. But the opponent is tiring, too. I get a right through to his jaw, but it isn't a solid punch. He shakes it off and bores in. His rush almost takes me off my feet, and only the ropes keep him from pushing me clear out of the gym. But being on the ropes is no fun, and so I fight my way out, painfully, slowly, to the middle of the ring again.

The center is the fighter's spot. Here he has free play for all his foot work, all his tricks, all his long punches. He has a swell place to work—but so has his opponent. And the enemy is the big half of any fight.

* * *

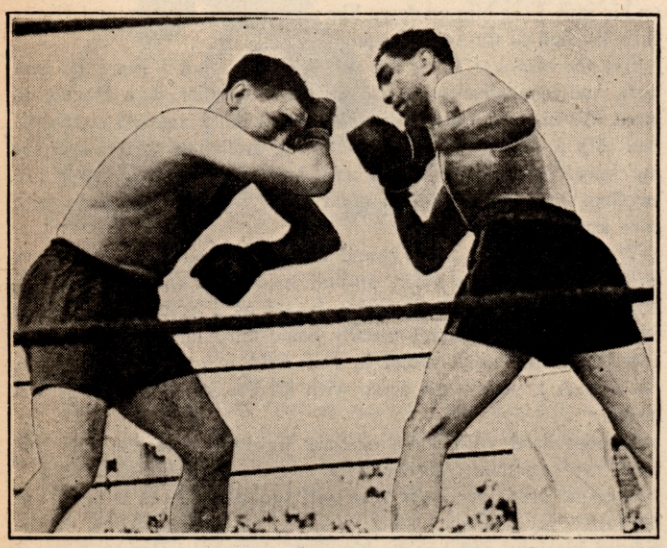
I SPAR carefully, watching the stranger's right with a great deal of respect and not a little fear. I feint a few times, but he is too wise to open up. He spars just as carefully as I do. We are both tired, and I can see the big fellow breathing heavily. He, too, is slowing down, and I begin to feel hopeful—almost.

After all, I'm the younger of the two, and faster than my opponent, so I stand a good chance to win. I forget about the broken nose, which I have to guard so carefully. I begin to open up a little. The stranger gives ground. Suddenly I know I can beat him, and I start another lashing, crashing drive.

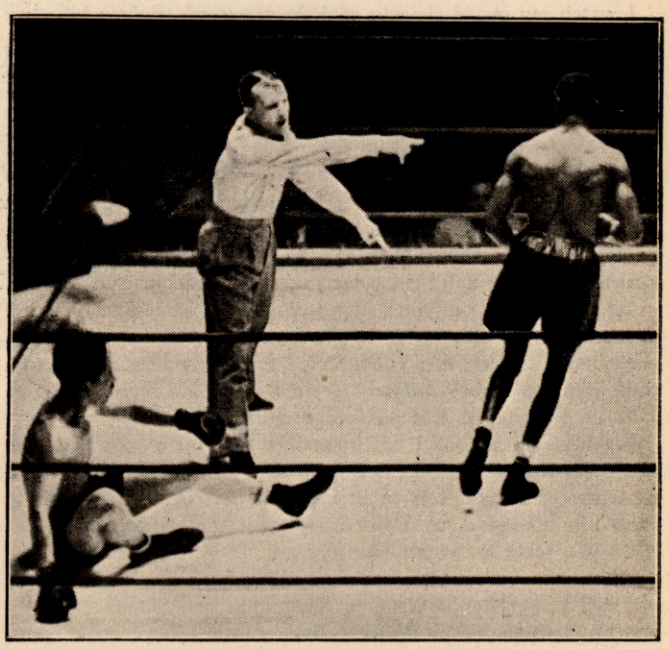
I have my wind back, and I work in close. Stand in close, work for the body, keep your head close to his shoulder so he can't reach your face, then up quick with your guard, step out fast, and as you go swing for his chin; this is my plan, and it works fine except that I don't connect with his chin.

Instead, he hits back and connects with mine. He hits back a lot faster than I think he can. The punch shakes me up a good deal, and makes me a lot more careful. *(Continued on page 41)*

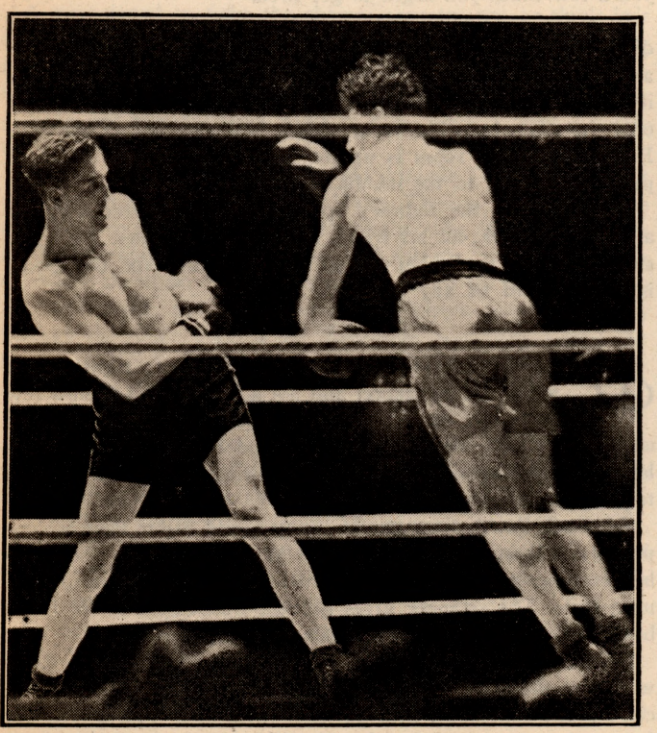
Bouts That Held World Interest



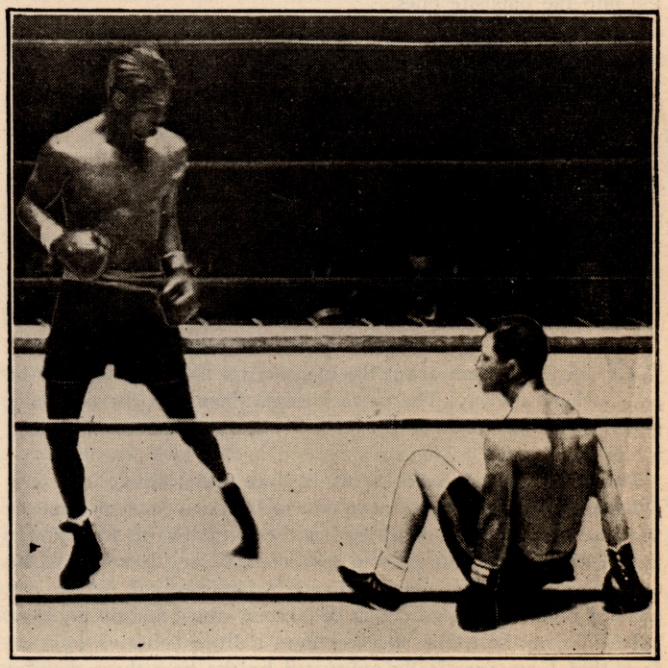
Paulino takes another battering. The modern Joe Grim is shown covering up as Max Schmeling starts a flurry of punches in their recent return bout at Barcelona, Spain. Paulino was outclassed all the way, but the best that Schmeling could get was an official draw because of the racial feeling which exhibited itself. Paulino has yet to be knocked out.



One of the four knock-downs suffered by Tony Herrera in his bout with Young Peter Jackson, California Negro sensation. Jackson gave the clever Mexican a thorough thrashing in their meeting which was staged in the Olympic Stadium in Los Angeles. Jackson also put the snore on Cerefino Garcia, a crack welterweight.



A stirring scene in the Jack Petersen-Len Harvey return match at the White City Stadium, London, in which Petersen regained the British heavyweight title by scoring a technical kayo over Harvey in the twelfth round. In the above photo, Petersen has just scored with hard blows and Len is on his way to the canvas.



Tommy Paul is down in this picture, but it was more the result of a push and a slip rather than a haymaker from the fists of Kid Chocolate. The official decision was a draw, after a tough fight. The Cuban Bon Bon in his prime would have had little trouble with Paul, but this time the Buffalo Italian gave him a tough argument.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I AM one of those who sat at the ringside at the recent McLarnin-Ross fight and saw the fight a little differently than did the referee and Harold Barnes. While I thought as did the other judge, Tom O'Rourke, that McLarnin won, I don't think that Ross won only one round, no more than do I think that McLarnin won only one round. It seems rather strange that two such experts as Eddie Forbes and Tom O'Rourke should differ so widely on their count.

I think the fault lies wholly with the boxing commission. I am an old-time referee and I have officiated on many occasions as either a referee or a judge in the days when Muldoon was chairman of the board, but because I criticised the commission on account of laxity, I was given the "gate." I'm asking you kindly not to publish my name because I don't want to reopen old sores, but when I say the commission is to blame, I know whereof I speak.

We have on our rules several items to guide a judge in the award of points. You have those rules listed in your great book, "How to Judge and to Referee a Fight," yet how often has the commission seen fit to get its judges and referees together and read those rules over with them so that all would become better acquainted with the code? I'll venture to say not once since the late Charles F. Mathison undertook such a move back in 1925.

How often has the present commission held a conference with its referees and judges? Not once since the new board went into office.

You will note that clean hitting receives first call in the rules, in the award of points and then comes aggressiveness, yet you'll find in going over the score cards that the majority of the judges award a fight on mere aggressiveness.

Why? Because they can see a fight only one way. They cannot see a clever boy. They cannot see a boxer who scores repeatedly by countering successfully. All they keep their eyes on, is how much rushing does the opponent do, even though these rushes lead to nothing but wild, ineffective swings or straight deliveries. Think it over. Ask the Commission to act.

AN OLD-TIMER,
New York.

* * *

BEING a reader of your wonderful magazine, THE RING, I would like very much to have a little space in your valued monthly with regard to Jack Johnson. In many issues of the past, short stories about former world champions have constantly appeared, giving them praise for their wonderful achievements in the ring, which, of course, is deserved by them all. What strikes me as being not quite fair is that seldom, if ever, anything is said about Jack Johnson, who, in my opinion, was the greatest defensive heavyweight who ever entered the squared circle.

Most fight fans throughout the world will confess that Johnson, in his prime, was a fistic marvel, but such praise as he is entitled to, seldom, if ever, finds its way into your publications. Had Jack Johnson been a white man, he would have commanded a place in society and all social gatherings, but owing to his color, he had to bear and put up with all kinds of insults and abuse, and for such things there were few foundations. White men did then, and do now, far worse things in the world of morals than anything the black man was ever accused of.

After he won the title, the whole world clamored for another title holder, giving him no peace on his throne. But he stuck to his triumph in spite of all accusations. He held the title when the hardest hitters in the fistic world fought for supremacy. If I am right, Jack Johnson's features bear no single mark of his past profession as a pugilist. If this is true, how many of the exponents of the noble art can boast of the same?

I have always admired his boxing ability, and above all his iron nerve, of which there is outstanding proof, when he fought Jim Jeffries at "Reno." Johnson knew that three parts of the huge crowd were bitter towards him—I suppose through jealousy—and his dark skin—and that one false move on his part would have sent a bullet through his brain. Yet he fought as unconcerned as if he were at a children's tea party. Any other boxer of less courage than the Negro, would have collapsed before setting foot in the square circle.

He played with Jim Jeffries as a cat plays with a mouse, and beat him unmercifully. I know that this will cause an uproar when most readers read it, and they will say, "Oh, Jeff was long past his prime." Yes, maybe so, but why did Jeffries draw the color line against Johnson when the former was World Champion? In my opinion Jack Johnson would have humbled Jim Jeffries with the same amount of ease even had the latter been in his prime.

Quoting a few words from a letter I have in my possession from the great Kid Lewis, he says—"I trained with Johnson, when he was preparing for his fight with Willard, and I found him to be a marvel. Johnson would have beaten Jeffries the best day he ever saw." And the *Kid* knows what he is talking and writing about.

I am sure that there are thousands of readers like myself that have come to the only possible conclusion, that the color of Jack's skin is the only cause of depriving him of the credit he rightfully deserves. I am a white man, but when it comes to the matter of sportsmanship, creed or color do not count with me. I hope the same is true of you. Many black men have disgraced the noble art in and out of the ring. We can also say likewise about a good many white men.

A few months ago an article appeared in THE RING—"When Langford hunted Johnson." It was written, I suppose, to belittle as much as possible Jack Johnson's ability in the square circle, but, dear readers and writers, stir up your memory cup just a little, and you will find out that Sam Langford was given one of the most terrible beatings he ever had in his whole life, and that another meeting might prove fatal to Sam. Hence the refusal on Jack's part to give him another fight. Johnson wrote a letter to this effect which was published in THE RING a few months ago, and up to the time of writing this letter, I have seen nothing to contradict or dispute Johnson's claim.

Before I conclude this letter I should like to add a few words on behalf of Gentleman Peter Jackson, another great *black fighter*. When J. L. Sullivan was in his prime, and was reckoned to be such a terrible tornado of a man, throwing challenges across the face of the earth, priding himself, and boasting that he feared no man born of woman, yet he drew the color line when Peter challenged him for the title.

Why? It wasn't because Peter Jackson was black, Oh no. He fought Slade, the Maori, and Godfrey, who were also black men. The only reason I again can find is that John Sullivan could see in the challenger a man that could give and take as well as he could himself.

Getting back to Jack Johnson, I again say that he was a fistic marvel. So *please* give him credit, where it is due, and which is rightfully his. It does not matter what color or creed a man is—*play the game.*

I wish you, Mr. Editor, and all your publications all of the best of luck. Also I take this opportunity to wish the Great Jack Johnson, himself, all the luck in the world, wherever he may be. After all, he is one of God's creatures.

GLYN JONES,
Llangefni, Anglesey, North Wales.

* * *

Your letter is indeed interesting and welcome. No one can say that either I or THE RING *is prejudiced. One of my greatest friends is none other than Jack Johnson. He comes into my office as often as three times a week to discuss business and boxing with me. I recently acted as toastmaster for a party given him when he became manager of the Tetesboro Boxing Club in New Jersey. I agree with you on Johnson's ability. He was a marvelously defensive boxer and often shows visiting boxers in my headquarters the fine points of the game. I showed him your letter and he thanks you for your defense of him.—[Editor's note].*

Baer Affords Gay Contrast

(Continued from page 11)

stage bouts, heaved sighs of deep satisfaction as he dropped numerous opponents with his short deadly right to the jaw, and cared nothing for his lack of dramatic appeal.

When Fitz relinquished his crown to Jim Jeffries at Coney Island, on June 9, 1889, there was no opportunity vouchsafed him for dramatic fireworks at the finish, even supposing him to have been willing to make an imposing gesture. For a left hook to the jaw, followed by a straight right on the chin, stretched Bob on his back, dead to the world in the eleventh round. Whatever drama ensued was furnished by Jeff's excited manager, who, whooping excitedly, threw his arms around the young giant's neck and embraced him. It was characteristic of Jeffries that he sat stolidly, and only indulged in an unemotional grin in response to his mentor's frenzied salutations.

That was just like Jeffries and prophetic of his future career. As a champion, he was widely admired for his strength, endurance and hitting powers, but he can never be said to have been popular in the sense that made Sullivan an idol, and bids fair to list Baer as a national wonder. He resembled Baer in but one particular, a determination for having his own way.

Jeff could and did enjoy himself as he saw fit. He was not averse to taking a drink, and occasionally relaxed into somewhat restricted joviality among an intimate circle of acquaintances. But for the most part, he was a man of decidedly sombre moods, sour on the world, without a spark of the electric gaiety which distinguishes Baer, or the roaring good fellowship of Sullivan or Dempsey.

When he announced his retirement on May 13, 1905, there being no antagonist then in sight worthy of opposing the six-feet two inches, and 220 pounds of bone, sinew and muscle that went to the making of Jim Jeffries, it is to be feared that there were few regrets, for Jeff distinctly lacked magnetism.

* * *

GAME then the era of Tommy Burns, who claimed the championship by virtue of a defeat of Marvin Hart, who had beaten Jack Root in a match to determine Jeffries' successor. Burns, the smallest man who ever held the title, never received the credit due him for scorning immense handicaps in defeating many big sluggers, until the, for him, fateful hour when he met Jack Johnson, the colored crack, in Australia on December 26, 1908, and lost in the 14th round, when the police stopped the fight to save Burns from further punishment.

The public had steadfastly refused to take Burns seriously, but it was far different in the case of Johnson. Popular clamor demanded the coming forth of a contender who would restore the world's title to the Caucasian race. Then began the crusade for the discovery of a White Hope, which proved utterly futile, and as a last resource Jim Jeffries was coaxed out of retirement. Possibly Jeff, during his training campaign, was more popular than at any other time in his career, only to sink back into oblivion when the lithe giant black toyed with him in the ring at Reno, Nev., for fourteen rounds and stopped him in the round following.

Jeff's showing throughout was wretched, and there was scant drama from start to finish. Floored three times in the final round, the Californian heard "seven" counted over him when he fell for the last time. Then one of Jeffries' seconds stepped inside the ropes, and Tex Rickard declared Johnson the victor. It was a disastrously uninspiring exit for a champion from the scene of former triumphs.

Had Johnson been a white man, he would probably have achieved nation-wide popularity, for, like Baer, he was, and is today, a most likeable sort of chap. But his color proved his undoing. Baer himself is not fonder of the bright lights and the society of the opposite sex than was Jack Johnson at the height of his fame. He lived luxuriously, spent money royally, and was universally conceded to be the greatest scientist of his race since the days of Peter Jackson.

* * *

BUT the time arrived when Jack, having swept the field clear of worthy opponents, found himself in need of funds and glad to accept a battle with Jess Willard who was, up to then, the largest pugilist that ever donned a glove. They met in Havana on April 5, 1915. The end came in the twenty-sixth round, when Johnson was sent down with a hard right swing to the jaw. At the count of "ten," Johnson was still stretched out on the floor. Referee Welch held up Willard's hand, and a new champion was born.

It is still a matter of argument among the fans as to whether Willard or Jeffries is to be considered as the least magnetic of the old Queensberry champions. Less sour than Jeffries, the conqueror of Johnson was handicapped in public esteem by the well known fact that he did not like fighting, and had merely taken up the game as one in which his gigantic frame and bull-like strength might procure him a fortune.

Also, as in the case of Carnera and every other abnormally big man, his unusual size always awakened the crowd's sympathy for the smaller scrapper. His mentality was not of the brightest, he preferred to loaf and grow fat, rather than defend his title; there was not the slightest vestige of the dynamic flash and sparkle that distinguishes Max Baer, in this crass Goliath of the ring.

Therefore, when this exceedingly unpopular giant faced Jack Dempsey at Toledo, Ohio, on July 4, 1919, he cannot have been said to have carried the good wishes of the majority of ring patrons. Yet, in view of the handicaps Dempsey was incurring in weight, size and reach, few critics gave the latter a chance of winning

Great was the public surprise, therefore, when the human tiger who was later to be known as the "Manassa Mauler," outgamed, outfought, blinded and dazed the title-holder with one of the most furious two-fisted attacks ever seen between the ropes, flooring him repeatedly and administering such terrific punishment that Willard was unable to answer the call of time for the fourth round.

MANY boxing writers have called attention to the resemblance between the downfall of Willard before Dempsey, and that of Carnera at Baer's hands. In both cases fighters of tremendous poundage and bulk collapsed virtually before a viciously savage and speedy attack by opponents physically inferior to them, and were declared losers without being counted out and while still conscious of their surroundings. The Toledo battle, for the short space of time it lasted, was every whit as dramatic as that at the Astoria bowl.

Jack Dempsey was destined to attain a wider degree of popularity than any fighter since Sullivan had enjoyed. The crowd loves a genuine dyed-in-the-wool scrapper, willing to take a chance, enjoying the game for the game's sake, and wielding a kayo punch in either mitt. Also, the boxing world has never known a more congenial personality than that of Dempsey. He was never the actor that Baer is, but like John L., he radiated a hearty appeal and sense of jovial companionship that made him friends wherever he went.

When Dempsey lost his title to Gene Tunney at Philadelphia in ten rounds, on September 23, 1926, though defeated, he was not disgraced. The last bell found him doggedly fighting back, bleeding, groggy, but sticking it out to the last, as a real champion should. In the following year Dempsey made the gallant, but unavailing attempt to recapture the title, which almost resulted in a kayo of Tunney in the seventh round, when referee Dave Barry gave Gene the benefit of the "long count"; still a bone of contention among ring patrons. Tunney's quick recovery and victory on points at the close of the tenth session, left Jack an ex-champion, but popular as ever with his public.

* * *

GENE TUNNEY, first heavyweight champion to retire permanently without being defeated for the title, neither courted or won popularity. He was a law unto himself, inclined to view with hostility that large army of fight fans whose members never forgave him for beating their favorite Dempsey, asking favors of none and continuing steadily to his goal—the acquirement of a fortune which would enable him to forsake all ring activities.

A greater contrast than that between the mercurial Max Baer and Tunney could scarcely be imagined, both from the fighting and mental standpoint. Tunney—an iceberg for coolness, a punishing, though not a direct kayo hitter, a scientist par excellence; Baer—a headlong, impetuous bull-rusher of the Dempsey brand! Gene—a coldly reserved person with no convivial leanings, somewhat of a solitary, with pronounced literary tastes; Max—a lover of fast life, boon companion and prominent figure in hectic night gambols!—Nature placed this former and later leader of fisticuffs at angles as widely apart as the North and South Poles.

Tunney's last ring appearance was when he made a chopping block of Tom Heeney, the Australian contender, a contest halted to save the half-blinded Heeney from further punishment. Tunney was definitely through. He had made the million he wanted, later he was to contract a rich matrimonial alliance and crash the gates of Society; and though promoters tearfully

implored him to take on Jack Sharkey, he adhered to his decision to forsake the game for good.

* * *

MAX SCHMELING, swart Teuton, matched with Jack Sharkey for Tunney's discarded sceptre, was declared winner in the fourth round of their New York battle, on a foul, June 12, 1930. A return bout on June 21, 1932 resulted in a verdict for Sharkey on points, a decision rather bitterly criticized by a majority of the fight experts on the ground that Sharkey fought a runaway battle, was badly marked up and in poor shape at the finish, whereas Schmeling showed little or no damage at the end of the fifteenth and final frame.

However, deservedly or not, Sharkey was top-dog legally until June 29, 1933, when Primo Carnera knocked him silly with a right uppercut to the jaw, and the massive Italian slid into the throne seat, which he filled to overflowing, until recently ousted by Baer.

Schmeling, a rather colorless personality, but an affable fellow, was mildly tolerated by the fans. Sharkey, as temperamental as a fourth-rate prima donna, always seemed to nurse a grouch against the customers, who for their part razzed him at every conceivable opportunity. Nevertheless, he was able to retire to the bosom of his family with a nice fortune, so that the laugh may be said to have been on his side after all. Ring patrons were just beginning to take Carnera seriously, following the Sharkey kayo, when Baer punctured the Primo reputation beyond repair. None of the trio in question possessed even a tithe of the magnetism pertaining to Max Baer, playboy extraordinary, cock of the fighting roost, favorite of stage, screen and ladies!

Upon him Fortune smiles invitingly, opening to his gaze dazzling visions of untold wealth to be garnered via ring and movies. To no other champion, ancient or modern, has such a roseate future been indicated. What will the harvest be?

Standing on Pinnacle, Baer Surveys Field

(Continued from page 3)

round he dashes out like a one hundred yard sprinter. No fighter with an injured ankle could have made the moves which the pictures show Carnera made right into the eleventh round.

In short, Carnera took one of the worst beatings meted out to a heavyweight since Jim Jeffries battered Tom Sharkey in their memorable twenty-five round battle at Coney Island. True, Jeffries also got a bad mauling, and the crowd started a riotous demonstration against Referee George Siler, for not giving the decision—and the title—to Sharkey the Sailorman.

Carnera placed his greatest faith in the left uppercut with which he hurt Jack Sharkey so badly. When Primo discovered that he could do nothing with this punch, he was through on the offensive. His became a defensive fight, with a lot of pawing with the left. Carnera was outclassed and those who watched him wondered how he ever had stopped even so poor a champion as Jack Sharkey.

Really, there is no demand for another fight between Baer and Carnera. The Italian has no excuses, and he has no right to go into the ring again with Max. Not that Baer is so terrific and tremendous a fighter. A real boxer with Baer's power equipment would have disposed of Carnera in the first two rounds. But Max roundhoused himself into a temporary fatigue.

* * *

LOUGHRAN, by virtue of having stayed fifteen rounds with Carnera, is rated a contender. But the logic behind the Loughran claim is not quite clear. Loughran had fifteen rounds in which to do something concrete, and he failed to hurt the big Italian, let alone knock him down. Not that I am reading the gentlemanly Loughran out of the running. I think he ought to get his chance when it gets around to him. But rather do I fancy Hamas, Lasky and Neusel and then Loughran. Incidentally, despite Loughran's masterly boxing skill, I doubt if he could take it from Baer.

I was quite impressed with Loughran's fifteen round demonstration against Carnera, but, to be quite frank, Tommy disappointed me in one of the most vital elements of the fight. There were times when the ponderous Carnera, synthetic fighter, outboxed little Loughran. Tommy went into the fight with one plan of attack, and soon shifted to a scheme which was utterly at variance with his abilities and the disparity in weights.

In Baer we have a natural fighter—the first to hold the heavyweight championship since Jack Dempsey.

Gene Tunney, who took the title from Dempsey, was not a natural scrapper. He did not like to fight. He was in the game for financial reasons and when he had got what he wanted, out he went, and left boxing to the mob of second raters who had been barking at his heels. Incidentally, I think that Baer would have knocked out the Heeney who fought Tunney all night, in about three rounds.

After Tunney came Sharkey and Schmeling, and then Sharkey again, and Carnera. Sharkey, as I have said, was not a great fighter because he, too, did not like to fight. He did not want to get hurt. He loved his family life and did not want to retire a broken man.

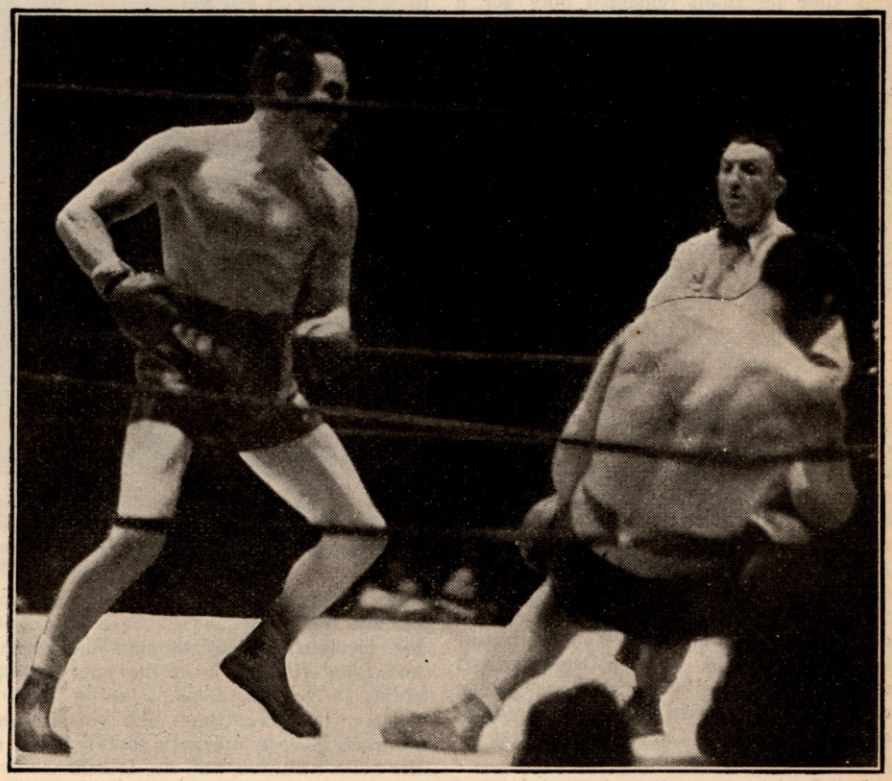
Schmeling was a good fighter. He was a hard hitter, very clever and possessed class but as a champion he failed to click primarily because he had his real estate and love interests more at heart than his fighting.

* * *

THE Neusel-Schmeling fight in Hamburg, Germany, will clear up the argument on that side of the fence.

In this country we might start a new series of eliminations but for the fact that time is too short. Baer says he would like to fight in October, but the chances at this time are against any such arrangement. If Baer does not fight in October we might get the chance to send Loughran against Hamas again, and find out anew just where Carnera stands in the re-arranged situation.

The chances are that Carnera would beat any of the other contenders. But I doubt if the public would go for a return match in a big way. It wouldn't be worth more than $10 tops, at most.



Baer's terrific body punches and rights to the jaw bring down the huge form of the champion in a neutral corner. Max is ready to shoot over another punch as Referee Donovan rushes to Carnera's rescue.

Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 19)

In that hectic round, Baer started by backing away and then suddenly sensed a kill. He had clouted one under Primo's heart and another in the mid-section and as he saw the Italian giant wince, he tore in and drove home half a dozen punches in a savage body attack.

Carnera, pinned in Max's corner, stood bewildered, a helpless man while Max showered blows in all directions. Carnera hooked a right uppercut to the body and then sent Max's head back with a right uppercut to the jaw, but in return, received a clouting overhand right to the chin as he half turned and ran towards the ropes, and the punch caused him to half fall through them.

Then followed another right-hand overhand smash to the chin and down went the pride of Sequels. He got up at the count of three, and looked blindly at the referee.

Baer hammered away trying to end the affair but despite the unmerciful beating, Primo took it courageously. A right to the body, a left to the body and a right swing to the chin sent Primo down again and this time he again remained only for a count of three and when he arose, he stood against the ropes in Baer's corner with hands at his sides, eyes bleary, chin exposed for that murderous right of the challenger.

Donovan, as excited as were the fans, rushed forward, grabbed Baer's hands and held him back while Donovan inquired of Primo if he wanted to continue. My stop watch showed that a total of 21 seconds had elapsed before Donovan let the fight go on. In fact, Artie gave the impression that he had halted the bout and given the verdict to Baer.

* * *

BAER and his seconds thought the fight had ended and so did the scribes many of whom flashed that report to their paper, only to find when the gong sounded for the eleventh round that the referee had changed his mind. As a matter of fact the bout did end then and there according to the rules. Donovan had no right to intervene, especially for 21 seconds and then continue the fray. There still remained twelve seconds of the tenth round to go when hostilities were resumed, but even Baer then was too bewildered to know what was going on. It was a sad mixup, although the blunder probably saved Carnera from fatal injury.

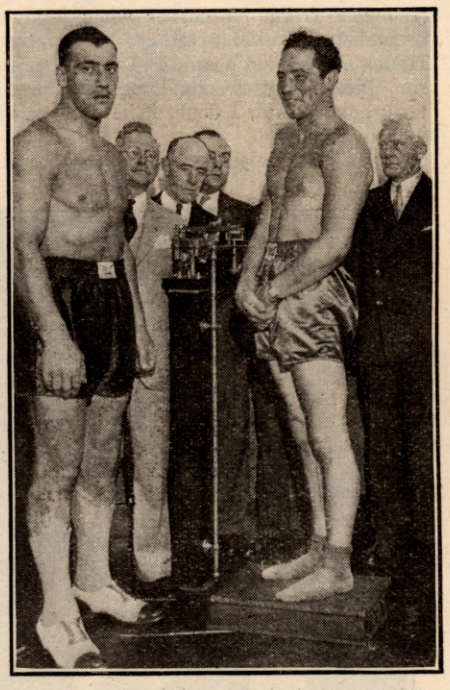
Baer's right was all cocked to go and would have felled Primo with a certainty, had not Donovan stepped in and grabbed Max's hands just as he was ready to let go. There were still thirty-three seconds of that round left when the interference came, hence for the second time in a year, important battles in New York were twice decided within the space of a night. The Impellitiere-Loughran fight, in which Referee Pete Hartley was overruled by the boxing commissioners when he stopped the mill and awarded the decision to Ray over Tommy, was the first.

Since the last fight, I have been flooded with inquiries regarding Donovan's action in the tenth. Many RING readers who wagered on a tenth round knock-out, feel that they won their bet. My answer to them is that technically they did win, but officially they lost because the referee didn't decide the issue until the following round and as the boxing commission has accepted Donovan's decision, the bout goes down into the record books as a knockout in the eleventh.

Donovan insists that Primo asked to have the bout halted, but the Italian denies that. Those at the ringside saw Primo mumble something and it was just as well that the referee interpreted the mumbling to mean "finis."

* * *

THE cards of Referee Donovan and the two judges, Tommy Shortell and Joe Lynch, were most interesting from several angles. For example, an idea of how excited the referee was in the tenth round



Carnera and Baer weighing in on the day of their contest. Bill Brown who denounced Baer's condition is standing behind Max.

may be gleaned from the fact that Donovan chalked up that round to Carnera despite the fact that he had stopped the contest and Baer virtually won the bout at that point.

Donovan gave Baer six rounds and awarded five to Carnera, the seventh to the tenth inclusive, and the fourth.

Charley Lynch gave six rounds to Carnera and five to the new champion.

While Shortell handed Baer six rounds, gave four to Carnera, and one even.

The round-by-round score also is interesting in that had the bout only been a ten-rounder, the judges would have registered a disagreement and the referee's card would have shown a draw, but, under the new ruling of the Boxing Commission, Donovan could have awarded the fight to Baer on harder hitting.

* * *

WHEN your neighbor gives you a sly wink and a nudge and tells you Max Baer sure can make the ladies, just you come right back, Partner, and tell 'em, "Yeah, and the ladies made Max Baer!"

Take those few minutes before the main event in the Garden Bowl between Baer and Carnera when the audience, keyed up, excited, jovial, hysterical, as the case might be, was waiting for the entrance of the gladiators.

Down the aisle skulked the Champ. Did the men folks go wild with delight as the ladies screeched and nearly pulled the sleeves from their coats? No, breth'ren and sistern, they did not. Instead a coldness seemed to come over the mob; the swelling hiss of 60,000 voices fell to a drone as Carnera, in the ring, loomed a freakish monstrosity.

The customers didn't know just what to do about him. There he sat. Heavyweight Champion of the World. A title to make small boys gasp and big men hold their breath, but something had gone from the mob. Even the night, as perfect a one as ever saw a title contested, gave out a slight unwelcomed chill that must have settled uncomfortably in the joints of the Italian giant, waiting patiently and dumbly for his challenger to make his Big Entrance.

What must have been years in minutes for the champ passed before Maxie appeared. And then the deluge!

Manly throats let forth lusty roars, but feminine shrieks and screams eclipsed that masculine din. For Maxie is a Woman's Man. He delights in them and they in turn worship him.

I think Carnera's strength may have oozed from him in tiny rivulets of lonesomeness and longing as he beheld this careless idol's adoration. Poor speechless lout, artless spectator of his rival's triumph before the combat started. Primo's battle was lost then!

As he floundered around the ring, his great bulk tottering, swaying perilously from side to side, his arms flaying the air distractedly, the "Clown's" mantle in some mysterious way lifted from the sleek playboy body of the Baer and hung in comic translucency from the giant carcass of the helpless Carnera.

Eleven rounds of blood and gore!

Eleven rounds of taking it! Taking it without pause—without benefit of counting. Asking for it with all the great heart and strength of a courageous Latin, and getting it with all the heart and strength of this blood-thirsty young killer with the fighter's heart and the fighter's guts.

Carnera, lost—stupefied, tired, hurt like some great animal of prehistoric days, stumbled off to his lair to nurse, alone, his wounds, his heartbreak.

Perhaps that simple peasant heart of his would not have ached so badly had he been able to see, as we did, the groups of distracted gesticulating Italians, crestfallen but defiant, still talking proudly, handsomely of their Preemo, the fallen idol of a loyal race.

* * *

THE modern boxing promoter must furnish his customers with a complete program of matches, main bout, semi-final, special event and two or three preliminaries. No boxing program is complete today without these preliminaries.

Some 40 years ago, when finish fights were the order, there were no preliminaries. No one ever thought of such a thing. The two main boxers were the only entertainers on the program. The promoters were satisfied and apparently so were the patrons. These finish fights usually started at 8 p.m. and when they were through, the show was over.

One day in the early 90's a bright looking kid stepped into the office of the California Athletic club at San Francisco, sought out the secretary of the club: "Say, Mister, I have an idea," said the kid. "While the two boxers in the finish fight are getting their tights on in the dressing room, I'll go on and box an exhibition bout with my sparring partner to entertain the crowd. It won't cost you anything. We'll box just to get in to see the fight."

The secretary was interested. He had never thought of such a thing, liked the idea, and told the kid to wait until he had talked with L. R. Fulda, president of the club, and the directors. All the club officials were in favor of it. The kid was told to bring his sparring partner to the club that night at 7:30 and they could box. They were there at 7 o'clock waiting for the doors to open.

These boys went into the ring, boxed four rounds with eight ounce gloves and put up a whale of an exhibition. They were told they could box at the club's fights every month. They did and thus preliminaries were started.

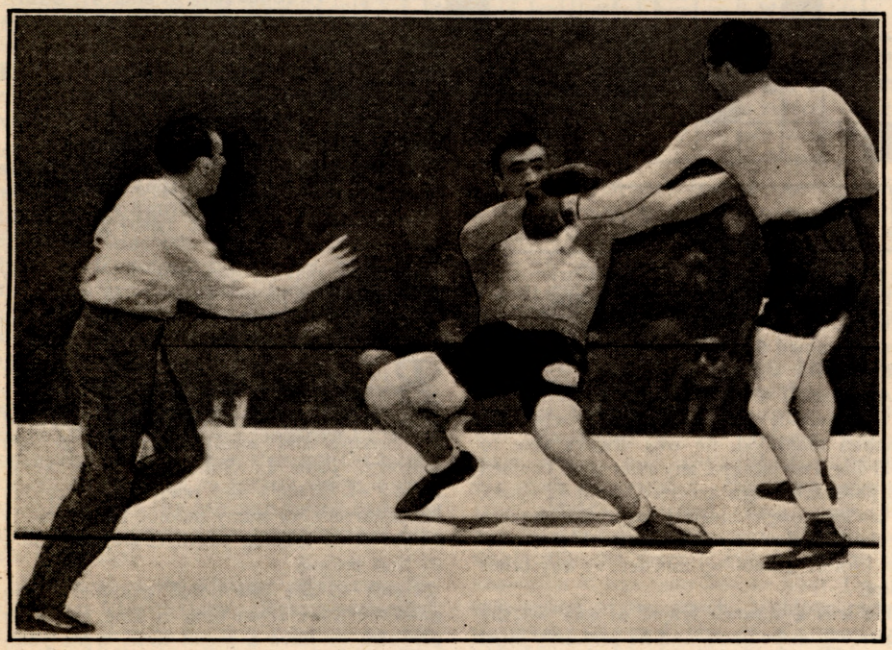
The kid who engineered and originated the idea of the preliminary bouts was "Biddy" Bishop and his sparring partner was Martin Hines. Bishop later became a professional boxer, trainer, manager, referee, promoter and what-not. He is still identified with boxing at Seattle, Wash. Martin Hines passed out of the picture. Hines was a very clever boxer.

Bishop's idea of preliminary bouts became immensely popular. Today it is one of the outstanding features of all boxing shows.

SPEAKING of preliminary contests, brings to mind one of the bouts on the Carnera-Baer card. The come back of Jimmy Braddock, who knocked out a good prospect in Corn Griffin, former army champion, was almost as spectacular as was the Baer victory. When the announcement was made that Jimmy would clash with the Southerner, the wise ones shook their heads in anticipation of what was in store for the Jerseyite. Jimmy in his day was a real menace in the light-heavyweight ranks, but in the past two years his stock went down so low, that it was feared the bottom would fall out.

Then came the big surprise. Braddock fought like a real champion, just as he did when the late William Muldoon spoke of him in glowing terms and predicted he would win the title. At that time Jimmy was a beautiful fighter, and a terrific hitter.

Well, Jimmy decided to get back in the picture and what a shellacking he gave to Griffin. As Griffin was touted sky high because of his fine work as Carnera's leading sparring mate at Dr. Bier's Pompton Lakes camp, the sensational victory of Braddock caused almost as much comment as did that of the new heavyweight king.



Referee Donovan rushes in as the "Man Mountain's" knees crumple under the bombardment of Baer's punches.

If Braddock sticks his nose to the grindstone, he may yet vindicate those who sung his praises when he began his fighting career. The sockers are the colorful lads, the boys who pack 'em in, and Braddock surely demonstrated that he possesses T. N. T. in his fists.

* * *

FOLLOWING the lead of other big cities, influential citizens of Pittsburgh, led by the wealthy Mellen family, have decided to tear down the old Motor Square Garden and to build on the site another "Madison Square Garden." With the backing of the Mellen millions, Pittsburgh will have by next fall an arena seating 14,000 persons for hockey matches, 18,000 for boxing and wrestling and will take its place as a rival to the Madison Square Gardens of New York and Boston, the Chicago Stadium and the Olympia of Detroit.

Pittsburgh is a fine boxing and hockey center and the new arena should be of tremendous help to both sports. We congratulate Pittsburgh!

It Happened To Me

(Continued from page 35)

We fall into sparring again, and in the lull I find out my hands ache like the devil. Why do I ever suggest bare knuckles?

We spar a minute, and suddenly I see an opening! I drive my right into it as hard and as fast as I can. All I have goes into that punch, but all I have isn't enough. I see the stranger move out of the way as easily as I step away from a falling feather, and I see the smile on his face as he whips his left hand up into action.

I hear the crash as he lands on my chin, but it sounds faint and dull, like he hits somebody in the next room. I feel myself falling, and I hear Lefty yell, but that's all I remember until I come to in the back of the gym.

"—Haven't had the gloves on in months, and haven't been in a ring for two weeks," says the stranger's voice, and that's the first thing I remember after the knock out. He sees I'm awake, and bends over me. "You all right, Sonny?" he asks, and somehow I don't mind being called "Sonny" by a guy who packs a wallop like his. But I'm still sore about being whipped by the stranger.

"I'm all right," I report, "but I could kick myself for letting you whip me."

"You didn't exactly let me, Sonny," he laughs. "You seemed opposed to the idea from the first!"

"It's the first time I ever had to be carried out of a ring," I moan. My head is about to split, but I seem to hurt worse all over.

"Lord, Sonny," says the big man, "you're lucky they didn't have to carry you clear home. I've been out two days at a time from a punch like that, and many a man's been killed that way. With nothing but a broken nose you're doing fine. I didn't mean to hit you hard enough to break it, but if you'd carried your left a little higher, and more in front of your face, I couldn't have touched you at all."

"You seem to know all there is to know about the game," I remark sourly, remembering how he tells me in the ring to keep my guard up.

"Well, I wouldn't say that," he grins, "because it wasn't long ago that I met a guy who knew more than I do. But I have had a bit of practical experience."

"And who the devil are you, anyway?" I demand, still mad about the whole business.

The stranger's jaw drops, and for a minute he looks like he doesn't understand the question. Then he looks around at all of us; Lefty, Harry, and

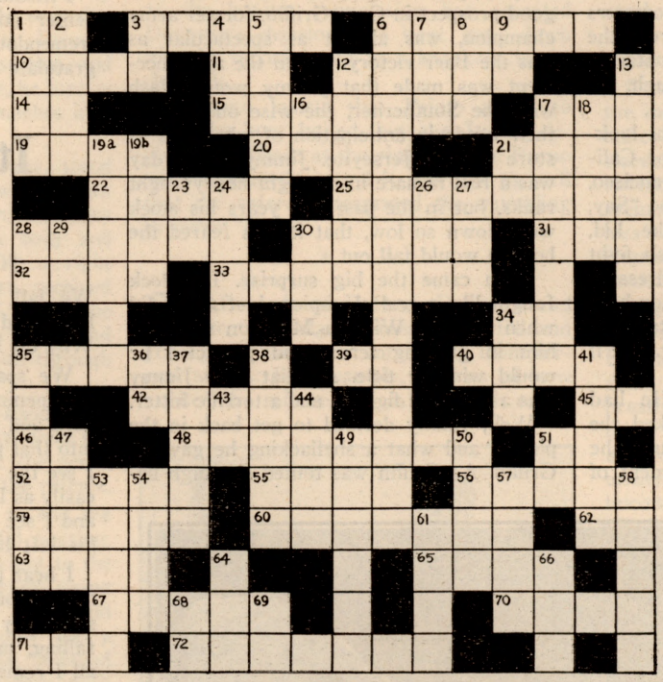
(Continued on page 48)

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

HORIZONTAL

1. Mother.
3. Fighter who once offered $50 to any boxer who could knock off his monocle.
6. An island in the Pacific.
10. Present-day light-heavyweight.
11. Mister (abbr.).
12. One of the greatest bantams of all time.
14. Pronoun.
15. Suddenly frightened.
17. A large bird.
19. Only man ever to hold the light- and welterweight crowns.
20. Used in the game of hockey.
21. Western state from which Wesley Ketchell hails.
22. Greek mountain.
25. The "Michigan Assassin."
28. A fruit.
30. Spanish for Mister.
31. Royal Teachers' Institute (abbr.).
32. Frantic revel. **33.** Parched.
35. Stories. **39.** Exclamation.
40. Equal parts.
42. A vessel for powder.
45. Printers' measure.
46. A state (abbr.).
48. Hitting with the open glove.
51. The elder (abbr.).
52. Part of a house.
55. A man's nickname.
56. Extreme pain. **59.** Mistake.
60. Boxing division.
62. Point of the compass.
63. To peruse.
65. Club division.
67. Postpone.
70. The "Streator Cyclone."
71. Reddish-brown.
72. The "Nonpariel."



VERTICAL

1. Fighter who was known as the "Gunner."
2. Musical term.
3. Boston Nationals (abbr.).
4. To graft. 5. Catches.
6. Wrestler who was known as the "Russian Lion."
7. Large floating vessel.
8. Crooked.
9. Yes. 12. To quarrel.
13. The "Akron Giant."
16. Northern Union (abbr.).
17. Everlasting.
18. Steeped grain.
19a. He dethroned Mandell as lightweight king in 1930.
19b. To remain.
21. United Heroes.
23. Rulers of Nations (abbr.).
24. Cereal plants.
26. Small child. **27.** Sob.
28. Battalion in Order (abbr.).
29. American Royalists.
30. Man's nickname.
34. Hearing organ.
35. Fighter known as the "Tipton Slasher."
36. A state (abbr.).
37. More secure. **38.** Steep bank
41. The "Kansas Rube."
44. A quantity of land. **47.** Ready.
49. The man who found Jack Dempsey.
50. An organism. 51. Thus.
53. The only man ever to find and manage two heavyweight champs.
54. An open ditch.
57. Fighter known as the "Iron Man."
58. Periods of time. **61.** Foggy.
64. Golf mound. **66.** Organ of sight.
68. Fighter of Denmark (abbr.).
69. Royal Militia.

Answers on page 44

Boxing Resorts

(*Continued from page* 33)

wind up his night's tour of the Bowery boxing resorts at McGlory's. He generally started his evening's fistic performances at Harry Hill's or Oweny Geoghegan's and fought his way in other places down to McGlory's. Some nights he might be knocked out half a dozen times or flatten several opponents on his slugging tour. But it didn't seem to make much difference to the poor old Fiddler, as long as he was able to gather in enough of dough to keep the pot aboiling.

Billy McGlory, when togged out in his long Prince Albert coat, white vest, diamonds, high silk hat, etc., appeared more like a prosperous clergyman than the keeper of the wildest and most notorious dance and boxing hall in New York City.

His place finally became so notorious and flagrant that the Rev. Doctor Parkhurst and other reformers, with the help of the police, closed Armory Hall down and put Mr. McGlory out of business. But that didn't stop Billy from fitting a more gorgeous place up around Central Park Circle. But after spending many thousands of dollars on his new venture, the police and reformers got after him again and prevented him from obtaining a license. So Battling Billy retired into oblivion.

* * *

THE ALLEN was always more or less on very friendly terms with all the old bare knuckle fighters and champions from his early boyhood days to the end of his life at the age of 77 years.

When a mere kid he started working as a butcher boy for the famous Bill Poole who fought that desperate rough-and-tumble battle with gallant John Morrissey on the Amos Street dock (now Christopher Street). It was Poole who probably instilled the fighting spirit into young Allen who remained in the employ of the Battling Butcher for some seven years.

Although The Allen was never more than a lightweight, and hardly that, when he reached manhood, he was always able to hold his own against any man who crossed his path. Although arrested about 72 times, he always fought himself out of the clutches of the police who were never able to convict him of gambling, murder, or any other crime.

He was a staunch friend of any worthy boxer whom he liked, and he certainly liked quite a bunch of them according to the way he staked and gave them employment in many of his business affairs.

Along about 1879 he opened up the gay and festive boxing and dance hall known as "The Mabille" on Bleeker Street opposite Mulberry—about a block away from the old Police Headquarters.

This attractive resort was another all-night rendezvous for the high-rolling, skylarking ladies and gentlemen of all classes from the highest to the lowest, who were out for hot sport and a fandango frolic.

"The Mabille" was another cheerful haven for the poor down and out boxers and some of the more lucky ones also. Like the crowd at Harry Hill's they were genial all-nighters, willing and anxious to mix up, drink, dance, sing or fight according to the spirit that moved them and how long their bankroll lasted.

They used to call The Allen "The Wickedest Man in New York," probably because he was always fighting the police and obtained so much notoriety by being arrested so often. But I never saw anything very wicked about the snappy, little, game gambler except when he shot and killed a grafting private detective, who tried to blackmail and hound him out of business.

* * *

BIG MATT GRACE, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, was a very genial and popular fellow when he opened his boxing and wrestling resort at 270 Bowery. John L. Sullivan was a great friend of Grace's and made his place his headquarters for many moons. So did many of the other leading pugilists and wrestlers of that period.

Some of the old noted grapplers who gathered there from time to time, either to perform or have a social time, were John McMahon, Tom Jenkins, Greek George, Bill Muldoon, Joe Acton, Edwin Bibby, Clarence Whistlor, Matsada Sorakichi (the Jap), Tom Cannon, Duncan Ross, Ernest Roeber, Nonpariel Jack Dempsey (when he was wrestling for a living), Donald Dinnie, André Christol, Carl Abs and a host of others.

There certainly was plenty of boxing and wrestling, in the old days that were free and easy, to enjoy for the price of a few drinks. Besides, many a hard fight was pulled off at Harry Miner's Bowery and Eighth Avenue Vaudeville theater, when some game, clever ringsters like Jack McAuliffe, Billy Dacey, Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, Jack Hopper, George Dixon and Carl McCarthy and others were booked to meet all comers and stop them within four rounds or lose their reputation. No easy task I can assure you gentlemen.

What a tough, hard struggle the old-time fighters and wrestlers had to keep the big bad wolf away in those ham-and-bean days. The modern star boxer dresses and lives like a blooming lord compared to plucky, steel-hearted scufflers of forty and fifty years ago.

Irony of Fate

(Continued from page 17)

no man had any wider or more comprehensive career. And as I look back over Tom's exploits, or more exactly those in which I took a hand or lent an eye, I think his battle in Chicago with Kid McCoy was about as odd a thing as any of them.

The match was made for Tattersall's on May 29, 1900, less than seven months before the terribly scandalous bout between Terry McGovern and Joe Gans, an affair that killed boxing in Chicago and kept the fighters out of that remunerative section for many a long month. The late Lou Houseman, then sports editor of the old *Inter-Ocean,* was matchmaker for the club and I was sports editor of the old *Chronicle* and also did press work for the Tattersall's organization, the building being situated on Sixteenth Street a block from State.

Almost everybody knew of the feud that had existed between the fightin' men since 1896 when McCoy had knocked him out in fifteen rounds. The legend is that Ryan had trained with McCoy previous to that battle and had always been able to put it over the amiable but tricky Hoosier product whenever they put the gloves on.

Further, the legend runs that McCoy, seeing a chance to put one over on the equally crafty Ryan, wrote him a letter saying that he had received an offer from the Maspeth club for a fight, that he himself needed the money badly and that he wasn't in shape and would Ryan please accept the terms, especially as he would not have to train for the battle, etc., etc.

Ryan fell hard for this line of palaver, showed up in the New York ring that night all out of condition, thinking he had a pushover, and instead of that got the lacing of his life, McCoy, in perfect shape, toying with him up to the fifteenth round and then putting him away. Ryan never forgave him the deception.

Hence when the Chicago affair came up there was a lot of feeling. Ryan was "ready" that night despite the fact it was to be only six rounds. But it called for a decision. The late Malachy Hogan was referee. Now, some have since said that there was a private understanding between the club officials and the fighters that if both men were there at the finish, it was to be called a draw.

Whether there was such an agreement I could not say, but if there was, the most important man of the whole thing, the referee, was not taken into the confidence. So after six of the finest rounds I ever saw contested, both men striving to the utmost, Hogan gave McCoy the decision.

This so enraged Ryan, who really thought he had had the best of it, that he took a fine, healthy poke at Hogan as the latter was leaving the ring. Hogan, nothing loath, punched right back, and for a moment it looked like battling for the evening was not over. They finally were separated but not until a half dozen private battles had been started in the crowd around the ring.

Tommy long ago had settled into the serenities of this life. Back in 1921 he saw some fine real estate chances and accumulated quite a few parcels of property, among them his present home in Palms. It covers a half acre of ground and on it Tommy and his lovely wife have been entirely comfortable. For years Ryan had had horticultural tendencies and when he settled at Palms, he found a wide scope for his hobby, which was raising the finest roses in the entire countryside.

Ryan's home is really one of the show places of the neighborhood and he is proud of it!

Ten Falls

(Continued from page 31)

doon was required to throw Ross six times in an hour, two points down, and that the wrestling was to be continuous.

As soon as the men came together, the marked superiority of the champion, in physical development, agility and skill was easily discernible. Ross towered above the champion in height, but that was his only advantage. In 30 seconds after shaking hands, Muldoon floored Ross with a body hold and landed him on his shoulders. A fall was claimed but not allowed.

A minute later Muldoon brought his tall adversary to his knees, and forced him to his shoulder blades. The referee insisted he had called time as the men went to their knees, and again a fall was denied.

After seven minutes of tussling, with Ross entirely on the defensive, Muldoon brought his man to the floor, and landed both shoulders on the mat.

This was the first fall, but two minutes later, Muldoon won another fall, sending Ross on his back like a log.

In another minute, Ross' heels went sailing through the air and he came to the mat for fall number three. But this was disallowed by the referee without good reason, and while Muldoon grated his teeth, he yielded. Then two minutes later Muldoon rolled Ross over for the fourth fall, which was allowed, but was really the seventh fall gained by the champion in less than half an hour. On the resumption of the match, Muldoon picked up Ross, slammed him to the mat and rolled him to his shoulder blades. This was the eighth fall but again the fall was disallowed. At this point, Johnson, Ross' judge, set up a claim that his man was being unfairly treated and tried to have him retire from the contest. The crowd hissed the proposal, and Ross remained to the bitter end. The fifth and sixth falls were allowed, the latter really being the eleventh fall, all being accomplished in the remarkable time of eighteen minutes. Muldoon took four more falls in jig time, and thus won the match.

As a matter of fact, Muldoon scored fifteen falls, well within the hour, and while he won no money for his feat, he convinced Kentuckians he was the greatest Graeco-Roman wrestler in the world.

Ross, after his defeat, declared that the style of Graeco-Roman was not to his liking, and also that he did not get a square deal from the referee.

He said he would challenge Muldoon to a combination bout, collar-and-elbow and side-hold, Ross to throw Muldoon eight times in an hour but they never met again on the pad, much to the relief of Ross. Ross was a great collar-and-elbow wrestler, but there wasn't a man Mulroon's equal when the former New York State Boxing Commissioner was in his prime.

His Blow Stunned

(Continued from page 15)

like a novice. His right was devastating.

In the seventh round alone he landed thirteen successive punches to the face and jaw with this one right hand. Morris' greatest source of credit lay in his gameness.

This was all very pleasing to the fighting world at large, for Arthur was scheduled to meet another very promising white hope in the person of Luther McCarty on May 24, 1913, at Calgary.

The story of the fight is a gruesome one, for it had not gone a single round when Pelkey uncorked the terrific right hand to the heart and Luther fell like a log. He was counted out and then carried from the ring. The best available medical attention was bestowed upon him, but he died within a half hour after the blow.

The big fellows at the start posed for a photograph and then squared off. Pelkey was sure of himself and began using a left jab to the face. He made three straight lefts to which McCarty replied with a weak right to the face.

Tommy Burns, in whose open arena the fight was staged, the promoters, seconds and ring officials, all were subpœnaed to testify, but were released on their recognizances after the police had ordered arrests. Arthur, too, was arrested and placed under a ten thousand dollar bond.

As Pelkey landed the blow that sent the white hope to the floor for the count, the crowd of seven thousand cheered wildly. But their cheers were hushed a few minutes later when physicians were called to the ring. Silently the seven thousand watched the fight for McCarty's life.

Pelkey was so dazed and stunned by the sudden ending of the fight that he could make no statement. "Did I kill him? Did I kill him? No, I couldn't have," was all that he could say. He couldn't realize that one short-armed jolt could have ended the career of the man who claimed to be the white heavyweight champion of the world.

A council of the physicians who had attended McCarty unanimously declared that his death had been due to heart failure and not to the blow which Pelkey delivered.

This exonerated Arthur, but it took all the desire out of him to go on with the game, so two white hopes, instead of one, were lost to the sporting world. Arthur did fight again. It was with Jim Coffey, two years later, March 4, 1915, at New York City, but Pelkey was afraid to fight with his old-time fervor, for the thought of a possible repetition of the disaster which befell McCarty loomed up in front of him continuously. The result was that he was knocked out in the second round.

After his fight with Coffey, Pelkey moved west and settled in Ford City, Okla., where he took a position with the city as a patrolman and at which work he continued until he died there of sleeping sickness, on February 18, 1921.

Ross's Unique Record

(Continued from page 16)

affair in California, back in 1891.

Sam, who was a smart and entirely lovable ol' scoundrel, as companionable a chap as one could wish to meet, had campaigned his little fellow wisely and well. George had cleaned everything that was worth cleaning in the world and even had gone over to England at the earnest behest of "Peggy" Bettinson of the National Sporting Club of London to fight an iron man Great Britain had developed. His name was Dick Burge, an able man, a capable successor of San Blakelock and Jem Carney, two of the greatest of the "tight little isle's" many fine fistic products.

Lavigne smashed Burge into submission after seventeen rounds and all accounts agreed that it was one of the best contested and most desperate glove fights in history, certainly the dandiest scrap those Britishers ever had glimpsed. Many a well polished full dress shirt was spattered with blood that night, for patrons of the National Sporting Club always attended in full evening attire.

Burge was every inch the iron man they called him and it took Lavigne's very life to get the knockout verdict before he himself might fall before those slashing fists of the home gamecock. It was said afterwards that Lavigne might have left the greater part of his fighting stamina in that arena that night. But after events proved otherwise, for George put up many a stunning contest later on.

* * *

BE that as it may, Lavigne found himself without good paying customers in his own class and strangely enough, the mysterious one, Mr. Smith of Boston, was in a similar "picklement" in his own division. Both were top-hole favorites in San Francisco, tremendous box-office attractions, so why, reasoned the promoters, allow them to lie idle and at the same time permit a lot of shekels to escape their eager hands. Surely not; that would be next door to criminal, especially that part of it referring to the simoleons.

Lavigne had just beaten Tom Tracey, Australian, in twenty-rounds in San Francisco and was red hot.

Hence a match between the two champions was suggested and snapped up on both sides. You see, Lavigne was a bit used to going out of his class. Twice he did it with Joe Walcott, or rather to put it more correctly, he had forced the tremendous little colored man to come down to his own grade in the matter of poundage. He beat Joe twice, once at Maspeth, L. I., in fifteen rounds in 1895 and again in San Francisco in 1897 after twelve rounds. Walcott was weakened by low weight and couldn't put up his real fights.

Maybe the crafty Fitzpatrick was tricked into thinking another low scalage in the case of Smith would perform the miracle again. Billy agreed to make 142 pounds and let George come in as he pleased. Smith made the weight, apparently without trouble, and Lavigne as usual was around 135 or a bit lower, catch weights for him.

The battle went into the fourteenth and Lavigne was given a desperate beating by the bigger man although Smith didn't escape, he too being pretty well battered up. But Lavigne really never had a good chance at any stage, his sheer gameness carrying on for him in the face of desperate and unsurmountable odds.

That, I think, was the real outstanding effort in the ring's modern history of a case of a lightweight champion making an effort to win the title above his own.

Barney Ross's feat in downing Jimmy McLarnin, welterweight champion, is to my mind a historic marvel. Not many lightweights have had the temerity to tackle such a task. But whether that was because there wasn't an attractive amount of money in sight or something of that sort is immaterial. Most of the lightweight champions were quite content with their own titles without getting enlargement of vision and then taking in just a little too much territory.

* * *

JUST a glance over the lightweight titular list will convince one that there isn't a name thereon that isn't synonymous with gameness and intensified daring. Every one of them from George Lavigne and the mighty Jack McAuliffe before him, right on down to Tony Canzoneri, would have tried anything asked of them. That is, of course, if proper recompense, that latter-day spine of boxing, could be arranged.

It fell to Barney's lot, that opportunity —all upholstered with yellow-backs and fringed with gold. And being a man of destiny, which he certainly seems to be, he emblazoned his name in pugilistica's Hall of Fame where it will remain etched for all time.

Which of Barney's predecessors on the lightweight throne would have refused a match like that under similar circumstances Not one!

After McAuliffe there were George Lavigne (1893), Frank Erne (1900), Joe Gans (1902), Jimmy Britt (1902), Battling Nelson (1905), Ad Wolgast (1910), Freddie Welch (1914), Benny Leonard (1917), some others of a rather nondescript nature until the Tony Canzoneri of 1929, these including the Sammy Mandell of 1928, Jimmy Goodrich, Rocky Kansas, Al Singer, et al.

* * *

BARNEY ROSS did a wonderful thing, but outside of a fat pot of gold and everlasting fame, what he won in a way of another title didn't amount to so much. The welter crown has never meant anything near as much as did the lightweight honors. The welterweight throne is of some importance when occupied by a boxer of the McLarnin type, and only then. It's not worth much more than thirty cents otherwise. It must have as its head a great fighting man. McLarnin was that in spots, a darling with the general public and an absolute godlike idol with the Irish.

Yet Jimmy has reached the stage of a success career at which he finds himself surfeited with it all. Plenty of money and a strong inclination for golf, his thoughts too are on a little girl up in the far Northwest that he soon is to marry. That hideous work of training, grinding away on the road and in a smelly gymnasium after a dozen years—and plenty of sunshine and a few agreeable pals out at the country club? Well, there just isn't any question as to a choice in the matter.

The same thing was apparent to me around Los Angeles a year or more ago when he started to train for the Young Corbett fight, the one in which he won the meaningless title. Jimmy was only half-hearted at that time and it certainly looked curtains for him in the early part of the first round when the Fresno southpaw started banging him around at a lively clip. But Jimmy finally made his stand and whipped over the settling swat near the close of the session.

It looked for a little while as if he were in for a very bad evening out there at the ball park. He was rocking about on his heels, seemingly bewildered—until Corbett presented an opening through which one might have driven a good-sized truck.

That was all Jimmy had done for over a year and a half. Golf is a wonderful game, but it doesn't help a boxer in the least after that first bell sounds and he finds himself out there in the center with a pretty tough man in front of him.

Who can blame the dandy little Irish chap if he quits for good right now?

Kashey Cashes In

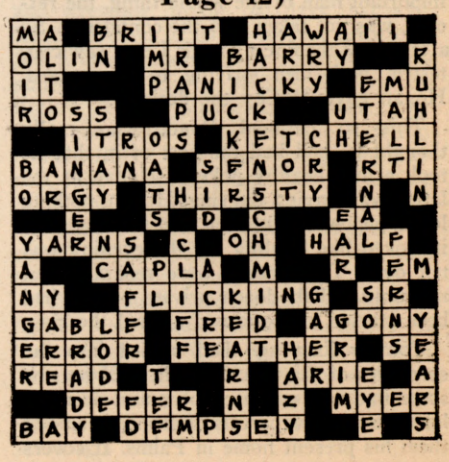
(Continued from page 24)

Lewis, Jim Londos, Joe Stecher, Frank Gotch, John Pesek and Jim Browning, comes one of the wonders of the mid-western hempen circle. What his future holds certainly will grip the close interest of countless Corn Belt enthusiasts.

Out of the ring, Kashey is just like any other human being. He is intelligent, affable and generous. His family life is that of a typical American. He has a wife and three children, two boys and a girl, ranging in age from four to nine years. This summer he is going to establish a home deep in Minnesota's lake studded forests and then have Mamma and Papa and brothers three come out for a big reunion on the strength of his newly found fame.

His plain philosophy is: "It's a case of everybody for himself. You have to give the fans something besides poses for their money. This requires strength, science and dramatic ability and the capacity to absorb punishment. And if you can't take it, you have no business in the ring, at least when I'm in there."

(Answers to Puzzle on Page 42)



Fighting Hearts

(*Continued from page* 21)

idolized by the fans on the Coast, where he had scored many knock-outs. Griffin came from Braintree, Mass. He was a clever, straight hitter, remarkably scientific, and had a strong eastern following.

For three rounds Griffin jabbed Smith almost to a standstill. The California lad was a gory sight, both eyes closing, his lips split, his nostrils running crimson, as he staggered about the ring, but never ceasing to swing a vicious right, his favorite weapon.

Appeals were made to Smith's second, Joe Choynski, to throw up the sponge and save the boy from any further punishment. But Choynski stubbornly refused, saying that Smith had a chance to win as long as he could stand. In the fourth round, Smith reeled blindly from his corner, and fell into a clinch. Griffin pushed him away and Solly fell back against the ropes.

Griffin poised himself for the kayo. As he did so, his guard dropped for a fleeting instant. Over came Smith's right! The glove thumped against Griffin's unprotected jaw with all the heft of the sender's body behind it. The Braintree lad stiffened and fell, as a tree falls, face downward on the canvas. Griffin was senseless for fifteen minutes, and it was several moments before the bewildered, exhausted victor realized that he had won by the narrowest sort of a fluke.

Old timers who saw that fight will tell you that Smith's uphill battle was as fine a test of gameness as they ever witnessed. Yet in the following year Solly reversed himself in extraordinary fashion. Matched with Oscar Gardner, the famous "Omaha Kid," before a Buffalo club, Smith held his own in the opening rounds.

In the fourth, Garner broke a bone in his right forearm. Most fighters would have stopped under the circumstances, but Gardner didn't. He managed to hide his misfortune from all but his seconds, and in the fifth kept peppering Smith with straight lefts. After receiving a fusilade of jabs, Solly deliberately hit Gardner low in the groin and was promptly disqualified. There was no doubt whatever that Smith fouled intentionally.

His seconds said afterwards that they had the utmost difficulty in persuading him to continue after the third round. He fouled Gardner to save himself from further punishment. Yet the beating Oscar gave him was nothing in comparison with the terrific mauling he received from Johnny Griffin.

Smith fought for many years after the Gardner affair, later defeated the Omaha Kid in twenty rounds, and was never again known to manifest a disposition to quit when on the receiving end. There was no excuse for his action in the first meeting with Gardner. It was just one of those odd occurrences for which no explanation could be made.

* * *

RESORTING to foul work to save themselves from punishment without actually quitting, is a trick that has frequently been played by boxers, but a still more unique method was once employed by Australian Billy Murphy, the famous featherweight. Murphy came from the antipodes with a formidable record. He was renowned for his punching powers and thought nothing of giving away weight to men twice his size. Billy had long cherished an ambition to box George Dixon and the opportunity presented itself one night at Patterson, N. J.

Murphy appeared to spar four rounds with the colored champion at a local theatre. They met on the stage, with Tom O'Rourke, George's manager, acting as timekeeper. In the second round, Murphy caught Dixon with a right on the jaw that came within an ace of sending George down. But Dixon, ever cool-headed, clinched the round out, and when he came up for the fourth, set about giving Murphy an artistic trimming.

The Australian fought back gallantly, but George rained punches upon him from every direction, until Billy was all but out. At this juncture Murphy espied a mocking grin on O'Rourke's face, and breaking away from a fast rally, ran back within range of the manager. Then, with a sudden exclamation of—"Blimme, cawn't you give a chap a chance?"—he soaked Tom with a right on the jaw.

O'Rourke was never the sort of person to take a punch without returning it. Dropping his watch, the manager sailed into Murphy with both hands going. Down came the curtain amid a tempest of cheers and laughter and the entertainment was at an end.

But Murphy gained his point. He wasn't knocked out, as he certainly would have been had the bout continued, and he hadn't quit. Therefore, according to his way of looking at the matter, his reputation was safe.

* * *

BACK in 1898 Chicago produced a middleweight by the name of Pete Powers who made a brilliant local reputation. He was looked upon as a sure comer and on many occasions had proved his ability to fight back under heavy punishment and weather the storm successfully. One night Powers found a husky youth known as Knock-out Flanagan in the Stock Yards district. Flanagan was a great favorite with the Yards' sports, and to be a favorite in that then tough Irish section, meant that the admirers of the petted pug were willing to go to any extreme rather than see their man whipped.

Powers knew this, and so was not surprised when, in the third round after he had floored his opponent, the timekeeper rang the bell, although the round was scarcely a minute old. This trick was repeated in the round following and again in the fifth. When it happened once more in the sixth, while Flanagan was lying in a dormant condition on the floor, Powers glanced viciously at the offending timekeeper, but said nothing.

In the seventh, Flanagan came up groggy and Powers rushed him to the ropes at the side where the timekeeper was standing, his head just showing above the platform edge. A right to the chin sent Flanagan down and as he hit the floor, Powers turned and delivered a well-aimed kick which caught the bell guardian exactly under the jaw. The timekeeper fell back with a hoarse gurgle and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

There was nothing for the referee to do but count out Flanagan, a task which he performed disgustedly, and Powers was declared victor. It was doubtful for a few moments whether the crowd would mob or cheer Powers, but better counsels prevailed and he was permitted to go with all the honors accorded a winner.

The incident added largely to Powers' reputation as a man who feared nothing, and it was not long before he was matched with Jack Moffat, then considered the equal of any middleweight in the country. Powers held Moffat to a draw, with something to spare to his credit. But several months later his friends were considerably surprised and mortified when Moffat beat him in four rounds.

Pete was badly punished in the opening stanzas, but Moffat was also a bit shaky from the effects of a terrific right on the jaw, when the fourth frame ended. Great therefore was the astonishment and disgust of the spectators when Powers refused to answer the bell for the fifth, despite the pleadings of his seconds. It was undeniably a case of cold feet, with no conceivable reason for the loser's action, except that he suddenly lost his courage. That, at any rate, was the view taken and expressed by the press representatives, and the consequent roasting he received, seemed to rob Powers of all his pugilistic spirit. He definitely announced his retirement from the ring and never drew on a glove again. Four months later he joined the city Fire Department.

Once established as a fighter of the flames, Powers made a name for himself as a hero among men whose deeds of heroism are matters of everyday occurrence. Three times he distinguished himself by saving the lives of women trapped in burning buildings, and was finally awarded a medal for bravery. To win a distinction of this kind in such company stamped Pete Powers as a personage of unusual gameness, and harder than ever to answer was the question of why he quit before Moffat. Pete himself would never discuss his last battle and the problem was destined to remain unsolved.

For five years after he joined the department the big fire took place that destroyed a large portion of the Chicago Stock Yards. Then Pete Powers gave up his life at duty's call in company with Fire Chief Horan and a band of gallant comrades who fought to extinguish the flames. Horan called for volunteers to enter a blazing building that was tottering to its fall. Powers was one of ten who volunteered to dare the flaming hell.

Horan headed his men and led them to their doom, for a few seconds later the building collapsed and buried them all in its ruins.

So passed the man whom ring followers once branded as a yellow quitter. There never was a more courageous fire fighter than Pete even though he did lack courage against Moffat.

Numerous other instances could be quoted of fighters who failed on occasions to display the nerve expected of them and yet redeemed themselves both in and out of the ring. But enough has been presented to show that the problem of courage versus cowardice offers some queer angles to puzzle the students of human psychology.

Possessor of 1000 Holds

(Continued from page 25)

called "most unusual." But he didn't last long, 1,000 holds and all. Unfortunately, he didn't have the native ruggedness and brutish strength to cope with the real behemoths of his day.

Nature had been a bit niggardly with him in that respect, though kind enough to give him the inspiration to advertise 1,000 holds. 'Twas a great slogan, a high-grade selling point. You see, he had better than the average brain. What he didn't think of, Melady did.

Caddock went to France for the world's biggest fuss and returned badly messed up, one of the worst breaks possible for a fine young man, as he certainly was.

Before and since the Caddock era of supremacy there have been other champions, not many of them to be sure, and two or three of them only had one hold upon which they depended for certain results. They didn't last long either, for one reason or another, but chiefly because they couldn't make up for their lack of variety in the matter of holds with the necessary intelligence to make their one hold turn tricks over any extended period of time.

* * *

TOM JENKINS was the first real American catch-as-catch-can champion. He was versatile and was good, great in fact, until there came upon the scene such gladiators as Hackenschmidt and Gotch. The excellent Tom still is teaching West Point cadets how to grapple in a more or less polite manner. Wrestlers last long—a pity, some may stamp it, but a fact none the less.

The late Frank Gotch—smart old Frank!—had as wide a curriculum of holds as any wrestler and probably a far better application of them. His ideas of leverage, the basic principle of the original system of wrestling, were of the keenest. But he commercialized on the toe hold. Though he never threw a good man with it in his entire career he used it as a threat by which to spread an opponent's legs and thus clamp on his unbeatable crotch and half nelson.

Further, he scared most of them into complete agony just at the thought of it. He couldn't be called a one-hold man by any stretch of the term, though one was his favorite.

Joe Stecher, next along, was almost strictly a one-hold man, now and ever. His body scissors was supposed to be something new. It wasn't though, just something dug out of the forgotten discards to suit a pair of strangely long, powerful, straddling legs which he used with such startling effect.

But presently those other wrestlers, after being tumbled around sadly, solved the puzzle, led by Ed Lewis. Then Joe was no longer a champion. He didn't have the versatility, you see, to overcome the dulling of the scissors' keenness after they once got onto him.

Ed Lewis, natively bright, was smart enough to capitalize on his headlock. But if Lewis didn't have a world of other stuff, he'd win mighty few falls on the headlock alone. It's true he tears 'em into bits with it but he must use other grips for the real finishing touches.

It was always generally admitted that few men, champions or otherwise, had greater versatility or adaptability than "the Strangler." Astonishing strength and rare intelligence polished him off perfectly. So if they had barred the headlock at any time during his career, his other assets combined with wonderful stamina to carry out his extremely industrious tactics would still have made him a champion.

At any rate he was far from being a one-hold man.

* * *

GUS SONNENBERG, who beat Lewis, was that strictly. Take away his then newly discovered flying tackle, as applied to his funny game of "rassling," and the ex-Dartmouth gridder might have difficulty in winning in the most ordinary of company. He was good when he first sprung it, but after awhile they started to give him the ordinary sidestep and stiff-arm—the other side of football—and Gus was beginning to have some unpleasant moments on the canvas, and perhaps elsewhere when he got to thinking about it.

Two points would we make: (1) That champion wrestlers are not and never will be of mushroom growth, not made overnight, for it takes years of study and faithful application to even get into the first flight; and (2) the one-hold man, even though he becomes a champion, finds his castle's foundation built on sand and of little stability.

He'll get by for the moment, which may mean a year or two or three but the solidity is not there. Solidity in this instance is synonymous with versatility, without which no man may last and which is attained only by tireless pursuit, experience and thoughtful application.

Sonnenberg did wonders in less than two years and improved with every start until he really became a good man. Much may be said of Don Ed George, Henri De Glane and Jim Browning, the others who came up rather suddenly. Perhaps that does not apply so much to Browning, who has had a long and interesting career in the business. Jim Londos got his foundation through a desperately trying experience, the lean years far outnumbering those that were redolent of fat.

I string with the champions and nearbys who have had similar careers, have come up from the basement through thick and thin. The upstarts are unstable and in most cases success was far too easy. The upstart generally doesn't know the value of a firm foundation—or much wrestling.

Studies Medicine and Wrestles

(Continued from page 30)

did not have much regard for his opponent's ability, as was shown by the reckless fashion in which he grappled. Fields took advantage of this opportunity and punished the former champion of the world with a series of flying tackles and body slams.

Shikat seemed ready for the cleaners when a break saved him. The strain of months of campaigning chose that night to betray Harry. For a few brief moments his mind was a blank. He didn't know that he was waging a winning mat duel with one of the most clever men in the game. However, in that short time, Dick recovered and before his bewildered foe could collect his wits, Fields was battered into submission.

That was the first time that Harry tasted defeat. Since then, he has finished second best in matches with Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Hans Kampfer, and Rudy Dusek. But the burdensome yoke of studies has been removed from his neck. With no worries on his mind, a more seasoned wrestler than he was when he received those setbacks, Fields should go far among the behemoths before he goes back to Penn to enter the third-year class in the Medical School.

"Tex" Austin's News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 29)

have done very well indeed for themselves in the movies? . . . . George Kotsonaros, the stocky Greek matman who was recently killed in an auto accident, was another who made his mark in the flickers? . . . . Jim Browning was a boxer before he turned his attention to the mat sport? . . . . He did pretty well with his fists until . . . . yes, you guessed it . . . . until he met his conqueror? . . . . Another former pug is the lanky Karl Davis, whose right name, by the way, is Erickson? . . . . Rumor has it that likable Sammy Stein has fallen victim to that dreaded scourge of the mat—trachoma? . . . . We hope it isn't so, for Sammy is one fellow who deserves a break . . . . Former President William H. Taft was a grappler when he attended Yale? . . . . Wrestlers replace lost weight rapidly by heavy eating? . . . . Sulu Hevonpaa, one of the participants in the famous Manhattan Opera House tournament of bygone years, now is a floorwalker in a New York Automat Cafeteria? . . . . Lou Daro, the Los Angeles promoter, is another who matched holds in the tourney? . . . . Mort Henderson, the famous "Masked Marvel" and Pierre LeColosse, the French baker, other participants, are dead? . . . . Alex Aberg old-time Graeco-Roman champion, and George Lurich, his Russian rival, are buried in the same grave at Reval, Esthonia? . . . . Both died within three hours of each other from the typhus epidemic that swept Russia during the World War? . . . . Today in New York, a club still carries on the bright deeds of these two famous mat stars of yesterday? . . . . Dr. Karl Sarpolis has become a big favorite in the Southland due to his win over Ray Steele? . . . . The Doc really wrestles, and since the mat bouts down there have been mostly of the "Pier Six" variety, Sarpolis' skill is fully appreciated? . . . . The Doc wears glasses into the ring, but makes up for his bad sight in unusual cleverness?

Baer Just Dynamite!

(Continued from page 9)

the fight that he was destined to win by a knockout, and he did as he said he would. He repeatedly boasted that he would turn in a Dempsey-Firpo drama and he succeeded. In fact, he turned in far more than that. Like the famed Firpo and Willard contests in which Dempsey played the stellar rôle, Baer brought his giant down with a fearful crash in a little more than a minute of the first round, and like those two historical heavyweight mills, Max had his man tumbling to the canvas not seven times, but twelve times.

* * *

BAER'S triumph proved a complete rout for the Italian, who was an abject figure from the very first round in which he was floored three times with terrific overhand right hand punches to the chin. From then on, it seemed to me that Primo fought in a daze, as did Max Schmeling. Carnera floundered about the ring, and with the exception of the few rounds in which his opponent clowned and permitted the champion to score points, Carnera made a most unfavorable impression as a fighter. He was awkward, lacked initiative, stumbled all over himself and showed such a lack of fighting ability that it was appalling. The only thing in his favor, was his extreme courage.

The knockdowns were so numerous, that few of the spectators and likewise, few of the scribes, were able to record the exact number. The difference in opinion was caused by the fact that on several occasions what appeared like knockdowns to some, were termed slips by others. Some scribes recorded ten knockdowns and three slips, others, eleven and two and still others called only one fall a slip and gave the new title holder credit for having felled his man twelve times.

In my count, I gave Baer twelve knockdowns and called one down a slip. The knockdowns were clustered in five rounds. Baer scored three in the first round, all within the last minute and a half of fighting; three in the second, one in the third, three in the tenth and two in the eleventh. The end came in two minutes and 16 seconds of the eleventh round. It was in the eighth that Primo fell after landing a right to Baer's face and then missing another right.

* * *

REGARDLESS of what may be said about Baer's condition, the fact remains that had he been 100 per cent fit, he would have scored a knockout in the first round. It was apparent by the number of stops Baer was required to make, that he really was not perfectly fit. Otherwise he would have been able to take his man with concerted action quicker than he did. Baer fought in spurts, proving lack of condition.

He was pretty much in in the eighth and ninth rounds in which he coasted, whereas had he trained as he should have, he would have been in his dressing room long before the tenth.

It was in the tenth frame that Referee Donovan pulled a bloomer by stopping hostilities to inquire about Carnera's health, and lucky for Primo that such was the case. He had been floored three times and as Baer stood with right hand cocked for the finishing punch while his opponent, a helpless mass, looked dazed as he came up after the third knockdown, Donovan grabbed Max by the arms and temporarily halted the mill. That action, a blunder that was severely criticized by the California contingent and Baer's seconds, saved the champion for another round.

* * *

IN the eleventh round Carnera was hardly able to stand as he left his corner. He grazed Max with a weak right and Baer countered with a right hand smash that made the champion popeyed. They came in close and Baer used his right with effect to the body. A right hand overhand blow to the jaw sent Primo down for a count of three. When he arose, Baer rushed at him like a wildcat and as Carnera momentarily recovered, Baer walked back a few steps.

Only once, in the eighth round, was Baer hurt. A right hand uppercut, such as put Sharkey away, slowed up Max and made him wince. Carnera bled from the nose from the fifth round up, but his only serious injury was a badly sprained ankle with a bone chip.

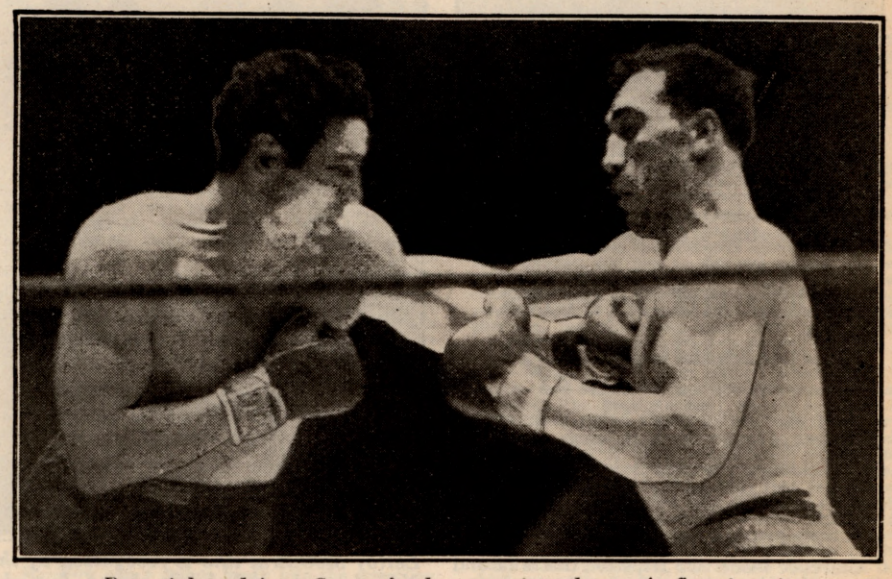
Baer scaled 210 pounds to 263¼ for the champion, but one would have thought that Max was the heavier, judging by the manner in which he handled the defending crown wearer.

* * *

BAER scored his first knockdown in the first round with a right hand swing that took a loop. It dropped Primo near the ropes. He was up at a two and a half seconds count and was immediately floored again with another looping right, this time for two seconds.

A right felled him for the third time for a two count and soon after, the bell rang.

The second round saw both champion and challenger sprawled on the floor, not once, but twice, a most unique sight for a championship mill. The bout at this stage resembled a wrestling match more than it did a boxing affair.



Baer sinks a left to Carnera's chest, putting plenty of effort into it.

As Carnera sent over a feeble right to the head, Max swung his right to the body, followed with a right to the head and another right that crashed behind the ear and down went Carnera. He reeled first and was groggy as he hit the canvas.

He was up at two, floundered about and Baer tore into him. The Italian ran into a right to the body and another right to the jaw and went down for a second count of three. When he arose, he was plainly out on his feet and Donovan rushed to his rescue.

No heavyweight title holder in modern ring history was the victim of so many knockdowns as was Carnera. The most ever suffered by a champion in the heavyweight ranks were the nine knockdowns Firpo took in his fight with Dempsey, seven in the first round and two in the second. Willard suffered seven knockdowns at the hands of the Manassa Mauler.

In his encounter with Baer the courage of the victim stood out. He fought a losing battle from the start, an uphill struggle in which he proved his gameness.

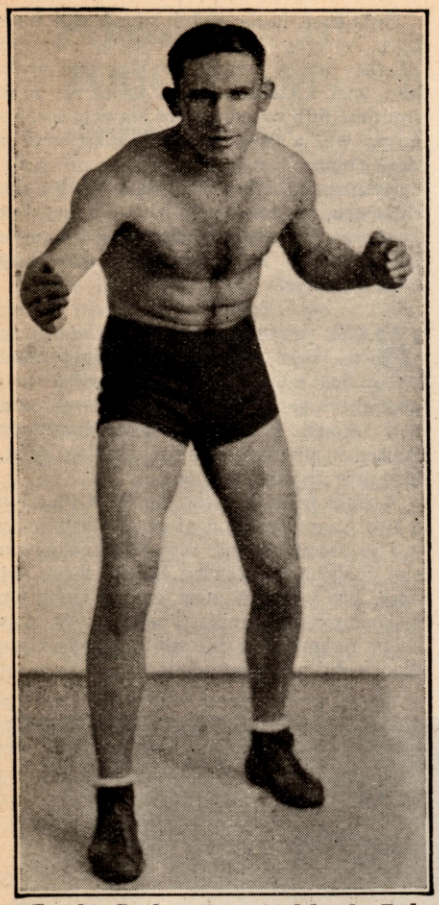
Twice as Primo went down, he dragged Max with him. The first time, a right caught Carnera on the chin and he fell like a log. The second and third times, the same kind of a punch put him down and he took Baer along.

Baer came out tired in the third, yet managed to drop his bigger opponent again with an overhand right for a count of one. From then until the eighth, when Primo slipped of his own exertion, there were no more knockdowns until the tenth.

Carnera came back strong in the fourth, fifth and seventh. He took the fourth and seventh but lost the fifth in the last half minute when Max's clouts all but upset him. The eighth went to Carnera by a shade. It was in that round that Primo did his best work.

It was in that frame that the Italian fell after jarring Baer with a right uppercut. Baer had hit low and Referee Donovan told the judges to penalize him.

Baer was extremely tired in the ninth which went to Carnera by a shade. He won that canto and two of the others.



Frankie Boehm, recognized by the Federal Wrestling Ass'n as 175-lb. champ.

Eklund Merits Consideration

(Continued from page 27)

are together wolves can't bring them down. The horses will put their heads together and their heels outward in a circle, and they'll kick off any pack of wolves. But we didn't have to kick 'em off that night. They didn't attack us."

Clarence made two trips to Australia and New Zealand. In 1928, he won the tournament in Australia in which twenty-two of the leading wrestlers of the world were entered. From the United States came Ad Santel of West Coast fame, Ted Thye from Portland, Pink Gardner from Schenectady, N. Y., and Hugh Nichols, Kaufman and Eklund from the Middle Western States, all good matmen.

It was while there, when Eklund was tossing all opposition, that a fellow made the following remark, "All it takes to make a champion trainer, is a champion race horse." That fellow spoke a mouthful.

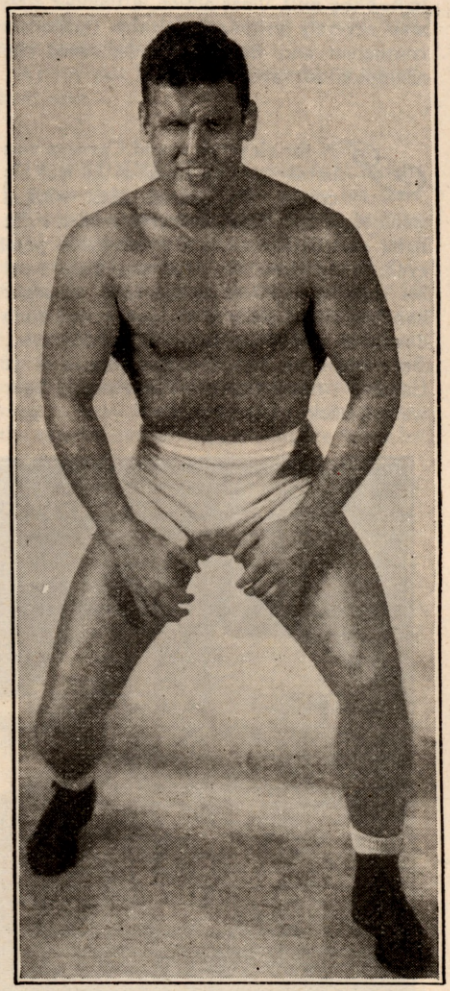
Speaking of champions, whether it be a runner, boxer or wrestler, the one thing which makes one man a winner over all his opponents of equal weight, age and experience, is largely an inherent gift and may be referred to as class. That, together with co-operation with the laws of nature, makes a champion.

That is why Clarence Eklund, although in his forties, is still the real champion of the light-heavyweight grapplers. He has never failed to include systematic exercise, mental wrestling, fresh air, and regular hours of sleep in his daily program. He also has at his disposal, years of study of leverage, balance, diet and experience, added to what nature gifted him with at the start.

According to fourteen doctors representing commissions in various states, Eklund's age ranges from thirty-two to thirty-four years.

According to wrestlers, he is younger than all his contemporaries, when youth is judged by ability. Clarence is forty-six years old.

Is it any wonder then that the ranking men in his division avoid meeting him and try to belittle his just claims by stating that he is retired or too old to be considered?



LeRoy McGuirk, who is recognized by the N.W.A. as the light-heavy champ, but who will have to beat Eklund to gain full recognition.

It Happened to Me

(Continued from page 41)

Pete are standing behind me. He seems to be in doubt about something.

"Why," he says at last, "I'm just a retired fighter looking for youngsters who might make good. I think you're one."

"Thanks," I snap sarcastically.

"Just to show you I mean business," he continues, ignoring my remark, "look me up when you get to New York." He looks us over again, smiles, and then says shortly, "Well, good-bye and good luck."

With that he turns on his heel and walks to the door. I am too surprised to speak until he already has his foot across the sill.

"Hey, wait!" I call after him. He pauses in the door. "What's your New York address," I ask, "and what's more important, what's your name?"

"Oh," he says carelessly, "anybody can tell you where to find me." He moves away again, and just before he disappears from sight he says, "Just ask for Sullivan. John L. Sullivan."

Hugh Nichols, former light-heavyweight champ whom Eklund defeated.

Ray Steele whom Eklund beat five times, but who turned the tables on the Wyoming veteran in their sixth meeting.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Edward Tin Thein, Rangoon, Burma

Q.—Where can I reach Jimmy McLarnin, Kid Chocolate and John Henry Lewis?

A.—Sorry, we have no addresses. Fighters and managers change their addresses so often that we have decided not to issue any addresses because we don't keep them on file.

Henry Jamieson, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—Was Bruce Flowers ever a champion?

A.—No, not a world nor American title holder but he was the best lightweight champion of the Negro race in America prior to the advent of Kid Chocolate who succeeded him. Tiger Flowers was a champion. He held the world's middleweight crown.

Tony Marcus, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Was Honey Mellody a welterweight title holder?

A.—Only of New England. He claimed the welterweight championship of the world at the time when there was a general mix up with several claimants in the field. Honey won from Joe Walcott in fifteen rounds in Chelsea, Mass. on October 16, 1906 and claimed the title. But along came Mike Twin Sullivan before the recognition was given to Honey and Mike beat Mellody and was officially declared the champion. He won in 20 rounds in Los Angeles, April 23, 1907. Mike outgrew the class a few months later and Jimmy Gardner claimed it. He also outgrew it and Jimmy Clabby claimed it.

Clabby entered the middleweight division in 1911 and Ray Bronson and Clarence Kid Ferns, both claimed it. Mike Gibbons also entered the field. Then came Kid Graves, Mike O'Dowd, Mike Glover, Matt Wells, Spike Kelly and Ted Kid Lewis and Jack Britton and Lewis finally emerged the recognized title holder. Quite a mixup.

Mabel Harland, Waco, Texas

Q.—Why did you discontinue the section devoted to women. I thought it was most interesting and I thought it would gain you circulation.

A.—Sorry, but you guessed wrong. We received complaints from all over the world telling us to remove the women's page or lose readers. You'll be surprised, Mabel, when I let you in on a secret. So jealous were some of our female readers of the "sweet sixteen" forms of some of the girl boxers and wrestlers whose photos we published, that they wrote to me and ordered the subscription of their husband discontinued until such time as I tossed out the girls' photos. In fact, I lost the good will of many readers by printing the women's stories, but I now have regained that friendly spirit. That's why I discontinued the section.

Andrew Mellinsky, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—Would 127 pounds for a lad who is 5 feet 11½ and has a reach of 69 inches, be too light? I am 20 years old.

A.—Yes. You should weigh at least 136. You are out of proportion. Take on some weight. You are going to need it.

John A. Sulko, Mingo Junction, Ohio

Q.—Is there any set of muscles located at the sides of the body between the ribs and the hips that can be developed to offset the appearance of large hips. If so, what exercises would develop them?

A.—Yes, there are muscles located in that region. The thing for you to do is first to reduce your hips by rolling exercises, chopping wood, bending to the sides, spading, rope climbing, swimming. Then after the hips have been reduced, keep up ordinary exercises. The muscles around the part to which you refer are called Intercostates Externi. They are found all around the ribs.

Carl Henderson, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Under New York rules, can a referee disqualify a fighter for fouling?

A.—No. He warns the offender and takes that round away from him. If the offense is committed three times, he reports the offender to the boxing board and an indefinite suspension follows.

Amy Swensen, Brooklyn

Q.—Can a woman act as a second in New York?

A.—No. Mrs. Lena Levy, sister of King Levinsky, received a manager's license in New York, but was refused permission by the board to second him. I know of no state where a woman can act as a second although several permit them to manage fighters.

Art Rafferty, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—My doctor told me that I need more iron in my system to build me up properly. I am anxious to become a boxer but feel that I am not strong enough due to a lack of iron in my system. Is there anything I can take other than an iron medicine that has been prescribed for me?

A.—Your doctor knows best what to give you. I do not want to use this page for medical advice, first, because it is contrary to the federal laws and secondly, because I am not competent to give such advice. However, I do not think I am infringing when I tell you that there are any number of fresh vegetables you can eat that will do you a world of good—for example, spinach, celery, beets, etc. They may kid you about spinach, but I know of no more healthy food than that.

Mike Morrissey, Dublin, Ireland

Q.—Would you regard Tom Sharkey the equal or better of Primo Carnera?

A.—Don't make me laugh. What Tom would have done to Primo would be regarded as "murther" in dear Old Erin. Few greater fighters than Sharkey have found the way into pugilism in the last forty years.

Lawrence Hacker, Houston, Texas

What were the measurements of Ross and Canzoneri in the fight in which Barney won the title?

CANZONERI		ROSS
24 years	*Age*	23 years.
5 ft. 5¾ in.	*Height*	5 ft. 7 in.
133 pounds	*Weight*	134 pounds.
15 in.	*Neck*	14½ in.
13¼ in.	*Biceps*	11¼ in.
11 in.	*Forearm*	11 in.
7 in.	*Wrist*	7 in.
36 in.	*Chest (normal)*	35 in.
39 in.	*Chest (expanded)*	37½ in.
30 in.	*Waist*	29 in.
66¾ in.	*Reach*	67½ in.
19 in.	*Thigh*	19½ in.
13¾ in.	*Calf*	13 in.
9¼ in.	*Ankle*	9 in.

Jim Huggins, Charlotte, N. C.

In a recent fight here, Dewey Kimrey, 201 pounds, of Norwood, N. C., was announced the winner over Joe Lipps of Charlotte. Kimrey is the heavyweight champion and his opponent, the light-heavy title holder. They fought ten rounds and the vote of the officials was as follows:

One judge voted for Kimrey.
One voted for a draw.
The referee declared Lipps the winner.

Kindly advise me what the decision would have been had this fight been held in New York.

A.—Under the present rules, if the judges disagree, then the final verdict must be rendered by the referee. In that case, the vote of the judges does not go into the consideration. This is exactly what happened in the Ross-McLarnin fight. Judge Barnes gave the verdict to Ross. Judge O'Rourke gave it to McLarnin. That made a disagreement and in the New York rules, the referee is called upon to decide and he decided in favor of Ross. Thus, under a similar ruling, Lipps would have been declared the winner. The referee can decide a draw or give the verdict to one of the contestants, and in your case like in Ross's, the referee gave it to one of the fighters.

Prior to a few months ago, such a case as you cite would have been acted upon differently here. In the code at that time, the decision of each judge and referee was gathered by the announcer and a disagreement as listed above, would have been counted a draw.

William Jones, S. S. Exmouth

Q.—How can a fellow break into the wrestling game?

A.—By getting some promoter to put him into some match.

Q.—Must one first be an amateur before becoming a pro?

A.—No. If good enough, join the pros immediately.

Q.—Is twenty-three years too old for one to start wrestling?

A.—No.

Q.—Who manages Doug Henderson and Jack Reynolds and where can I obtain a manager in Mid-West?

A.—Don't know. Write to Jimmy Amann, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Q.—Would it be best to venture West to gain experience?

A.—That's doubtful. Go to George Bothner's Gym in West 42nd St., New York City and let him give you a tryout. Also get the books on wrestling listed in Ring Book Shop ad.

John Principe, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Q.—How can I get in touch with Joe Savoldi? How can I receive information on wrestling and boxing?

A.—Write him care of Jack Curley, Cohan Building, Broadway and 43rd Street, New York City. Get copies of the books sold by the Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden.

Otis McMichael, Muskogee, Okla.

Q.—I want some instruction on boxing. Also on what to eat to keep in trim. Where can I get same?

A.—Read "Training for Boxing" by Nat Fleischer.

A coming wrestler, Lindale, Georgia

Q.—What holds do Londos, Browning, Shikat, Don George and McMillen use most?

A.—Japanese leg and arm locks; airplane scissors; crotch and body; hammerlock and McMillen, flying tackle.

Jimmy Heck

Q.—Which are the three leading nationalities in the contribution of successful boxers since the sport was started?

A.—The Irish, English and Americans.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Jimmy Smith, Bob Godwin, Joe Knight and Al Diamond?

A.—Italian, Scotch-English, American and Polish Hebrew.

Glenn Downey, Kentville, N. S.

Q.—Did Carpentier ever fight Gene Tunney. How long did the fight last?

A.—Yes. They fought 14 rounds with Tunney the victor.

A Reader

Q.—I noticed recently that you had the wrong nationalities of several boxers listed. You called them Polish when they were Ukrainians and vice versa. Now tell us what nationalities are the following: Johnny Jadick, Steve Haliako, Wesley Ramey and Steve Hamas?

A.—Ukrainian, Ukrainian, American, Austrian-American.

Artie Weingard, Providence, R. I.

Q.—Would you regard clean hitting of more importance in scoring a fight than aggressiveness?

A.—Yes, I would. That should be the first consideration and aggressiveness should come next.

May Holt, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—What is meant by a feint?

A.—By feinting, you feign a blow in order to draw your opponent off his guard. By this means you force him to leave an opening that enables you, if you act quickly, to score heavily with a blow other than the one he thought you were going to deliver.

Ambrose Hutchinson, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—In an argument I had with several boys at our amateur boxing club, I insisted that there is no such thing as a right hook? Is there?

A.—Yes, there is. What you probably meant was that a right hook cannot be used by a fighter who fights the orthodox style. It would be most difficult for him to get one across because he would either be drawn out of position or cross his legs in attempting it. His right hook would really be a right swing. However, a southpaw can use the right hook with good effect.

Tom Haslin, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—When a boxer is in distress what should a referee do? Should he ask the manager whether he wants the bout stopped? Should he order a towel thrown in or should he just halt the affair?

A.—He should take the initiative and not ask any questions. If he is a competent referee, he won't give a care what the public or boxing officials think of him if he feels that the danger point has been reached and the fans are ready to boo his action. He should never ask the second, who in most cases would be most reluctant to halt the bout. In states where the tossing of the towel is still permitted, the referee might ask the chief second to hurl it in to avoid taking action himself. A good referee acts according to his best judgment.

Helene Arline, Columbus, Ohio

Q.—I see that Jess Willard is doing the Dempsey stunt and refereeing bouts around the south. How old is Jess and where and when was he born?

A.—Jess was born in 1883 at Pottawatomie County, Kansas.

Q.—What are the correct names of Jeffries, Tommy Burns, Dempsey, Johnson and Tunney?

A.—James J. Jeffries, Noah Brusso, William Harrison Dempsey, Jack Johnson and James Joseph Tunney.

Rose Marie Fleming, Asbury Park, N. J.

Q.—I was at the training camp of Max Baer almost daily and noticed how he permitted his seconds to pound the medicine ball against his stomach on some days and on others, he would roll over the big ball. My friends and I remarked that this exercise must be a fine one to reduce the flabby section of the abdomen. What do you think?

A.—I would advise you against using that pounding exercise unless you are anxious to injure yourself. You may obtain a rupture, especially if your body is frail. There is no harm in getting your stomach against the ball and pressing against it as Baer does, but tossing it against the body is quite a different thing. Get a large-sized medicine ball and instead of rolling along the floor, you can get that fat off your abdomen far more quickly by heavy pressure of the abdomen against the ball, rolling from side to side while doing it.

Ed Gorski, Lynn, Mass.

Q.—What is the real name and nationality of Jack Curley, the wrestling promoter.

A.—His right name is Jacques Armand and he was born in Alsace-Lorraine.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

TWO world's championships changed hands: those in the heavyweight class and the welterweight title. Baer won the heavyweight laurels and the welter went to Barney Ross, present lightweight king. Thus Ross, for the first time in ring history, becomes a double titleholder.

During the month, Art Lasky strengthened his position in heavyweight circles with his victory over King Levinsky. Jack Peterson regained the British heavyweight title by stopping Len Harvey in twelve rounds, an important match which attracted an immense crowd in London. Kid Azteca, Mexican whipped Salvatore Ruggirello. Billy Ketchell drew with Dan Hassett and was beaten by Johnny Pilc. Johnny Miler kayoed Red Fields in three rounds.

Marcel Thil, king of the middleweights, kayoed Adolf Witt in eight rounds. Teddy Yarosz disposed of Pete Latzo in four heats. Gorilla Jones drew with Freddy Steele. Steele whipped Babe Marino and engaged in a one-round affair with Sammy Slaughter which was declared "no contest." Slaughter scored over Kid Leonard while Leonard whipped Allen Matthews. Jimmy Smith won over Young Terry. Swede Berglund defeated Ben Jeby and Andy Di Vodi.

Fred Henneberry won on a foul from Jack O'Brien in twelve rounds. Jock McAvory kayoed Teddy Phillips in eight rounds. Tony Brescia scored over Johnny Briggs. Jack Carroll disposed of Billy Townsend in nine rounds. Ken Overlin whipped Paul Pirrone. Emilio Martinez won over Baby Joe Gans. Ignacia Ara scored over Carlos Merini. Tommy Freeman whipped Joe Dundee and kayoed Johnny Kerns in two rounds. Al McMahon and Chino Alvarez. Alvarez kayoed Ray Sneider in two rounds. Jimmy Kelso defeated Joe Ghnouly in Australia.

Harry Serody finished Harry Alexanian in eight sessions. Roger Bernard whipped Matty White and kayoed Johnny Edwards in four rounds. Cecil Payne finished Ernie Cavelli in three rounds and Sol Lippo in six. Joey Costa scored over Charley Gomer and Lew Feldman won from Ernie Ratner. Harry Mizler whipped Tiger Defer and Norman Dale. George Hansford drew with Manuel Villa. Harry Devine kayoed Pancho Villa in six heats. Joey Alcanter scored over Pete Nebo. Paris Apice won over Steve Salek.

Freddy Miller, leading the vacated featherweight division, whipped Young Casanova and lost on a foul to Tommy Paul in two rounds. Paul drew with Kid Chocolate. Mike Belloise scored over Johnny Erickson. George Hansford and Frankie Wallace have been taken from the 126-pound group because of difficulty in making the weight. Petey Hayes whipped Ernest Torres. Herb Bishop won from Star Frisco. Claude Varner whipped Varias Milling and Llew Edwards.

Leo Rodak scored over Dave Barry. Vittorio Tamagnini drew with Pete De Grasse and finished Benny Brostoff in six rounds. Nel Tarleton was beaten by Sonny Lee and scored over Harry Brooks. Maurice Holtzer defeated Augier. Kid Francis won over Privat and Cavignoli. Frankie Covelli whipped Ray Boree. Mose Butch won from U. S. Chocolate. Jack Sharkey scored over Paul Lee. Baby Tiger Flowers won from Clever Sison and Bucky Burton defeated Eddie Burl.

Darky Blandon, crack newcomer from Australia, whipped Speedy Dado and Star Frisco. Sixto Escobar repeated his knockout over Bobby Leitham in five rounds. Young Tommy drew with Joe Tei Ken. Frankie Wolfram won from Mose Butch and stopped Joey Boldin in five rounds.

Midget Wolgast, head of the flyweight group, scored over Sammy Seeman. Jackie Brown and Valentin Anglemann battled to a draw. Tommy Pardoe whipped Praxille Gyde and Joe Mendiola. Mendiola drew with Du Puis. Maurice Huguenin kayoed Dillain in nine rounds. Mickey McGuire won over Percy Dexter. Herbie Hill scored over Jerry O'Neill. Bert Kirby was beaten by Douglas Kestrel and Jackie Quinn.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Ron Kingston, England.
Bantamweight—Joe Fryou, Gretna, La.
Featherweight—Henry Armstrong, Los Angeles, Calif.
Lightweight—Frank Sigilio, Chicago, Ill.
Welterweight—Kenny La Salle, Los Angeles, Calif.
Middleweight—Tony Brescia, New York City.
Light-Heavyweight—Al Zappala, Lawrence, Mass.
Heavyweight—Johnny Rice, England.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE

These are my ratings for the month ending June 23:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Max Baer	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Primo Carnera	Tony Shucco	Vince Dundee	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Steve Hamas	Mickey Walker	Teddy Yarosz	Bep Van Klaveren
3—Art Lasky	Joe Knight	Young Corbett	Eddie Kid Wolfe
4—Walter Neusel	Bob Olin	Gorilla Jones	Harry Dublinsky
5—Tommy Loughran	John Henry Lewis	Johnny Indrisano	Kid Azteca
6—King Levinsky	Lou Brouillard	Fred Henneberry	Tony Herrera
7—Natie Brown	Ambrose Palmer	Jimmy Smith	Cerefino Garcia
8—Patsy Perroni	Len Harvey	Jock McAvoy	Mickey Serrian
9—Red Barry	Al Gainer	Freddy Steele	Cocoa Kid
10—Charley Massare	Bob Godwin	Swede Berglund	Tony Falco

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast
2—Frankie Klick	Seaman Watson	Darky Blandon	Jackie Brown
3—Young Peter Jackson	Mike Belloise	Sixto Escobar	Valentin Anglemann
4—Cleto Locatelli	Petey Hayes	Young Tommy	Tommy Pardoe
5—Sammy Fuller	Baby Arizmendi	Little Pancho	Maurice Huguenin
6—Benny Bass	Jackie Wilson	Joe Tei Ken	Mickey McGuire
7—Lew Ambers	Tommy Paul	Pablo Dano	Praxille Gyde
8—Jack Portney	Claude Varner	Star Frisco	Percy Dexter
9—Eddie Cool	Herb Bishop	Lew Farber	Ellis Ashurst
10—Wesley Ramey	Leo Rodak	Louis Salica	Herbie Hill

welterweight, removed some of the glamour from Young Peter Jackson, ranking Pacific Coast lightweight, by winning the decision over him.

Baer's titular victory was spectacular. Carnera's downfall occurred in the eleventh round. Lasky's victory over Levinsky was second in importance. Patsy Perroni drew with Red Barry. Natie Brown scored over Johnny Risko and drew with Dewey Kimrey. Charley Massare banged out a victory over Al Ettore while Al scored over Popper Stopper. Otto Von Porat defeated Don McCorkindale. Jack Peterson disposed of Len Harvey in twelve rounds. Unknown Winston flattened Tony Shucco in one round but turned around and lost to Tony in their return meeting.

Jimmy Braddock disposed of Corn Griffin in three rounds. Tony Galento scored over Marty Gallagher. Jack Van Noy whipped Bob Williams. Charley Belanger kayoed Frank Borrington in seven rounds, won on a foul from Jack London in nine rounds and defeated Eddie Steele. Eddie Hogan scored over Chester Matan. Dynamite Jackson won over Willie Magee while Maurice Griselle whipped Frederico Malibran. Hunt won from Joe Rice.

Maxey Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight leader, had a clean slate during the month. He whipped Dutch Weimer, Young Sam Langford and kayoed Max Maxwell in five rounds. Tony Shucco whipped Al Gainer. Joe Knight kayoed Buck Everett in nine rounds, Carl Knowles ten rounds and won over Tony Cancela. Bob Olin disposed of Bob Godwin in one round and whipped him in their return match. Lou Brouillard kayoed Henry Firpo in six rounds. Roy Williams was beaten by Ambrose Palmer and Son Tealy in Australia. Wilson Dunn won from Charley Light and was beaten by Bob Davey. Adolf Heuser disposed of George Brown in seven rounds. Jimmy Slattery kayoed Gus Klugel in two rounds and won on a foul from Eddie Kaminski in five sessions. Clyde Chastain kayoed Eddie Mader in five rounds while Mader Coy drew with Bud Mignault. Anson Green whipped Johnny Pilc. Clem White won from Tony Andrews, Battling Nelson and kayoed Al Roth in four rounds.

Barney Ross added two titles to his belt when he supplanted Jimmy McLarnin as the welterweight champion. Eddie Kid Wolfe kayoed Eddie Ran in two rounds. Kid Azteca whipped Young Peter Jackson. Mickey Serrian scored over Patsy Pasculli. Steve Haliako drew with Joe Vignali and was beaten by Cocoa Kid. The Kid also whipped Danny Devlin. Tony Falco scored over Buster Brown. Gustave Eder knocked out Nestor Charlier in eleven rounds. Harry Emonds won from Andy Callahan. Billy Hogan whipped Frankie Carlton and drew with Ray Napolitano.

Tracey Cox kayoed Joe Ruiz in five rounds and Murray Brandt in three. Jack Carroll disposed of Wesley Ramey in ten rounds in Australia. Jackie Davis drew with Al Casimini. Willard Brown disposed of Joe Glick in seven rounds and Battling Shaw in ten. Tommy Romano won over Frankie Petrolle and kayoed Jimmy Phillips in one round. Sammy O'Dell scored knockouts over Tony Roccaforte in the first and second rounds. Johnny Romero disposed of Frankie Hughes in three rounds. Teddy Loder whipped Young Firpo.

Ray Bowen whipped Frankie Petrolle and Petey Gulotta. Stanislaus Loayza scored over Carmen Roman. Eddie Flynn whipped Lope Tenorio. George Salvatore defeated Joe Marcus and drew with Ritchie Mack. Harry Smith won on a foul from Len Tiger Smith in fourteen rounds for the English welterweight championship.

Lew Ambers headed the prominent lightweights in action, battling both Jimmy Leto and Steve Haliako on even terms. Eddie Cool whipped Johnny Jadick. Jackie Berg beat Len Wickwar on a foul in six rounds and was kayoed by Jimmy Stewart in three. Joey Ferrando scored over Billy Mc-

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

RAY BOWEN of Washington and Frankie Petrolle of New York fought the greatest bout ever witnessed in this vicinity at Goldie Ahearn's Riding and Hunt Club in Washington. The mill was over the 10-round route with Bowen taking the unanimous duke. After a losing start Petrolle came on to put Bowen on the deck for two counts in round four and then beat him to a pulp in round five. Just when it looked like Bowen was a certain loser by a knockout, Ray came to life and threw gloves from all angles. It was a toe-to-toe battle with Petrolle in bad shape at the final bell. Joey Zodda of New York beat Stumpie Jacobs of Norfolk in the six-round semifinal.

Tootsie Bashara of Norfolk won all the way from Young Firpo of Philadelphia over the 10-round distance at the ball park in Norfolk, Va.

Natie Brown of Washington and Johnny Risko of Cleveland fought the opening show at the ball park in Washington to an attendance of 10,000 fans. Brown was the winner on a split verdict. George Pavlick of Pittsburgh and Steve Dudas of New York stole the show with their eight-round semifinal. Dudas put Pavlick on the floor to take the hair line duke that was disputed by the fans. Phil Furr of Washington knocked out Roy Manley in the first round of the special eight-rounder. Pete Powell surprised by pasting Joey Green in a six-rounder, and Bob Turner flattened Big Boy Smith in five heats.

Lew Feldman and Ernie Ratner, both of New York, fought a fast 10-rounder at the Riding Hunt Club in Washington with Feldman the winner. Joey Coster beat Charlie Gomer in ten rounds and Ray Bowen beat Pete Gulotta in eight heats. The Bowen-Gulotta bout was the best of the evening. Gulotta extended the harder punching Bowen all the way, although he was down for a nine count in round five.

Young Kid Norfolk of Baltimore and Jackie Dudley of Philadelphia, fought a 10-rounder at Tom Foodie's Oasis Club in Washington. Norfolk pleased the Washington fans with his willingness to mix it at all times and will show there shortly with Calvin Reed of Philadelphia as his opponent. The entire card was first rate and the colored patrons were tickled with their first glimpse of legalized boxing in the District of Columbia between colored boys.

Tony Galento of Jersey City belted out Italian Jack Herman of New York in three heats at Portner's arena in Alexandria. Herman was no match for the punching wop, who hits harder than any man to show in these parts.

Midget Wolgast had a merry time with Sammy Seeman from the Pacific Coast at the Portner's Arena. Wolgast hit Seeman when and where he pleased and gave the fans just what they paid to see—a good boxing exhibition. Roddy Davis of Washington beat Jimmy Tramberia in the six-round semifinal.

Marty Gallagher of Washington made a gallant stand against Toney Galento, the Walloping Wop from Jersey, at the ball park in Washington in 10 rounds. Gallagher was down four times during the melee and at times it was a mystery how he stood up but at the final bell, Marty was as fresh as Toney and fighting back gamely. Les Kennedy of Alexandria took the decision over George Pavlick in the eight-round semifinal. Buddy Grimes of Norfolk, Va., beat Pete Galiano in six rounds. Roy Manley took a close one in six heats from Bob Lowrey and in the special eight-rounder, Carey Wright of Washington folded up Jackie Donnelly of the U. S. Navy in five heats after letting the sailor show off for a couple of rounds.

PICKUPS: With boxing legalized in both Washington and Virginia, clubs are springing up galore. In Washington there are boxing shows as follows: Monday, the Riding and Hunt Club; Tuesday, Charlie Cornell's Potomac A. C.; Wednesday, the American Legion with Charlie Swann at the helm; Friday, Joe Turner at the Ball Park, and Saturday, Tom Foodie's colored show. Just how long the town can stand such a pace remains to be seen. Portner's Arena at Alexandria, Va., just outside of Washington, also goes on Tuesday night. The fans are still talking about the Ray Bowen-Frankie Petrolle bout at Washington, and when the boys go back for the return, they will pack them in. Pete Powell of Norfolk sprang a real surprise when he spotted Joey Green of Washington nine pounds and gave him a licking, incidentally the first Joey has taken thus far. Another Norfolk boy to pull a fast one was Buddy Grimes, also a bantamweight, when he spotted Pete Galliano nine pounds and took the duke.

Phil Furr, Harry Groves' coming welterweight, is the stiffest puncher of his weight in this vicinity. Phil is out for a shot at Jimmy Jones, the undefeated welter of Baltimore. Eddie Ross, Baltimore promoter, will reopen in Baltimore. Charlie Cornell took it on the chin for plenty when he was forced to close his Twin City Arena because of boxing being legalized in Washington, but "Fats," as he is known to the fight folks, has located a good spot in Washington and is out for more punishment.

Frankie Mann is making the matches for Joe Turner at the Ball Park and if given a free hand will do a good job of it. Chris Dundee has quit the promoting game in Norfolk and will stick strictly to handling his fighters in the future. Chris looks after Ken Overlin, Charlie Jacobs, Tootsie Bashara, Buddy Grimes, and Billy Landers. The new Virginia law provides that a manager cannot promote in the state. Many rumors are going the rounds about the promotion of boxing in Richmond, Va. During the bootleg days of boxing, Richmond was one of the few spots that prohibited such shows. Richmond has sufficient population to support boxing at their Stadium which seats well over 12,000. The writer is back in the boxing business handling boxers and is open for connections with any first-class boys. He can be reached at the Mohawk Club in Washington, D. C.

FLORIDA AND SOUTH GEORGIA

By HAL DAVIS

ONCE again Joe Knight leads the pugilistic parade in this section. Three victories were turned in by the Cairo Calamity during the past month. His first win was scored over the heavyweight Tony Cancela at Miami. The press reported that the southpaw light-heavy won as he pleased from the Tampa behemoth. Knight's next start was at Savannah against Carl Knowles, fellow Georgian, and after nine rounds that had the fans in a frenzy, Referee Joe Magee, stopped the bout in the tenth and raised the southpaw's famed maulie. Three days later Joe kept up the good work by stopping the promising heavyweight, Buck Everett, in the ninth stanza, at Miami.

Savannah boxing shows went over with a bang during the past month. Three cards were staged during the most recent thirty days in the port city and one would have to go far to see three better shows. The first featured a bitterly fought battle between Jackie Gibbs and Billy Shell, at the end of which Gibbs' duke was elevated. The next, showed Joey Ferrando in a thrilling victory over Chino Alvarez, but the climax came when Joe Knight stopped Carl Knowles, who is a Savannah favorite. Riots broke out all over the arena followed by an emergency call for more police and several cracked heads resulted.

The two big fights of the past month, Baer-Carnera, and Ross-McLarnin, helped to awaken quite an interest in the manly art down this way. Good houses were reported all through the range of your correspondent of late. Miami, St. Petersburg, Jacksonville, Orlando, Sarasota, Tampa and Fort Myers in Florida and Fort Benning, Savannah, Rome, and even Atlanta report near capacity houses. And because the punchers battle better before a large crowd, the fights were above the average.

Other good performers of the month in this section were Eddie Flynn, Bucky Burton, Ray Kiser, Chino Alvarez, Lope Tenorio, Cliff Greenwood, Bobby Wilson, Carl Knowles, Russell Gonzales and Ben Brown. Still others who bettered their standing are Kid Gillion, Bobby Vogel, Battling Bozo, Manuel Quintero, Bulldog Downs, Johnny Hoekstra, Honey Boy Snipes and Jimmie Caldwell.

Chino Alvarez gave the Jacksonville favorite, Ray Sneider, a setback by knocking out the popular Jewish boxer in the second round of a recent Jax card. The Cuban has a large following in this part of the country, many of whom firmly affirm that Chino could win the championship of the world if he would just take fighting more seriously.

Any boxers who would like to make connections down this direction can smooth the way by getting in touch with the writer at 19 West Congress St., Savannah. Or a postage stamp will bring the names of the leading promoters in the Southeast. Many boys, particularly from the East, drop in and collect quite often.

A FEW RANDOM RESULTS—Lope Tenorio stopped the Chilian Schoolmaster, Ernesto Sagues in seven heats at Jacksonville. Bobby Vogel and Harry Kersey drew at Savannah . . . . Young Embry won over Jimmie Reed at Tampa . . . . Eddie Flynn decisioned Lope Tenorio at Tampa . . . . Jackie Gibbs stopped Ernie Sagues in eight at Savannah . . . . Roy Bailey beat Tiger Long at Miami . . . . Bobby Wilson has been knocking his opponents dead since switching over from his former southpaw stance . . . . Carl Knowles and Le Roy Brown drew in Charleston . . . . Ray Kiser won from Lope Tenorio, Simon Nebolsky and Pat Flaherty at Macon . . . . Millionaire Murphy drew with Loree Wilson at Savannah . . . . Jake Denning seems to be well on the comeback road . . . . Hardrock Harden appears to be coming into his own . . . . Chino Alvarez K. O.'ed Erwin Berlier in the first stanza at New Orleans . . . . Alvarez also knocked out Honey Boy Snipes in four at Macon and Gene Tillman in six at Jax . . . .

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

WITH two champions, both colorful fighters, ascending the throne in a month's time, the boxing game took a sudden leap forward that may get the sport back into the big money field before the summer is over. When Max Baer won the world's heavyweight title from Primo Carnera in the Garden Bowl, and the popular Barney Ross vanquished the rusty Jimmy McLarnin in the same arena a few weeks previously, boxing gained two aces as standard bearers. The fact that Ross now holds the lightweight and the welterweight titles and is a fighting champion, unlike the man whom he recently whipped, should benefit boxing considerably. No fighters who place their crown in camphor balls can aid the sport any, and that is why the average fan and the promoter is glad that Ross came through with a triumph. There is no more popular fighter in America than McLarnin, but he lost many of his admirers by his inactivity, a rustiness that undoubtedly had its effect on him when he unsuccessfully defended his title against the youthful Barney Ross.

It is a fine thing for the game to have such a sterling lad as Ross holding both the lightweight and welterweight titles, a feat never before accomplished by any gladiator. Ross is a young man of common sense and he is handled by two fine managers, Sam Pian and Art Winch who, through proper handling of their charge, will make plenty of money both for their fighter and themselves. They know the game, know the intricacies of the managerial end and are eager to have Ross fight often.

Baer, by winning the greatest pugilistic plum in boxing, that of the world's heavyweight championship, covered himself with glory and emerged a colossal King Kong, a super-Dempsey, a veritable giant killer.

It was a popular victory. Twelve times the gigantic Carnera struck the canvas in eleven rounds before the massacre was finally stopped. Carnera was completely outclassed. All ideas of his super-fighting qualities were dispelled by the iron fists of Baer. Max supplies color in quantities, has a magnetic personality that attracts the female sex and his ego matches his fighting characteristics. His chin is impervious to the heaviest blow and while he reigns as the titleholder, the division need not lack for colorful copy. Baer is loaded with it.

The preliminaries on the Baer-Carnera program provided plenty of action. Charley Massare staged a cyclonic rally in the last two rounds to cinch the verdict over Al Ettore in the six-round semi-final which was crowded with action every second of the way. Jimmy Braddock staged a great comeback when he kayoed Corn Griffin in the third round. Jimmy was floored and then dropped the Southerner in the same session. Braddock unloaded his heavy artillery in the third round and had Corn in weakened condition until the bout was stopped.

Dynamite Jackson whipped Willie Magee in five rounds. Eddie Hogan, a fine looking prospect, easily scored over Chester Matan while Lew Poster won from Al White in the remaining five-rounders. Don Petrin scored over Ed Karolak in the opening four. The gross receipts were $428,392.00, a swell gate for these times.

Surprises come and go, some unpleasant, others pleasant, but still they furnish food for thought and give the fans something to dwell upon in their spare moments and anything that arouses comment, augurs well for interest in the sport—Unknown Winston scores a one-round knock-out over Tony Shucco and two weeks later, Shucco turns the tables and wins the decision—Another instance was the defeat of Young Peter Jackson by Kid Azteca—Azteca was beaten by Ritchie Mack, who in turn was humbled by Ervin Berlier—Berlier was kayoed in one round by Chino Alvarez—Alvarez was beaten by Joey Ferrando and Ferrando was stopped by Paul Junior—Junior was whipped by Paris Apice while Paris was beaten by Johnny Bonito, a New Yorker, fighting in the preliminary ranks—Jackson is hailed as the uncrowned champion on the Pacific Coast but judging by the above tabulation Bonito ranks as his superior.

Immediately upon information that Bob Olin flattened Bob Godwin in one round on the Coast, Manager Harold Scadron, accompanied by "Broadway" Sam Roth, departed westward in his trusty flivver—It was a swell start for Olin there and it may result in some lucrative bouts for him—Billy Stevens, since moving to Boston, is building a good stable for himself—The foundation started with Jackie Davis, of Cleveland, but since then has taken over Clyde Chastain, rugged Texas light-heavyweight—Jackie Kid Berg's three-round knock-out at the hands of Jimmy Stewart in Liverpool will probably result in his definite retirement, which will be good news to his many sincere friends in this country—Johnny Rice, an English heavyweight, little more than a novice, is receiving favorable notices in various parts of England and his friend and manager, Sammy Lederman, is anticipating an American invasion within the next few months.

Following the Ross defeat which deprived him of the welterweight title, McLarnin had no other plans in mind except a return match with his conqueror—Due to the fact that Jimmy has a great following in New York, in fact, he is a tremendous attraction all over the country, his request for another crack at Ross was given serious consideration—When McLarnin held the world's welterweight title he kept it in a safety vault until Ross came along and appeared strong enough to stand out as a challenger—For fifteen months the welterweight class lay dormant due to his inactivity and he was one of the contributing factors to the stagnancy that permeated boxing circles—Ross, however, is just the reverse type. He is anxious to be a fighting champion and it is to his credit that he is willing to take on McLarnin again.

Boxing has suffered long enough and now that opportunity has presented itself on a platter to create good will and new born prosperity for those identified in boxing circles, it behooves all those who are sincerely interested in the sport to protect it against all evil influences and we contend at this time and have always contended, that inactive champions have been one of the causes responsible for the decline in boxing and McLarnin was one of the principal offenders—In naming McLarnin, it is barely possible that Jimmy is absolvent of all blame and that Pop Foster is the person to censure but Jimmy happens to do the fighting. Due to the sudden spurt in boxing publicity, wrestling has suffered correspondingly and as long as fighters continue to remain in the limelight, wrestling interest will continue to decrease.

Some peculiar verdicts were rendered in the last two championship battles in New York by those officiating—Despite the fact that Ross whipped McLarnin clearly after a tough battle, the divergence of opinion among the officials was interesting—Harold Barnes in voting for Ross gave McLarnin only two rounds but Referee Eddie Forbes made it still stronger for Ross by giving Jimmy only one round—The other judge, Tom O'Rourke, decided in favor of McLarnin and only gave Ross one round—just the reverse of Forbes' verdict. In the Carnera-Baer tussle, although Baer was acknowledged the winner by a one-sided margin by all newspaper critics, one judge had Carnera winning six rounds, while the other judge and Referee Arthur Donovan scored five rounds for Carnera—There was something radically wrong with their scoring and if Bill Brown is as alert as is his custom, an investigation will be made.

Another vote for the Commission should be recorded when they vetoed the Garden's proposed fifteen-round "championship" match between Maxey Rosenbloom and Enzo Fiermonte. Fortunately, the wisdom and foresight of the Commission, curbed this fiasco—A man who has been out of competition for two years and at best was only an ordinary middleweight installed as a contender for the light-heavyweight title, is something difficult to fathom—What about such legitimate challengers as John Henry Lewis, Tony Shucco, Joe Knight, Bob Olin, Lou Brouillard and several others? If Fiermonte is serious about his pugilistic intentions, there are several healthy individuals in this vicinity who would be delighted to try conclusions with him.

The gross receipts of the Ross-McLarnin fracas were $194,329.67, another healthy chunk of filthy lucre.

Tommy Romano, who acted as one of Ross' sparring partners and kayoed Jimmy Phillips on the same program in one round, seems to be a young man who is headed for bigger things—He has been winning consistently and Teddy Loder, a youngster from Yorkville, seems to be following in Romano's footsteps as far as progress is concerned—Loder's latest victim was Young Firpo.

Dave Lumiansky, who arranged the European tour for Midget Wolgast which failed to materialize, is connected with the Long Vue Club in Manchester, England—They have an indoor club with a seating capacity of 7,000 and an outdoor stadium that has room for 50,000 spectators—Lumiansky offered Max Waxman $15,000 for Vince Dundee to defend his American title against Jock McAvoy but Max turned down the offer because he was offered the same amount by Tony Palazolo to tackle Young Corbett in San Francisco—Waxman has developed Dundee in a real money attraction. There is a possibility of Dundee meeting Teddy Yarosz in Pittsburgh and the gate is certain to reach the sum of $50,000.00. Yarosz is entitled to first call on Dundee. Such a bout is a natural.

Art Lasky stepped into the heavyweight picture with a terrific thud by banging out a clear cut victory over King Levinsky on the Coast—Lasky was unknown until he went to the Coast and there, by a series of victories, reached the spot where he is pictured as a possible opponent for Max Baer. He will have plenty of support if they ever clash—Mickey Stanton, coming lightweight from Casper, Wyoming, has shown progress in his recent conquests and his ambition is to engage in a bout at Madison Square Garden—That is the desire of any ambitious pugilist but it can be accomplished through steady application and perseverance with a great deal of luck thrown in for good measure.

Barney Ross' ambition to become a thespian was realized when he played a week's engagement at Loew's State Theatre in New York City—Some of the lustre was removed from his appearance when Max Baer played across the street at the New York Paramount, an opposition house—It is unlikely that boxing promoters would resort to such practices, hurting the rival promoter by offering a counter attraction at the same time, which subsequently is bound to hurt the attendance of both theatres—Baer was to receive $5,000 for the week's labor while Barney was compensated to the extent of $3,000 which is a comfortable figure any way you glance at it.

Al Weill's policy, following the Canzoneri-Klick fight, is to stage popular priced shows at Ebbets Field every two weeks and as Mr. Weill is a phenom at match-making, he should do well during the summer months—Bobby Pacho arrived in town with Larry Morrison and Babe McCoy and the fiery Mexican challenges the world—He weighed around 140 pounds—Dr. Charley Rosenbloom of Charleroi, Pa., has been appointed on the boxing committee of the Pittsburgh district of the Amateur Athletic Commission—The Doctor is a genuine fight fan and his elation at being appointed persuaded him to attend the Carnera-Baer bout, not to see Carnera or Baer, to see his pal, Charley Massare in action on the card—Billy Duffy has purchased the contract of Eddie Hogan, a corking prospect in the heavyweight division—Hogan has only had six professional contests but looks like a veteran in action—He weighs 215 pounds, is about six feet, two inches tall, and can punch equally hard with either hand.

Eddie Walker returned from Pittsburgh highly indignant. He claims that Joey Costa was given unfair treatment there in his match with Eddie Zivic—Costa was floored twice in the second round but won from the third to the ninth in easy style but in the last round was floored twice—He took the count of nine each time and it seemed certain that he would still be the winner in spite of the last round knock-downs but Referee Red Robinson stopped the bout with 25 seconds left to complete the contest—The fans raised a hulabaloo against the partiality shown to a local boy but the records are not that sympathetic—Baby Arizmendi and Cal Working are getting impatient about inactivity around New York and may return to the Coast if conditions don't improve soon—Mushky Jackson has regained his power of speech since his boy Red Barry fought a draw with Patsy Perroni.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

IT is an oft-repeated saying,—"Big ring fights help the game." To some extent this is correct but, as regards this neck of the woods, also New England pretty much in general, excepting for a bright spot here or there, the effect of recent events in New York has been slight. Here in Boston not a glove is thumping, neither amateur nor professional. For the first time in a period of 40 years, and our experience dates back that far, there is not an active amateur or professional club operating in the Boston field, a state of affairs likely to continue until next fall. For one who within the last 10 years has seen fights staged here regularly throughout the summer, drawing gates of from $5,000 to $50,000, and customers by the thousands, the situation is dumfounding. It is fact, however, and not fiction.

While many explanations, some of them correct, are being offered as to what has killed boxing in Boston, one of the underlying main causes seems to be the almost utter lack of outstanding boxing talent. True, the depression has done its work here as elsewhere, but the shortage, even absolute dearth of fistic material having color, has killed off all interest. Today the public does not seem to care whether the fighters fight or not—as a whole had much rather go to a wrestling tournament where it is sure of seeing fighting of a kind, some wrestling, thrills, sensation, get a laugh—in brief, an evening of action and enjoyment. The wrestling promoters know how to put it across—the fight men don't, not as a whole. The few of the latter that did know found themselves so weighed down with commissional rules that their hands were practically tied.

We can see but two hopes for the boxing game in Boston for some time to come—either the coming into the sport here of one or more entirely new faces, chaps having constructive, even radical, ideas—the nerve to take a gamble on the possible realization of a dream, or the return to the small club idea which years ago turned out in Boston many of the country's best ringsters.

The small club has the appeal with us but until very recently there was small hope for such in Boston, first of all, because of the state license fee of $800, to be levied indiscriminately on every club whether its arena seated 500 or 20,000. And, along with this were many other fees—two referees for each show at $35 each, two judges, a doctor, a 5 percent state tax, all this besides the levy on ringsters, managers and seconds. A long campaign, waged almost lone-handed, finally cut the state fee to $600, eliminated a referee, chopped the salaries of the judges, lowered the fee of boxers from $25 to $15, the latter amount to be paid on instalments, etc.

However, as the would be small promoters continued to fear the overhead, a personal appeal in behalf of such and the boxing game in general was made to the State Boxing Commission. At this interview assurance was given by Commissioners Daniel J. Kelly and Peter Carr that they stand ready to seek legislation that will meet the situation more than halfway—legislation that will limit the state tax levy to seating capacity. Thus, a club seating but 1000 or less, will pay $100; if 1200, $120; 1400, $140; 2000, $200; 3000, $300, etc, etc., with a similar reduction of the pay of ring and other officials, also based on seating capacity. Under such provisions there now exists some hope for the coming into the field of the small development and feeder organizations.

It is likely that the Fall will see several such clubs start operations in Boston—the first real step, as we view it, for the return of the sport. It is likely that the first of these organizations will be launched in South Boston, an offshoot of the Irish American A. A., an amateur club. Negotiations are now on for the securing of a charter—the proposed new club to be known as the Glover A. C., in memory of the late Mike Glover of that section, one time outstanding claimant of the welter title. George Freeman, an old-time ringster, who has been in the game for a good 30 years in various capacities, therefore knows what it is all about, is one of those actively behind the venture.

At this writing, the Boston Garden has closed up its boxing department until Fall, if not longer, and dismissed Billy Ames, its matchmaker, Bobby Goldman, his assistant, and others directly and indirectly concerned, a step decided upon when the Tony Shucco-Joe Knight bout of a month ago failed to go over the financial top, or click loud enough in itself to give any assurance of success in the matching of the winner against some other opponent in a follow-up contest. Ames, many years in boxing, also a former newspaperman, has found a berth with the Narragansett Racing Association, now building a track at Pawtucket, R. I., as its publicity director.

Despite the indifferent showing made by Tony Shucco against Joe Knight, although the Bostonian won the decision by a city block, Tony has kept busy in the game—is fighting his way back into popular favor. Matched to meet Al Gainer in New Haven in defense of his N. E. light-heavy title, Shucco was induced to take on Edward "Unknown" Winston as a substitute, Gainer being too ill to go through. In the first round, Winston worked Tony into a corner and dropped him for the down and out, the initial kayo against the Bostonian. However, he gamely accepted a return with Winston and not only outboxed the colored warrior and won the decision, but also "copped" Winston's title of N. E. heavyweight champion. Thus at this writing, Shucco holds the "cruiser" and N. E. heavyweight titles.

The Irish American A. A. of South Boston wound up its affairs for the summer months with a red-hot amateur tourney which brought to the front a heavyweight hope in Manuel Bloom, a 20-year-old West End boy who may be heard from later on. It was his initial appearance inside of ropes but, thanks to the intensive schooling of Eddie Devine, the former southpaw feather, he swept through the tourney like a major, whipping en route Billy Dimarzio and Paul Chute, rated as two of the best of the heavyweight "pures." Dimarzio, a consistent winner here for weeks, was stopped in one round. Another to make his mark and win his class was Steve Suklis of Boston, a middleweight cousin of Jack Sharkey. He went to the post three times, each a rip-roarer, and whipped his man.

With no boxing in Boston, interest has shifted to Salem, Mass., where Bat Silva, a former welter, is promoting every Monday night. His offering on June 4, saw Johnny Curcio, the veteran Providence middleweight, take the measure in seven rounds of Fanis Tjanatapoulos, the Greek middleweight champion. It was the fourth appearance in the Salem ring of F. T., also his first defeat. F. T. claims to have served on several occasions in Tommy Loughran's camp as sparring partner, also to have appeared a number of times in Philadelphia rings.

Another ring affair at Salem, brought Harry Devine, N. E. welter champion, and Pancho Villa of New Bedford, together the night of June 11. Devine forced Villa to stop in the eighth chapter. The bout was the first in Salem in 10 years which carried a title, also the first in which Devine defended his crown since winning it from Werther Arcelli in April.

The fight game re-opened for a time in Quincy, a Boston suburban city, on June 11, Jack Murphy, a veteran in the game from Lynn, taking a fling at the promoting. In his feature number Charley Longo of Boston disposed of Joe Glasgow, promising Quincy middleweight, in four rounds, a right to the midriff, while the semi-final saw Tony Bent of Cambridge, former 135 pounds amateur star, lose to Eddie Millson of Dorchester. The defeat was the second sustained by Bent since he turned "pro" several months ago.

Joining the group of Boston performers now obliged to show their wares elsewhere, Andy Callahan journeyed down to Providence on June 8, to be outpointed seven rounds out of 10 by Henry Edmonds of Taunton, Mass., a bit of a surprise.

Up the state, Homer Rainault, the promoter of the Arena A. A., keeps clicking regularly, giving his patrons plenty of action. He has shifted from his regular seat at Holyoke to West Springfield for the summer, his last offering at this writing being two feature tens. On June 18, Clyde Chastain of Texas forced Eddie Mader of New York, to stop in five rounds, while the Cocoa Kid of Hartford outpointed Danny Devlin of Allentown, Pa., both complete the entire route.

Al McCoy of Boston and Waterville, engaging in his second bout since his defeat by Champion Dundee, also fighting as a light heavy, went 10 hard stanzas with Bud Mignault of Brockton, in the Exposition Building at Portland, Me., June 8. There was no official ruling. The contest was a very good one with honors close.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

THE Valley Arena closed an unsuccessful season indoors. This was due to poor matches and the death of Bill Moriarty, the publicity man, whose work was a large part in the club's former success. West Springfield Heywood Arena will now be the show place for this section. In the opening show, Cocoa Kid, welterweight of New Haven, won over Steve Halaiko of Buffalo, N. Y. Cocoa Kid substituted for Joey Ferrando of Jersey City. In the semifinal, Sammy Slater of New York was brought up for Johnny Bangs of Holyoke, Mass., who stopped him in the fourth by a technical K. O. Ruby Bradley of Holyoke, Mass., won a decision over Frankie Walsh of Worcester, Mass., in the best bout of the night. Henry Sweeney started off well when he put Sal Canata down in the first round but after Canata got going in the next round he put Sweeney down, two more knockdowns for Canata and the bout was stopped in the third. Dave Duval of Springfield evened the score with Armand Rainault by taking a unanimous decision in the four-rounder.

Baron Cohen of New York and Pennsylvania is now making his quarters in Holyoke. He has opened up a boxing school at the Bijou Gym.

Thompsonville, Conn., has opened up its outdoor arena and is drawing large crowds from Springfield, 1600 fans attended the first show in which Gene Barnum of Willimantic lost to Jackie Brown of Hartford, Conn. In the other bouts, Johnny Pal of Hartford, Conn., got a draw with Pete Koloff of Greenbay, Mich.; Al Pinkham of Hartford K.O.'ed Tommy Burns of Otis; Archie Gibbons, Springfield, won over Jackie Johnson; Tommy Cullens outpointed Eddie Riley, Springfield; Young Richie, Springfield, fought a draw with Brownie Huff, Springfield; Young Hovey, Willimantic, outpointed Sally Miano, Hartford; Jerry Reale, Willimantic, was K.O.'ed by Martin Furman in the second round; Albert Jones won a hard-fought fight from Larry Kid Black, Ludlow.

Cocoa Kid, New Haven, beat Eddie Holmes, Providence, R. I., in a 10-rounder at the Valley Arena. K. O. Castillio of Maine won over Eddie Marks in the seventh round by a technical K.O.; Kid Barrilito got a draw with Johnny Bangs, Holyoke; Dean Cross, Athol, lost to Sal Canata, Holyoke; Eddie Michaels lost to Ray Trueheart of Easthampton, Mass.

The Pittsfield A. C. runs shows every two weeks and the Meadowbrook Arena, at North Adams, Mass., is running weekly.

Phil Baker, Norwalk, Conn., knocked out Flavio De Bonis, Worcester, Mass., in the first round of a scheduled 10-round bout at the Berkshire A. C. in the Pittsfield Auditorium. John Nelson, Norwalk, Conn., won a decision over Francis Carter, Worcester, Mass.; Mike Gilmore, North Adams, Mass., lost a decision to Louis Miguire, Worcester, Mass.; Johnny Mack of the CCC Camp, won over Bud Dempsey, Woonsocket, R. I.; George White of Coltsville, Mass., won over Ace Soldato, Pittsfield, Mass.; Sixto Escobar won a 10-round decision over Joe Archibald of Pawtucket, R. I.; Frankie Carlton, Newark, N. J., won over Eddie Marks of Brooklyn, N. Y., in a companion ten.

Al Zapala of Worcester, won over Ray Pelky of Worcester in a six-rounder. Dean Cross was given a decision over Henry Sweeney of Springfield in a four-round bout. Gene Legarski of Springfield won over Sammy Athas, Springfield, in the opening four. Roy "Ace" Clark is finding it hard to get matches owing to his size, which is 6 ft. 7 in. Ace is willing to fight any heavyweight in the world. Anyone wishing his services should get in touch with me, 411 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

ONCE again it looks like we will have to pull the old gag, "I told you so." Some time back we made the statement that of all the leading light-heavies in this section, Bob Davey of Houston, looked the best. His win over Wilson Dunn, the wild Indian, just about proved this. Dunn beat Clyde Chastian.

Lou Beard, dynamite laden lightweight from Ft. Worth, continued his winning ways. He stopped Jackie Cruz in four heats, flattened Mike Santos in one and handed out a fancy pasting to his old rival Nick Santos.

If Willard Brown isn't the welterweight champion of the world within the next year or so, it will be because he doesn't get a crack at the title. At least that's our opinion, along with a lot of other folks who have seen the Indiana lad go. He has apparently everything. At New Orleans he kayoed Battling Shaw in the first round.

George Salvadore, one of the greatest infighters in the game today, seems invincible in these parts. He stopped Cowboy Eddie Anderson and Midget Mexico and drew with Richie Mack.

Folks, the "yellow peril" is here. Ralph Chong, Chinese middleweight from New Orleans is IT. If we ever saw a leather thrower, this Chong is one of them. He hits from every angle and he hits hard. He took a decision from the hard punching Duke Tramel and was giving Al Salbano the works when Al got hot and ended things by taking a poke at the referee.

Tommy Freeman, former welterweight champion, continues to be too tough for the local boys. He stopped Babe Kiser and Gus Campbell and defeated Joe Dundee.

The veteran Wildcat Monte seems to be going better than ever. Knocking out Jack Kirkland and spotting Babe Kiser ten pounds and a trimming, are no mean feats.

If there is a harder puncher per pound than Tracy Cox, we personally would like to see him. Few boys manage to get beyond the first round with the "killer." However Murray Brandt managed to last three and Joe Ruiz stuck five.

Richie Mack hasn't been so hot since his split up with Ted Murray. He barely nosed out a decision over the Mexican gamecock, Gallito Ramirez, and was held to a draw by George Salvadore.

Louis Arriola, Mexican lightweight of Houston, is one of the brightest younger stars in the state. He kayoed Desmond Biggs and drew with Johnny Lacialle.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

HERALDED as the most all-around and capable fighter to appear in New Orleans for a long time, Willard Brown, clever Indianapolis welterweight, has taken over the entire fistic following in the Crescent City by two spectacular performances. Although he possesses a "regular feller" personality and garners followers on that advantage, his knockouts over Joe Glick, New York veteran, and the former junior welterweight champion, Battling Shaw of Laredo, Texas, has everyone shouting his praise. Brown stopped Glick in six rounds and Shaw in one stanza.

Murray Brandt, stablemate of Glick's, did better when he decisively outpointed Henry Deubler in a six-round semi-final bout. Elmer Freas, former Southern amateur middleweight champion, made his professional debut in outpunching Boswell Thompson. Joe Berroys, Filipino, and Kid Glover, drew in four rounds.

A New Orleans fistic idol was toppled and crushed, a championship was lost and obscurity enveloped one fighter when Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans, ran into the veritable buzz-saw, Henry Hooks, Indianapolis, Indiana, bantamweight. Hooks surprised everyone except the writer who had predicted that Perrin would be upset by the first good boy he would meet. The Indiana puncher now holds undisputed claim to the Southern bantamweight title through his knockout victory over Perrin. The latter was outclassed all the way, being down for nine counts in the third and eighth rounds and counted out in the ninth.

Midget Mexico, El Paso, Texas junior welterweight, received a shade decision over Jumbo Rovira, New Orleans favorite, in the six-round semi-final. Mexico survived the effects of a second round knock-down to win. Henry Deubler also won his bout after being down for a count, scoring over Joe Berroys, Filipino. Boomer Brooker, South Dakota lightweight, punched out a win over Joe Sauro, New Orleans.

Joe Saille, one of New Orleans many good bantamweights, technically kayoed Danny Poor of Memphis, Tennessee, in four rounds. On the Brown-Shaw card. Santos Hugo, flashy Filipino bantamweight, again severely trounced Angelo Musso. Nick Camaratta, 125 pounds, beat George Holmes, and Adam Cook, 132 pounds, drew with Al Morales.

Merlin Springer, 125 pounds, was the most promising New Orleans preliminary boy during the month, winning over Benny Nastasi after going to a draw with him in a previous tussle.

How an advertised "grudge fight" can be a grudge but not a fight was demonstrated by Eddie Flynn and Jimmy Beeson, New Orleans middleweights and purported ex-college fistic rivals. Neither contestant gave any indication of fighting inclinations, their grudge evidently being against the spectators. After six rounds of bad waltzing, the fiasco ended when Flynn allegedly fouled Beeson.

The real fight of the card was staged by Neo Robertson and Adam Cook, local lightweights, with Robertson the victor. A bad piece of pairing started the show off, Sal Scalfani winning over the old timer Caveman Farace, 120 pounds. Jimmy Camaratta, 167 pounds, kayoed Max Huddle, California; looked "phoney."

New Iberia, Louisiana, opened the summer boxing season with Eddie Flynn and Wildcat Monte, Eagle Pass, Texas, going ten rounds. Flynn received the nod.

Over in Mobile, Alabama, Frankie Schottgen, local lightweight, is the favorite now, his latest win being over the tough Gene Tillman in ten rounds. Horace Burkel, Boston, and Leslie Rush, Mobile, middleweights, staged a slam-bang eight-round bout.

A knockout was Battling Shaw's revenge over Johnny Blalak, Mobile middleweight, after the Alabaman decisioned him in a previous bout in Mobile.

Some classy Negro fighters have been unearthed through the weekly all-Negro boxing shows in New Orleans. Wesley Farrell, lightweight, Gene Thomas and K. O. White, welterweights, are the best. Incidentally, Thomas handed White his first defeat.

OUTCROPPINGS—Several attempts have been made to revive amateur boxing . . . . Negro Boxing is getting great attendance support . . . . Promoter Bruscato at Monroe, Louisiana, has switched his shows from professional to amateur boxing . . . . The last several "gates" at Mobile have been far below par . . . . Everyone is looking toward Willard Brown to revive boxing interest in New Orleans . . . . R. Capocy of Chicago, with his stable of fighters in all classes, plans an invasion of the South . . . . Adam Cook, Benny Nastasi, and Vincent Serio, New Orleans scrappers, journeyed to Greenwood, Mississippi . . . . Each took a beating and received six dollars apiece . . . . Much has been heard hereabouts concerning Norm Quarles, young North Carolina lightweight, managed by John Loy . . . . Received a card from way up in Moncton, N. B., Canada, from G. A. M. Tutty, stating his stable of boxers are showing brilliantly . . . . Send your boxing news for this column to the writer at 627 Ursuline, New Orleans.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

THEY TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH—Dewey Kimrey scored over Joe Lipps at Charlotte and George Neron at Charleston . . . . At Augusta, Lou Novarro and Jimmy Wade battled to a draw . . . . on the same card, Jimmie Lundy decisioned Pete Sumter . . . . Leo Bailey and Spike Webb went to a draw at Columbus and at East Point the spiker shaded Bailey . . . . Red Walsh was too much for Red Robbins at Charleston . . . . At Miami, Red Barry shellacked Tony Cancela, Russell Gonzales stopped Sammy Tisch, Carl Guggino outpointed Clever Moro and Jimmie Reed scored over Joey Bernoya . . . . At Houston, Tommy Freeman stopped Gus Campbell . . . . Leo Bailey stopped Larrymore, the Lefty at Columbus . . . .

At St. Petersburg, Half-Pint Lopez won from Eddie Burl and Joey Miller kayoed Sammy Lucas . . . . At Port Wentworth, Jimmie Webster, shaded Little Harry Allen, the bantamweight . . . . Rufus Miles scored over Wilbur Stokes at Augusta, the decision being unpopular with the fans . . . . Joey Ferrando closely decisioned Chino Alvarez at Savannah . . . .

At Fort Worth, Jack Van Noy outpointed Bob Williams . . . . At Savannah, Bulldog Downs, 142 lbs., Savannah, bested Harry Kersey . . . .

At Brunswick, Jack Denning, light-heavyweight champion of the Carolinas, knocked out Wilson Smith and at Burlington, decisioned the outstanding Joe Lipps . . . .

At Savannah, Jockie Gibbs T. K. O.'ed Ernesto Sagues . . . . At Columbus, Battling Bozo decisioned Ching Johnson . . . . Mrs. Cyclone Copley threw Mrs. Anna Krueger in a wrestling match at Savannah while Jack Ross threw Cyclone Copley in the main event . . . .

At Columbia, Jack Denning bested Ray Johnson in two rounds and Spike Kelley in three . . . . Natie Brown decisioned Johnny Risko at Washington. Steve Dudas scored over George Pavlick and Bob Turner knocked out Big Boy Smith . . . .

At Jacksonville, Chino Alvarez knocked out Ray Schnider in two stanzas . . . .

At Savannah, "Millionaire" Hal Murphy and Loree Wilson went to a draw and Bulldog Downs knocked out Jimmy Murphy.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

RELAMPAGO SAGUERO, Cuba's welterweight champion, defended his crown twice last month. First he scored a nine-round knock-out over Joe Coego, and then put the skids under Baby La Paz who gave him a hot argument. Johnny Govantes was beaten by Kid Sila, and Battling Nelson of Cuba kayoed Olayo Nebo in the first round.

Young Herrera, local heavyweight king, scored a three-round kayo over Mike Bush from the South, who didn't seem to take things seriously, and Young Herrera is searching for tougher opposition. He deserves it and the local promoters should get busy and bring over men who would draw big gates with the local champion. Herrera has a good following, and is a good performer.

Prudencio Arce, the Cuban Jack Dempsey of the featherweight division, scored over Juan Luaces at Miramar Gardens.

Martin Perez, the old trial horse, known as "The Terrible Cook," easily won over Antonio Hevia who just returned from Spain. Julio Recio won over the "Spirit of Saint Louis" in 6 rounds.

Kid Calixto is priming into condition for several good bouts. He is to meet Lope Tenorio here, and then he will be in line for a crack at the welterweight crown worn now by Relampago Saguero.

Marino Diaz, local bantamweight star, won over Young Carpentier at the Miramar Gardens, and Henry Arguelles, new flyweight, outpointed Manual Gonzalez. Enrique Albilete won over Young Rodriguez in six rounds.

Amador Urquia is again promoting at the Miramar Gardens, and his future looks good. He knows his onions all right.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

IN a good card at Honolulu Pedro Velasco, Filipino welterweight of Manila, won a six-round decision from Ramon Dias, of Honolulu. Other results on the same card were: Sidney Brent won a slow six-round decision from Kohala Lion. Kid Bulldog won from Banda Wong in six. Lefty Carreira was knocked out by Mickey Donahue of Hilo, in three rounds. Kid Domingo finished Frankie Baron in two. Matt Oide polished off Vicente Bisayan in the third canto.

With the wrestlers—Steve Nenoff, Mike Caddock, and Joe Parelli ranking middleweight grapplers, are on the Islands.

The Red Devil (name unknown), threw two opponents in one night at the Honolulu Stadium. He's a heavyweight.

HONOLULU — Pro boxing—Joe Velasco, a Filipino flash, was held to a six-round draw by Freddy Buck, local Chinese scrapper in the main event of the Civic Auditorium card.

The semi-windup between Kid Bulldog and Raymon Dias was won by the Kid. Joe Kauakahi, Hawaiian southpaw, won the decision from Hermo Villa. Young Tony, up-coming youngster, put away Kid Alfonso in the first. Johnny Amores finished Jackie Carreira in three. K. O. Matias beat Frank Torres. Kid Luzon T.K.O.'d David Carreira in the first round.

HILO—Richard T. Nakatani gave Hilo its first smoker after a long layoff in May. In the main event Joe Ledesma, Puerto Rican slugger, knocked out Little Hufana in the opening heat. Sailor Dempsey Morris was T.K.O.'d in the first frame by Manuel Ruiz. Hisashi Nishi beat Mariano Sadaba; Kid Perreira kayoed S. Domingo in three; Red Watai and S. Cablay fought to a draw and Baldy Santiago finished Pedro Brione in first heat.

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NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

LOU LOMBARDI got a draw with Billy McMahon in the 10-round main go at the Oakland A. A. In the semifinal, Mickey Taylor beat Solomon Flaum in 6 rounds. Allie Todisco beat Jeff Furrone in 8 rounds. Puggy Cuspito lost to Mickey Makar and in the 2 fours Angelo Fracassi beat Frankie Van while Johnny Loiaconi did likewise to Willie Perry.

In the opening show at the Hackensack Arena Stanislaus Loayza beat Carman Roman in 10. Bucky Keyes beat Silvestro Matacena in 8. Johnny Clark lost to Frankie Litt in (5); Allie Rowan, Al Ridgeway's light-weight, finished Joe Vaccione in the first round of a sixer while the two fours showed Mickey Sacco winning from Joe Patti and Butch Lynch doing likewise to Tommy Payne.

Steve Dudas outpointed Chester Matan in the 6-round main go at the Ridgewood and three days later hopped over to Washington, D. C., where he won from George Pavlick in 8 rounds.

Englewood Arena reopened with a slashing card, featuring Sid Silas and Patsy Bernadello. Sid got the referee's decision. Al Kenny knocked out Al Cerra in the fourth round of the six-rounder; Tony Morengo won by a K. O. from Dominick Ando in (2); Ed Slavin beat Jack Maguire in (4), while Davy Atler won over Frank Kearny (6).

Steve Dudas finished Jerry Garfield in the second at the Fort Lee Kennel Track, Gus Lesnevitch kayoed Jimmy Calabrese in the first round of the scheduled semifinal while in the other bout of the evening which was cut short by the rain, Dick De Andrea bested Paul Miller in (3).

Johnny Ladao punched his way to a clean cut victory over Fred Latanzio in the eight-round feature go at the Teterboro Airdrome. In the eight-round semifinal Jeff Furrone triumphed over Al Gillette, Dom Rizzo scored over Dave Atler in six rounds, Marty Barrio beat Joe Maresca in the other six-rounder.

Joey Ferrando was awarded an unpopular decision over Billy McMahon which featured the show at the Oakland A. A. Howie Rogers scored a knockout in the fourth round over Battling Joe Nelson, Andy Savoy defeated Joe Durancio.

Thys Menger drew with Mooky Goldman in eight rounds in the Hackensack Arena. Allie Rowan stopped Benny Brostoff (2); Mickey Makar outpointed Ernie Todisco (6); Nick Sacco fouled Phil Barry (2); Mickey Juliano and Paddy Gorden drew (5); Tony Andrews beat Clem White (4), while Paul Semenco held George Carlo to a draw.

Buckey Keyes fought the best bout of his career when he knocked out Sylvestro Matacena in the seventh round of the ten-round main bout in Hackensack. Six-Second Powell decisioned Joe Constantino in (8); John Matsuco bested Mike Sargella (5); Butch Lynch shaded Al Cazar (4) while Fred Lewis and Red Rossi battled to a draw.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING
By "GREEK" A. VANGES

THE brilliant American, Wesley Ramey, outpointed the Australian lightweight champion, Jimmy Kelso, at Rushcutter Bay Stadium. In a supporting six-rounder, Laurie McCabe defeated Leo Bell.

Jimmy Purcell outclassed "Red" Maloney at Fitzroy Stadium.

Herb Bishop, Australian featherweight king, outpointed Star Frisco, the latest Filipino importation.

"Spider" Roach defeated Joe Johnson at North Sydney.

"Billy" Townsend, American welter, gained the duke from Ralph Lenny, another of the latest importations, when the latter's manager jumped in the ring while the round was still in progress, thus disqualifying his protege.

Jack Haines, one of our most popular boxers and former Australian middleweight champion has been appointed official referee at the Paramnatta Stadium.

Roumanian Joe Gnouly beat Jimmy Kelso, our champion. A wonderful fight, fast and furious throughout fifteen rounds.

Claude Varner, American glove thrower, outpointed Teddy Maroney, the fighting Irishman.

Mickey Miller, K. O.'ed Pat Craig, Tommy McMahon outpointed Alby Benet, Bert Rydino defeated Reg Cox and Harry McManin defeated Arthur Harvey.

Merv Blendon, notched a points win over Star Frisco at Melbourne Stadium.

Star Frisco accounted for "Billy" Murphy at West Melbourne Stadium.

"Blue" Billy Jones copped the verdict from "Jewboy" Bob Willson, at Lerchardt Stadium.

Billy Martin showed his consistency by defeating Reg Hickey at the Brisbane Stadium.

Merv "Darkie" Blandon outpointed "Speedy" Dado for the second time and thus proved that he will have to be reckoned with very shortly.

Roumanian Joe Gnouly outpointed Tod Morgan, former junior welter champion, in one of the best fights seen at the stadium in years.

Sid Sloan defeated Bobby Rivers.

Jack Carroll, the Aussie Wizard, defeated "Billy" Townsend of America at Melbourne.

"Bob" Thornton copped the duke from Johnny Condon at Fitzroy.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

IN his first bout since his return from the west coast, Young Terry, Trenton middleweight lost to Jimmy Smith of Philadelphia in a 10-round bout at Newark. Terry won but 2 rounds, Smith won 6 and 2 were even.

In one of the prelims on the Terry-Smith card, George Levy of Trenton scored a knock-out over Joe Macelli of Jersey City in the third round.

Young Bud Taylor, formerly known as Young Andy, beat Al Brown in a 6-round bout at Asbury Park. One week later, Taylor was knocked out in 3 rounds by Sammy Panico of Bayonne. This bout was held at Paterson.

Mooch Murphy, Trenton featherweight, is back in Trenton after a three months' trip through the South.

Johnny Case, star catcher for the Pioneer baseball team, will try his hand as a boxer as soon as the baseball season is over. Luck to you Johnny, but you had better turn pitcher in the fight racket.

Stanley Pyontek, young Trenton middle, made a successful debut in professional boxing when he knocked out Vanny Krakowsky of Long Branch.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOPSKY

TONY SHUCCO, light-heavyweight of Boston, was knocked out by Eddie Unknown Winston at the New Haven Arena. Eddie substituted for Al Nelson Gainer. Steve Carr, of Meriden, won over Charlie Eagle, hard-hitting middleweight, of Waterbury, in a seven-round semi-final.

Tiger Jack Renault, of New Haven, a crowd pleaser, disorganized his ring foe, Bull Davis, in two departments, of a scheduled seven-rounder.

Big Kid Chocolate, defeated his man Long Tom Williams, in four rounds. Nathan Mann, won on a technical knock-out, over Eddie Jessup, in the second round, when the referee broke the tussle, because Jessup suffered a bad cut over his right eye.

Joe Vignali, Waterburian, whirlwind two fisted scrapper, gave a fine appearance of himself, when he gained his first victory in New York, over Day Grande, of Troy, in a six-round affair, at Albany, in the opening of the Open Air Boxing Season.

In a return bout between Winston and Shucco, Tony outpointed his erstwhile conqueror, Winston in ten rounds. In another ten-rounder, Louis Kid Cocoa, of New Haven, stopped Billy Bridges, in the fourth. Bridges suffered a deep gash over his left eye.

In only six minutes of fighting, Tiger Jack Reanult, New Haven, was declared the winner on a technical knock-out over Joe Arnold, of Waterbury, who suffered from a severe cut over an eye and lip.

Al Celentano, of Hartford, took over Tax Naillace, of Mamaroneck, New York in six rounds.

In another fight Nathan Mann, of New Haven, stopped Eddie Mickels, Springfield, Mass., whose seconds tossed in the towel.

Eddie Hogan, Waterburian, fine young heavyweight, rocked Tommy Sheriden, of Buffalo, to sleep in the fourth stanza at North Adams.

It looks like old man depression has been given the back seat at New Haven where the game seems to be on an up-grade once again.

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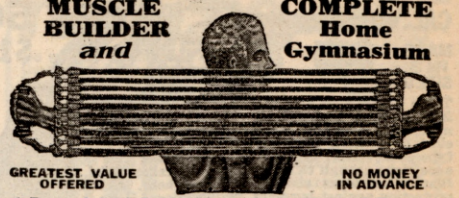

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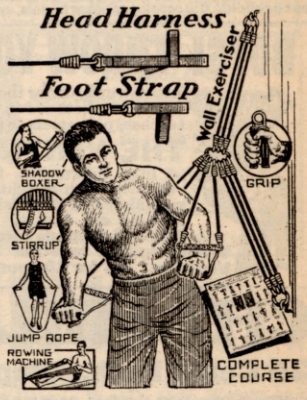

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KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

INDEPENDENCE, Kans.—Winners in the Oil Belt Amateur Boxing Tournament: Heavyweight, Ivan Metzer; light-heavy, Bill Lohr; middleweight, Ollie Bird; welterweight, Lewis Laverty; lightweight, Floyd Everly; featherweight, Ernie Miller; bantamweight, Ralph Garria; flyweight, Bat Green; junior flyweight, Bud Castle; colored light-heavy, Ace Spade; welterweight, Herman Forman; featherweight, Herman Nevins.

Manhattan, Kans.—Shorty Miller, manager of a classy stable of amateur and professional boxers, is keeping all busy.

Wichita, Kans.—Jack Slattery, manager of a large stable of fighters, is anxious to get his team in some of the amateur tournaments being held in southeastern Kansas.

Pittsburg, Kans.—Tri-State Amateur Boxing Tournament results: Winners—Heavyweight, Tom Inman; light-heavy, Art Senzee; middleweight, Joe Massa; lightweight, Homer Kirk; bantamweight, Paul Taylor; flyweight, Wayne Jones. Other divisions vacant as contestants refused to fight. Some misunderstanding between the organization, the promoter and contestants marred a good fight program the final night.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joey Alcanter beat Pete Nebo in 10 rounds. Nebo was not credited with winning a single round. Tommy Gibson knocked out Louis Gray in three. Steve Ketchell beat Cecil McLean in six. Johnny Owens knocked out Roy Donohue in two rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Chick Raines beat Al Stillman in 10 hard-fought rounds. Forrest Cannon beat Haskell Howard in eight. Carl Schaffer beat Popeye Huber in six. Carlos Brown beat Lefty Martin in four. Billy Markam knocked out Kid Hunt in four rounds.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—It is reported that W. S. Marshall will start promoting in that city soon and continue throughout the summer and fall months. Ft. Scott is one of the best fight centers in the state if good talent is presented to the fans.

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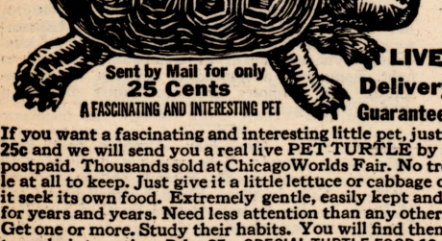

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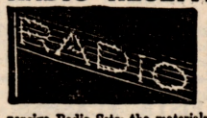

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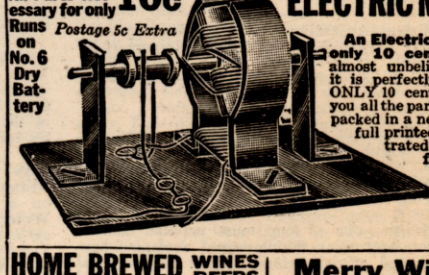

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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

HOWARD CARR, retired gymnasium proprietor, recently recalled the time he supplied talent, which included Sam Langford, the Boston Tar Baby, in a battle against Andre Anderson, for a boxing show at Camp Grant, near Rockford, Ill., for entertainment of 50,000 soldiers stationed there in 1917.

The show, staged prior to America's entry in the World War, so pleased the soldiers, that they roared for Howard and a speech. The boxing veteran made the theme of his talk "The Regeneration of Europe by Americans."

"Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler," he said, "regenerated the European style of boxing from the stand up style to the crouch and weaving method practiced in this country. Then the late Tod Sloan, America's premier jockey, did the same thing with European horse racing when he introduced short stirrups and neck riding in England. Now," Howard added, "we will regenerate the European style of fighting."

The crowd demanded more and Howard, at a loss for words for probably the first time in his life, hesitated a minute and then desperately shouted:

"We don't want the bacon; America always brings home the bacon, all we want is a piece of the Rhine!"

Later when he told a group of friends of the speech, Bernie Havens and Harry Russell, song writers, exclaimed, "gee, that's a great title for a song." The trio sold "We Don't Want The Bacon, All We Want Is A Piece Of The Rhine" to a New York music publishing company for $10,000.

Paul Beeler, time-keeper of the Tunney-Dempsey second title tussle in 1927, is writing publicity in Chicago out of the offices of George Reedy . . . . Johnny McDonald, who has supplied fight posters to promoters in various parts of the country, has bought the printing firm by which he was employed . . . .

Paul Schaeffer, who fought in Chicago a few years ago, writes that he has knocked-out four opponents in Europe since his arrival there. One of his latest was scored over Sandy McKenzie at Glasgow, Scotland. Prior to going to Europe Schaeffer whipped Joe Trippe and Canada Lee in Toronto, Ont. Upon his return to this country he will place himself under the management of Al Miller of Chicago.

Ed (Strangler) Lewis, former heavyweight wrestling champion, said he was 43 years old on June 30 . . . . Barney Ross wagered on the wrong horse in a race that was named in his honor at Washington park, but he picked the winner in the seventh and got back $180 for his $60 . . . . Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg, Man., a leading middleweight, last winter was secretly married to a Chicago girl, Patricia Graybill . . . . He has established a home here . . . . Guido Conti, 160-pound boxer from Italy, is a student at a local radio school.

James C. Mullen, one of the men instrumental in legalizing boxing in Illinois, is seeking major heavyweight bouts for presentation in Chicago this summer in the name of The Gym Club of Chicago . . . . Johnny Gaudes, Milwaukee bantamweight, is a younger brother of Sid Kelly, who fought Earl Mastro . . . . The shoes Primo Carnera wore to win the heavyweight title from Jack Sharkey were on display at Dave Barry's tavern.

Tait Littman, Cudahy, Wis., 165-pounder who has earned a high rating by his work in recent weeks, is being handled by Al Fain, although his management contract with Ritchie Mitchell, former lightweight star, does not expire until August.

Henry Rothier, former lightweight and welterweight Golden Gloves champion, who has lost only one professional battle in 25, was employed in the Belgian village at A Century of Progress . . . . It cost Maurice Rivkin $750 to learn that his talent as a boxing promoter is more appreciated at his own arena on the north side, Marigold Gardens, than in a strange one on the south . . . . Mervin McLean, welterweight, and Wally Elkins, light-heavyweight, are being managed by Jack Lofthouse of Peoria, Ill.

Boxing critics say that the best boxing trick is the "pullback," a maneuver in which a boxer pulls his head away from an opponent's punches . . . . It may be correct against an ordinary foe, but Jack Sharkey, Mickey Walker, Tommy Loughran and numerous others have found that it doesn't work when facing the wild swinging King Levinsky . . . . Chairman Joe Triner of the state athletic commission at times is uncertain whether wrestlers are putting on an act or are sincere in their work . . . . Joe Savoldi's usage of abusive language during a bout with Jim Londos in recent weeks, which caused Savoldi's suspension in New York, had the chairman shaking his head in bewilderment.

Five years ago Max Baer, California heavyweight, received $25 for a bout . . . . He earned a purse totaling more than $50,000 and a boxing championship when he fought Primo Carnera in June . . . . In 1930 prior to his fight with Ernie Schaaf experts asked the same questions of Baer they're asking today, to wit: "Can he absorb punches? Will he absorb them? Can he resist the bright lights and practice self denial?" In the Carnera battle he answered all three of them to the satisfaction of everybody, including Primo.

Barney Ross' surname means brave in Jewish . . . . Tony Melchoir, who went 10 no decision rounds with Battling Levinsky, former light-heavyweight champion, in 1922 at Kenosha, Wis., now is employed at a Berwyn, Ill., beer garden.

Jock Malone, middleweight, now is running a tavern at St. Paul once owned by Cal Delaney, who boxed a five-round exhibition with Johnny Kilbane in 1912.

Chicago—Did Joe Gans hold welterweight crown when he was lightweight title-holder? I believe he defeated Joe Walcott twice after winning the 135-pound championship from Frank Erne.

W. W. DAVIS.

Ans.—Gans never was welterweight champion. Barney Ross is the first lightweight crownholder to become welterweight king.

Barney Ross never gets to see any mail from girl admirers if the letters are seen first by his co-managers, Sam Pian and Art Winch, who tear them up . . . . Eddie Anderson, labeled the Wyoming cowboy and reputed to have earned a half million dollars during his 14 years in the ring, recently received $50 for a scrap in which he absorbed a beating at Colorado Springs, Colo.

A San Francisco, Cal., promoter, Frank Schuler, drew only $950 when he imported Sammy (Kid) Slaughter, Clinton, Ind., and Kid Leonard, East Moline, Ill., middleweight rivals, to head a show but he hasn't stopped smiling since . . . . The reason: Slaughter made the biggest kind of impression by whipping Leonard and the promoter now has an opponent to face the San Francisco favorite, Young Corbett, in a match which may gross a gate of $10,000.

Primo Carnera is a half-inch shorter than Jess Willard, who reached a height of 6 feet seven inches . . . . Willard weighed approximately 250 pounds when he was world's champion, 13 less than Carnera scaled for his title match against Baer . . . . Al McCoy, who knocked out George Chip in 1914 to annex the middleweight championship, is serving as a trainer of boxers in a Los Angeles, Cal., gymnasium.

Young Jack Thompson, former welterweight titleholder, who is reported to weigh 170 pounds, is paring for a comeback . . . . Tommy Corbett, Omaha, Neb., lightweight, blesses himself before the start of each round during a fight . . . . The Most Rev. Bernard Sheil, general director of the Catholic Youth organization, is co-operating with Rest Haven Convalescent home in the presentation of a boxing show at Wrigley field in July, in which Leo Rodak is matched against Kid Chocolate for 10 rounds . . . . Sol Katz, who handled all of the tickets for James C. Mullen's important boxing cards, was appointed ticket manager.

Benny Yanger, featherweight topnotcher 35 years ago, gave boxing lessons to Ernie Byfield and his brother, the late Gene, in 1889 in the basement of the Sherman hotel when it was a frame dwelling at Randolph and Clark streets, the site of the present Sherman skyscraper.

Here is Joe Foley's thumbnail description of the Baer-Carnera title battle: Contained the thrills of the Jack Dempsey-Luis Angel Firpo fight; the tragedy of the Dempsey-Jess Willard massacre, and the laughs of the Jack Sharkey-Phil Scott comedy . . . . Barney Ross' vaudeville skit, which he opened in New York was composed of a monologue in which he recited the highlights of his career and a demonstration of his favorite punches.

George Holden, 1931 Golden Gloves lightweight runnerup, plans to box professionally in the fall . . . . Amateur bouts are limited to six rounds in Canada, three more than the distance in vogue in Chicago although five-round encounters are permissible.

Mique Malloy, south side promoter, is corresponding with Edoardo Mazzia, *il segretario* of the Federazione Pugilistiana at Rome, Italy, relative to bringing a team of professional boxers to Chicago for a series of bouts with an American squad. . . . Max Marek, Golden Gloves star, has started drills at C. Y. O. center for a series of amateur contests this summer.

Joe Burman, beaten by Abe Attell Goldstein for the bantamweight title in 1923, at 36 years of age, remains one of the best dressed men in the boxing realm.

FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Pete Nebo, Seminole Indian, defeated Jackie Cohen and Harry Blitman at New York . . . . Jack Renault whipped Young Bob Fitzsimmons in 10 rounds . . . . Alfredo Torjio, fight manager and three of his boxers, Humberto Curi, Jack Jones and Kid Leopard, arrived in the east from the Argentine on the South American liner, *Sud Africo* . . . . Billy Henderson, who managed Eddie Shevlin, crack lightweight, now Dartmouth boxing instructor, is exploiting the ability of Andy Martin, who recently whipped Bud Taylor and Eddie Shea. The Al Singer-Carl Duane tussle attracted a gate of $15,000 . . . . The show, sponsored by Bronx Lion's Christmas fund, made a profit of $4,500.

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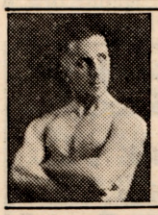

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MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

ART LASKY, the Minnesota heavyweight who made good out on the coast, is making plans for a trip home, and will be seen in action this summer.

Frankie Battaglia, the Canadian middleweight, is married. He slipped over the secret marriage last February, without his manager Ernie Fliegel knowing a thing about it. Miss Patricia Graybill, a Chicago nurse, was the lucky girl.

Oscar "Swede" Hammegren, former automobile salesman and associate of Jack Hurley in the management of boxers, passed away at a local hospital.

Tommy Gibbons, former heavyweight contender was invited to return to the scene of his major title bid, in the role of referee at Shelby, Mont.

Frankie Knauer, the lightweight buzz-saw from Eagle River, Wis., scored a decision over Henry Schaft, in six rounds at Duluth.

Boxers and managers, also promoters, be sure and mail your notes to me by the 14th of each month, mail same to 746 So. Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

A few of the results of bouts from this section are as follows: Jock Moore scored over Bobby Reier; Young Lahti won over Marty Teller; Joe Savoldi knocked out Jack Caspar; Wen Lambert stopped Johnny Malone; Billy O'Brien scored a T. K. O. over Dick Lancette; Art Maki beat Billy Bailey.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Bud Hannigan is an A-No.-1 referee down around Duluth . . . . Walter Kelso and Bill Carlson are two of the judges there . . . . Jack Hurley, former manager of Billy Petrolle, writes a column for the Duluth *News-Tribune* called Shadow Boxing . . . . Jock Malone opened up a new spot called the Monkey's Nest—lunches, beer and plenty of music on hand for the boys . . . . Johnny Stanton, Minneapolis lightweight, handed Buss Breese of Manhattan, Kans., a one-sided licking down at Sioux City . . . . The press clipping seemed to be all Stanton . . . . Willie Kittrell, negro featherweight from Yonkers, New York, who held Young Rightmire to a draw, is after work in this section . . . . Promoters can get in touch with him care of the writer . . . . Eddie Anderson, better known as "Swede" Anderson of Detroit, also wants to box here . . . . Anderson, a feather, has a very good record . . . . Hang on until next month and I'll be back with you . . . .

AUSTRALIA'S STARS
By JAMES J. MANNION

MANY a long day has gone west since an Australian boxer knocked on the door of a world's championship. In seventeen years, no southerly buster has given the remotest hope that he would ever step into the shoes of the celebrated Les Darcy. Godfrey, Semmens, Grime, Spargo and Jack Haines have had their fling. All were good, to a degree approaching greatness. But all fell short of the mark as world-beaters. Latterly we had great expectations for a brilliant sextet—Ambrose Palmer, Jack Carroll, Fred Henneberry, Bobby Blay, Bobby Delaney and Jimmy Kelso.

But it was not to be! Kelso flashed brilliantly across the Australian firmament for a year; he is still a leading light, but as a potential world-beater he is not to be thought of. Blay and Delaney belted each other from pillar to post in four amazing battles that set the southern boxing world agog. Blay has had to retire, washed up; Delaney is still fighting but he, too, is on the clothesline. Henneberry came, saw, conquered and became ring-shy. As for Carroll, lack of ambition is his only drawback. He's the most brilliant boxer in the land, with a dazzling speed and skill, and is capable of holding his own, even now, with the best welters in the world, up to ten rounds. Beyond that he's not always so hot; but his lead takes catching up, take it from me.

Of the bunch, Palmer alone has retained the confidence of the fans in so far as international big-time is concerned. Ambrose is a bigger favorite than ever, and has shown plenty of keenness to reach the top. And now a new star has made his appearance on the great fight way — Mervyn ("Darkie") Blandon, of Inverell, New South Wales. And is he wow! Ask Speedy Dado.

Blandon came out of the bush and thrust his pugilistic greatness on the unsuspecting Sydney-siders, only two years ago. They didn't know what the promoters were handing them when Blandon was listed. But a few of the faithful went along to find out. After that first glimpse they developed the habit of going back for more. And the following grew in numbers.

For in Blandon, discerning critics were wise enough to see a diamond in the rough. His vigorous style of fighting attracted the fancy, and his rapid progress soon put him on top of the sports pages. Blandon had too many guns for the clever and aggressive Les Ferris, Victorian bantam champ. Ern Evans was the Australian titleholder at the time, and he agreed to a catchweights match with Blandon.

His generosity was rewarded with a shellacking of the first water. Blandon continued to knock over every pin in the alley, but before he could meet Evans again, Ern lost the title. So Darkie kidded the new champ, Pat Craig, into a non-title bout—and a fearful licking. Craig took the count in the twelfth round. A return match for the title was a natural consequence. And the Inverell boy wore the champion's toga home that night. He hasn't showed any signs of losing it yet. Indeed, with every sound of the gong, he seems to leap farther out of reach of all local challengers.

Throughout his career, Darkie Blandon has been as consistent as the sun in showing improvement. He is undoubtedly the best Australian bantam produced in a decade. Yet when he was matched with the sparkling Speedy Dado, few indeed thought he would weather the storm. But he did. And how! Blandon and Dado held 9,000 fans on their toes throughout the whole fifteen rounds of their contest. It was a magnificent exhibition, with Blandon the winner. Both fighters received a wonderful handout from the enthusiastic fans.

Blandon then journeyed to Melbourne to make his first Victorian appearance against the highly touted Star Frisco. This was the best fight and drew the best gate Melbourne has known for many a day. Blandon won. . . . Dado was itching for another crack at Darkie, and the National Boxing Club obliged him. The pair met again before a crowd of 13,000, and brought down enough applause to rock old Rushcutters Bay. Blandon again took home the bacon, and is beyond all doubt the Speedy one's master, though Dado is deservedly a popular idol.

You people on the other side of the world can gain some idea of Darkie Blandon's class from these last three performances. Dado and Frisco appear to be universally recognized as headliners, and are rated well up among the world's best, in the latest "Rings" to hand. Blandon's sensational and decisive victories over these men should make him a big figure in world rankings. The contests proved his exceptional ability, and endowed him with plenty of confidence. He should gain himself a place in the sun or I'm a Dutchman. Keep your weather eye open for him.

When Ambrose Palmer defeated Jack Haines, back in October, 1930, he dropped a bombshell on the Aussie boxing world. We were just beginning to think Haines would live the allotted span under the middleweight crown. But Palmer proved the darkest of dark horses, and outpointed the Sydneysider. Prior to that he had done nothing whatever in the professional ring. He stepped right from the lilywhites into Rushcutters Bay, with the Aussie 160-lb. champ as his first trial horse.

A title bout followed, and ended in a draw. They met the third time, also with the title at stake on December 27, 1930, and from a classic battle Palmer emerged as middleweight champion of Australia. He was only 19 years old then. Haines collapsed in the twelfth round and spent several weeks in hospital, dangerously ill.

Palmer improved with every fight. In 1931 he outclassed Herman Bundren (U. S. A.), Tony Tuzzolini (U. S. A.), Bob Thornton, and others, though he was unlucky enough to lose his title twice on fouls, first to Thornton, from whom he regained it only to lose to Henneberry.

Herman Bundren was thrice whipped by Ambrose Palmer. Yet on his return to America he changed his name to Jack Kilbourne, beat a few smalltown fighters, and was rated among the ten best middles in the world. Palmer was not mentioned!

In the following year, Palmer scored a great win over Tony Gora and was sent in as Billy Stribling's first Aussie meal. Hopelessly overmatched in weight, height, reach, skill and experience, Palmer had only two things to expect—a big purse and a big hiding. He got both. The critics, of course, quoth: "Finished!" And the critics, of course, were wrong. Ambrose came back. Instead of fading away, he rose to greater heights. Bearcat wins over heavier men, notably Clyde Chastain, now a ranking light-heavy, and Johnny Freeman, put him higher in public favor than ever before.

And in the past six months he has actually landed himself in "The Ring's" world rankings. Thanks, Messrs. Borden and Fleischer, for your recognition. It is well deserved, I assure you!

There was not the shadow of doubt about the way in which Palmer outclassed the wily old Dave Shade (twice), Marty Sampson, and Tiger Roy Williams, all of Uncle Samland, during the Aussie summer. And he's rarin' to go in and mix it with Rosenbloom, Brouillard, Petersen, Harvey, Godwin or what have you. I should give him more than an even money chance against any and all of them. And I think Pa Stribling, Nel Tarleton and Dave Shade, and anyone else, will tell you the same as I. Let's hope we're all correct!

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By HERB McHUGH

CLAUDE VARNER gave Sydney fight fans a new angle on perpetual glove throwing when he hit off for the first time against Young Llew Edwards at Sydney Stadium . . . . With head lowered, he let 'em go the whole 15 rounds to collect a points' decision . . . . His condition was perfect and he wouldn't have blown a candle out when the curtain was lowered for the night.

Australians have always taken a delight in the non-stop complex of the average Filipino fighter, but Varner's stuff was a revelation . . . . Where he gets his stamina from would be an excellent low down for that tired feeling. Naturally, Tod Morgan, who is directing Varner during his stay out here, bubbled with joy at the way his protege went over. Weights were—Varner 127, Edwards 129. Gate receipts approximately £800.

Before 12,000 fans, Merv (Darky) Blandon again proved his superiority over Speedy Dado, collecting the points at the end of 15 rounds. . . . But what a fight! . . . Where Dado fought in flashes, Blandon plugged away the whole journey and was always ready to pick up points.

The return clash was even more thrilling than the first bout . . . . The opinion before the fight commenced, was that Dado would even with the home champ, but the fight had not been in progress more than a couple of rounds when it was realized that Blandon's previous win was no flash in the pan . . . . and there was a general switch to support the local.

There were no knockdowns and although Dado had Blandon in trouble on more than one occasion, the Australian's tenacity was too much for the Filipino to cope with . . . . Gate receipts were over £1200.

Joe Ghnouly was much too persistent for Tod Morgan in their glove-up at Sydney Stadium. Although the ex-world's junior lightweight titleholder managed to hold Ghnouly in the early rounds, he took a terrific beating over the latter stages to lose on points at the end of 15 rounds.

Morgan's left arm was badly swollen after the fight. . . . He complained of the injury at the end of the fifth round . . . . The trouble was the result of an operation Morgan had performed to his elbow just after returning to Australia . . . . Constant battering by Ghnouly's right-hand punches soon brought it to a state of impotency.

The reports that the fight was close are very misleading . . . . Phenomenal odds were laid against Morgan in the last round with no takers. . . . . Perhaps sympathy for Morgan, whose display of pluck was something to be admired, influenced many people to overlook much of the good work done by Ghnouly . . . . Up to the 10th, the fight was rather even, but from then it was all Ghnouly, with Morgan lucky to see the distance out. The gate receipts amounted to approximately £1,000.

Star Frisco went close to beating Merv Blandon at their second meeting in Melbourne. It was a hard scrap with Blandon's staying powers enabling him to come through at the finish.

The opinion here is that Blandon will always beat Dado, but there would be no surprise if Frisco scores at the expense of the Australian champion before he returns to the States. . . . N. B. C. matchmaker, Charlie Lucas announced today that Blandon and Frisco would pull on the mittens against each other for the third time in Sydney very shortly.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL once more assumes its role as the bantamweight mecca with the same young enterprising promoter, Armand Vincent, controlling the situation as Canada's matchmaking maestro. Though not likely to achieve the $20,018 gate he attracted with the Al Brown-Pete Sanstol title bout and the $18,000 house he drew with the Brown-Gene Huat title scrap, both in 1931, Vincent figures to do proportionately as well in these times.

Rodolfo "Baby" Casanova, colorful Mexican bantam, was imported by plane to see Bobby Leitham, fiery Canadian bantam king, battle it out with Sixto Escobar, Porto Rican dynamiter, for the right to tangle with him in a bout here. The Leitham-Escobar tilt was the first of Vincent's presentations at the Forum in his series of bantamweight extravaganzas and it had the turnstiles clicking to the tune of close to $5,000.

Escobar clinched the Casanova match by rifling over his bombshell rights to Leitham's sturdy chin in such deadly fashion that Sammy Gibbs, Leitham's mentor, tossed in the towel in the fifth stanza. The Porto Rican thus took over Leitham's anticipated assignment of meeting Casanova in a match labelled as a world's title scrap by the Montreal Athletic Commission.

Vincent may promote the remainder of his bouts at the Forum and he is the right man to bring the game back to popular favor there. He is also staging a big show at Three Rivers, as a feature of the Centennial celebrations there.

Eddie Carroll, Ottawa's promising lightweight, stole the show in the prelims with his classy display against Wilf Carufel. After an indifferent start the Ottawan got "hot" in the third heat and pranced to the wire a good bit ahead, despite Carufel's game rally in the final heat. Eddie Mader trounced Sal Ruggirello again in the ten-round semi-final. Lefty Gwynne, Toronto bantam, and Frankie Martin, local star, drew in a see-saw battle, Martin going well until Gwynne made a desperate finish that forced a deadlock in the judge's slips.

Greggie Gregersen, hit on the trail of the vacant Canadian flyweight title, and eliminated one of his obstacles in Ovide "Kid" Lapointe, Sherbrooke, by stopping him in two heats. Gregersen showed speedy, dazzling form while it lasted.

STRAY SHOTS—Raoul Godbout ready to stage his first promotorial venture at his Exchange Stadium a few days from this writing . . . . rich in ring experience the popular Raoul is expected to make good with a number of good shows . . . . Joe Pardie has a good night club, the Naples . . . . rendezvous of local sportsmen and a real nice place . . . . high-class talent, nifty service, inspiring music and other good features there . . . . Leo Kid Roy a regular patron, also Elmer Ferguson . . . . y'know Fergie, sports editor of Montreal's popular noon paper, the *Herald*, and organ of local fistiana . . . . see you all next month when Montreal should be well on way to pre-depression fistic prosperity.

Jean Pusie, ex-New York Ranger hockeyist, wrestler and all-round athlete, is set for a plunge into fight game. He will have started his heavyweight campaign in Montreal by the time this is printed. A colorful figure, he is a likely drawing card.

Terrence "Tiger" Warrington, a light-heavy prospect from Liverpool, Nova Scotia, popped into town along with his youthful manager, Garneau Seaman. The "Tiger" has had 19 fights, scored 14 knockouts and has yet to taste defeat. He shapes up well in training and will be seen in action by the time this is read as both Vincent and Godbout are prepared to show him on their cards. The "Tiger" and his manager can be reached through the writer.

Tommy Bland, Toronto, beat Ronnie Headley, Ottawa welter, in headliner at Ottawa recently. Harry Gerson, Paul Ostadal, Harold Stewart all scored knockouts on same card and Ostadal, a fine heavyweight prospect in Slitkin-Soltkin stable, scored another knock-out a few nights later on a card staged at Quebec.

CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

EARLE McLEOD of Kentville, claimant of the N. S. lightweight title for the valley, K. O.'ed Walter Schultz of Halifax, N. S., in the third of what was to be a ten-round main go in Kentville, N. S. Both supporting bouts ended in K. O.'s, too, as C. Millett, Halls Harbor, put Bill Drummond out in the fourth round and Earl Kinsman K. O.'ed Blenkhorn in the second stanza.

The Sports Graphic gymnasium, with its dressing rooms and shower baths and first class gym equipment, is receiving great praise from the rail birds in the hub city.

John MacNeil of West Lakevale, N. S., K. O.'ed Jack Murphy of Glace Bay, with a left hook to the chin in the fourth stanza of the main bout at Antigonish, N. S. Both are welterweights. Fred David, North Lake, defeated Bill Boylan of Lakeville, N. S., in the semi-final of six rounds.

Joey Burchell, Glace Bay's stellar welterweight, is preparing for his first fight under the eye of the writer with a view to campaigning in N. B. and New England States.

Gordon "Kid" MacNeil of Halifa: K. O.'ed Fay "Kid" Murphy of Vancouver, B. C., in the first round.

Bobby Allen, the pride of Westville, N. S., the Maritime welter champion, proved to one Ben Binns of Charlottetown, P. E. I., that he is a real champion in these parts, when he K. O.'ed Binns in the second round.

Albert "Butcher Boy" MacDonald, Maritime bantam champion, has signed to fight under the banner of your scribe for the next three years.

Any news for this section to be sent to the writer at least by the 12th of the month for publication, and this season we are going to have the best boxing cards that have graced these parts for many a day, so any boy that is not under contract would do well to get in touch with the writer at once at the Maritimes Sports Graphic gymnasium, 514 Main St., Moncton, N. B., with a view to being brought to the fore.

The first boxing card staged by the Sports Graphic gymnasium under the direction of your scribe and his associate, M. J. Shea, was received by the fans with good acclaim, and Moncton is rapidly coming out of the boxing depression. Joey Burchell, stellar Cape Bretoner, now under the writer's care, beat Young Eddie Mitchell, welterweight champion of the N. S. valley, in the main bout, and "Kid" Hart, featherweight champion of the Maritimes, K. O.'ed Young Hector Barr in the eight-round semifinal.

Dannie Burchell, brother of Joey Burchell of Glace Bay, Cape Breton, knocked out Young Donald Gillis of New Waterford, C. B., in the second.

Read THE RING for local happenings in the Maritimes in fisticuff wars and remember facts from all the world's greatest fighting centers are also contained in the world's great magazine.

FROM MOOSE JAW, SASK.
By BARNEY DORAN

A BOXING bout was held at Gravelbourg recently between Tommy McGrath, Moose Jaw, and Rex Gray Mazenod, over 10 rounds. The bout was very onesided, Gray winning easily.

Bulldog Speed Mason of Moose Jaw was to have met Pete Gilbraith of LaFleche, but Gilbraith refused to fight him after entering the ring.

Gordy Grant, holder of the lightweight cup for the championship of Saskatchewan, outpointed Stu. Craig at the Stadium to retain his laurels.

Jack Reddick, former middle and light-heavyweight champion of Canada, is now running a hotel in Moose Jaw.

Colonel Pallie Pasco, secretary of the local boxing commission, is a keen student of the game. He has conferred with the New York Boxing Commission and has adopted that board's methods. Fly-by-night promoters and bogus managers now have to have a license, and referees and seconds must answer questions from Nat. Fleischer's books on the subject.

Any information regarding books published by THE RING can be obtained by calling at Art Serviss's billiard parlor on Main Street, where THE RING is always on sale. Art is one of Canada's old-time hockey players, and a personal friend of Lester Patrick of Madison Square Garden. All boxers and wrestlers and hockey players of note make this their headquarters when in the city.

Pete Kortius, old-time heavyweight wrestler, is now a chef at the Victoria cafe. Pete wrestled Harry Mamas, Jack Taylor, Kalla Pasha and many other wrestlers of note. Pete is first cousin to Jim Londos and is very popular around here.

Louis Kieswetter, Rugby star and hockey player of this city and all-round athlete, has been taken under the wing of Charles George McDonald of Brooklyn, N. Y., well-known boxing manager. Louis will be trained for a fistic career under McDonald's guidance and will be nursed along carefully, as he is a splendid prospect. He is six foot one and weighs 190 pounds and is only twenty years old. He is one of the best developed athletes in Canada. He was sent to McDonald by the writer of this column, who has an interest in him.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JACK "KID" BERG showed Len Wickwar and the Leicester fight fans plenty of gloves when he beat Len who was disqualified in their twelve-round bout at Granby Halls, Leicester, for holding. The bout ended in the sixth. Referee Ben Green gave Wickwar every chance before disqualifying him.

It was left to Freddie Mitchell (Dartmouth) and Pat Butler, Leicester's welter champion, to provide the thrills of the evening in an eight-round mill. Mitchell forced the bout throughout but the surprise came when the decision was received by Butler.

Cuthbert Taylor (Merthyr) outpointed Evan Morris after fifteen hard rounds at Merthyr.

Harry Mizler (British lightweight champion) had to fight hard all the way to receive the decision over Norman Dale (Newcastle) at Belle Vue, Manchester, in ten rounds.

Len Beynon (Swansea) won the Welsh bantam championship at Swansea when he defeated George Williams. Two days later he journeyed to Manchester and was beaten by Johnny King, former bantam champion of the Empire, by a narrow margin in twelve rounds.

Jimmy Tarante, the colored American, came back to England with flying colors to score a K. O. over Eddie Pierce, the South African cruiser champion, in five rounds. The bout took place at the Ring, London, and Tarante, who was rather unlucky in his bout with Len Harvey, showed improved form and hit with great power.

Johnny Rust (South Africa) was outpointed by Herbie Fraser (Westbourne Park) in twelve rounds and Billy Nash (Clerkenwell) cleverly outpointed Willie Smith (Margate) also in twelve rounds.

Lauri Raiteri (Stratford) defeated a taller and heavier opponent in Jack Mansfield (Old Ford) in a fifteen-round bout at East Ham Palais De Danse.

Harry Mason (Stepney) received a setback when he was clearly outpointed by Pat Haley (Hanley) over fifteen rounds at the Mile End Arena, London. Young Fred Dyer (Hackney) and Ernie Mason (Walworth) went twelve rounds to a draw after a hard contest.

Moe Moss (Mile End) scored a K. O. in two rounds over Charlie Fenn (Bedford). Moss tore into Fenn with body punches and finished the bout like a workman with a left hook to the jaw.

"Kid" Farle (Stepney) scored a T. K. O. over Arthur Davies (Bedford) when the referee stopped the contest in the twelfth round.

Johnny Peters (Battersea) had to pull out all he knew to win over Glyn Evans (Wales) in fifteen rounds at the Battersea Stadium.

Ex-World's Champion Max Schmeling was given the worst end of the deal when the decision of his bout with Paolino Uczudun, the Spanish Basque, was declared a draw. Schmeling won that bout.

Douglas Kestrell (Wales) outpointed Bert Kirby (Birmingham) in twelve at West Bromlich.

Boyo Rees (Aberdare) lost his first bout in twelve months when the clever Fred Carpenter (Merthyr) outpointed him at Merthyr in fifteen rounds.

Mog Mason (Gilfach Goch) was surprisingly held to a draw by the veteran Terrence Morgan (Newport) at Bargoed.

Alf Newbiggin (Gravesend) K. O.'d Eddie Manning (Wales) in the sixth round at the Stadium Club, London.

Nel Tarleton (Liverpool) gave an impressive performance at the Ring, London, when he outpointed Harry Brooks (St. Georges) over twelve rounds.

Harry Mason (St. Georges) won over Tommy Taylor (Liverpool) when the Liverpool lad retired with an injured hand.

Johnny McGrory (Glasgow) gave a masterful exhibition of boxing skill to outpoint Benny Sharkey (Newcastle) at the Adelphi Club, Glasgow.

Jackie Quinn (Belfast) was a clear points winner over Sandy McEwan (Aberdeen) at the end of eight rounds at Belfast.

Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green's hard punching middleweight, scored a K. O. over Darkey Ellis (Manchester) in four at Ilford Skating Rink, London.

Sonny Lee (Leeds) surprised the big crowd at Liverpool when he outpointed Nel Tarleton (Liverpool) over fifteen rounds at the Liverpool Stadium. In the supporting bout Frankie Brown (Liverpool) had an edge on Benny Ethell (Fleetwood).

Robert Disch, the lightweight champion of Holland, failed in his second appearance in Great Britain when he lost to Harry Brooks (St. Georges) over ten rounds at the Ring, London.

Johnny Quill (Stepney) was somewhat fortunate to win against Pat Butler, who had to retire with a damaged eye in the eleventh round at the Mile End Arena.

George Rose (Bristol) made a successful comeback at the Vale Hall, London, with a points victory over Ted Kendall (Kilburn) over twelve interesting rounds.

Jack O'Brien (Belfast) again appeared in Newcastle where he is popular and scored a K. O. over Tommy Moore (Royton) in the seventh round.

Steve McCall (Aberdeen) caused a surprise at the Adelphi Club, Glasgow, when he outpointed Jack Hyams (Stepney) over twelve rounds.

Jimmy Knowles (Aberdeen), who won the bantamweight championship of Scotland recently, met and defeated Lew Sullivan (Liverpool) on points over twelve rounds.

Benny Lynch (Glasgow) won the 112-lb championship of Scotland when he outpointed the holder, Jim Cambell (Glasgow). In the supporting bout, Freddie Mitchell (Dartmouth) scored an easy win over Billy Sullivan (Glasgow).

Harry Mizler, lightweight champion of Great Britain, scored a hollow victory over Jack Garland (Belfast) at Hyde Park, Sheffield, in two rounds.

Johnny King (Manchester) did well to stop Al Lindley (Sheffield) in the eleventh round after the blade had taken three counts.

Al Bowden (Tavistock) and Tommy Barrett (Penzance) met over fifteen rounds to decide who was to be called the "West of England Welterweight Champion," and after a hard bout the referee called it a draw.

At the Crystal Palace Eddie Steele (Croydon) stopped Jim Hayton (Birkhamstead) in the fourth.

The final of the Featherweight Competition was won by Geoff Williams (Chatham) who beat a useful lad in Frank Barron (Sheffield).

Jack Casey (Sunderland) defeated George Slack (Doncaster) at Newcastle.

Liverpool Stadium, the "graveyard of champions," lived up to its name when before a crowd of 5000 Jack "Kid" Berg, the Whitechapel warrior, was knocked out in the third round by Jimmy Stewart (Liverpool).

Benny Sharkey (Newcastle) defeated Jack Lyden (Liverpool) on points in twelve rounds. Sharkey survived five knockdowns in the fifth round to win the contest.

Charlie Belanger, cruiserweight champion of Canada, showed a distinct return to form on his second appearance in London at the Wandsworth Stadium. He was called upon to meet Eddie Steele (Norwood) and after ten interesting rounds was an easy points winner.

George Bunter, the Hartlepool 140-pounder, added another to his long list of victories when he knocked out George Reynolds (Wolverhampton) in the third round.

Chris Dawson (Exmouth), easily defeated Joe Becket (Watford), over twelve rounds.

Seaman "Knocker" White (Royal Navy) and Al Bowden (Plymouth), went twelve rounds to a draw. Both these bouts shared the top of the bill at Alcazar, Edmonton.

Dick Morgan, West Australian middleweight champion, defeated Wal Dinsey (Willesden), after a hectic twelve-round contest at the Stadium Club, London.

Harry Mizler, lightweight champion of Great Britain, easily outpointed "Tiger" Defer of France over ten rounds at the Ring, London.

Johnny Peters (Battersea) after a bad spell, has come into his own and is winning all along the line. He scored his tenth straight win when he outpointed Bob Lamb (Sunderland) in a six-round contest.

Frank Hough (Ipswich) defeated Eddie Pierce (South Africa) over fifteen rounds at Ilford Skating Rink.

George Odwell (Camden Town) was in good form when he met Alby Kestrell at Vale Hall Kilburn and won on points.

George Marsden (Nottingham) made one of his rare appearances in London when he stopped Tucker Winch (Dagenham) in twelve rounds at the Mile End Arena.

George Willis (Newcastle) fought a gruelling bout with Harry Abbott (Farnmouth) at Newcastle. Willis forced the pace and took plenty before scoring a K.O. in the seventh.

Billy Sheldon (Newcastle) outpointed Tom Edwards (Mexbourough) over twelve rounds at North Shields.

Eric Jones (Coleville) brought off a surprise when he outpointed Tut Whalley (Hanley) at Walsall.

At Trelaw, Wales, Young Beckett (Pentre) defeated Griff Williams (Ilanelly) after fifteen interesting rounds.

Harry Brown (Northampton) was by no means disgraced when after a gruelling fifteen rounds he was declared the loser against Fred Carpenter (Merthyr) at the Merthyr Stadium.

Some 60,000 people, including the elite of the country, were gathered at the White City, London, when Jeff Dickson, Europe's biggest promoter, staged the return match for the Empire and British heavyweight championships between Len Harvey (the holder) and Jack Petersen (Wales). The champion was forced to retire at the end of the twelve rounds after taking quite a lot of punishment.

The best bout of the evening was between Erich Seelig, the Jewish refugee and middle and the cruiserweight champion of Germany who was forced to leave his country by Hitler's Crazy Movement, and Archie Sexton (Bethnal Green), and after eight interesting rounds, the referee raised Seelig's hand.

George Daly (Lambeth), who is Jeff Dickson's office boy, gave the best performance of his career when he easily outpointed the official lightweight champion of France, Marius Baudry, over eight rounds.

Reggie Meen, ex-heavyweight champion of Great Britain, will not take the advice of his friends and hang up the gloves. He was easily beaten by Jim Winters, cruiserweight champion of Scotland. At no time did Meen look like a former champion. He lost every round.

Jimmy Walsh (Chester), the only lad to beat Harry Mizler, the lightweight champion of Great Britain, was given an easy canter when he met Bobby Turnbull (Glasgow) over fifteen rounds at Liverpool Stadium.

Harry White (Scunthorpe) disposed of "Nipper" Copper (Leeds) with a punch to the solar plexus in the second, at Scunthorpe.

Harry Brooks (St Georges) again showed his superiority over Douglas Parker (Sunderland) at the Ring, London, when he won easily on points over ten rounds.

There were plenty of surprises in store for the six thousand people who attended the open air show at Hyde Park, Sheffield. Moe Moss (Mile End) was ruled out in the seventh for what the referee said to be a low blow, against Chuck Parker (Sheffield). Moss who was well in the lead, scored with a left hook to the local's short rib and was at once disqualified.

Harry Brooks (St Georges) was the next surprise when, after winning seven out of ten rounds, he was declared to have lost to Francois Machtens (Belgium) on points. The next favourite to come undone was Albert Roothooft (Belgium) who stopped Arly Hollingsworth (Sheffield) over ten rounds.

When it comes to charity, boxing fans and boxers easily come first in the field to help. Mr. Judah Solomans, the popular promoter of Glasgow, staged a very good show in that town for the Talmud Torah School. No fewer than six bouts of ten rounds were staged between the leading Scottish boxers who met four London boys, and a Canadian and a Welshman.

The results were as follows: Moe Moss (London) K.O.'d Kid Johnstone (Greenock) in the second round with a perfect left hook to the jaw. Dave Finn (London) defeated Bert Nicol (Glasgow) on points after a good bout. Freddie Baxter (London) and Jim O'Neil (Glasgow) boxed a very good bout to a draw. Harry Brooks (St. Georges) defeated Bobby Mack (Glasgow) on points. Paul Schaeffer (Canada) knocked out Sandie McKenzie (Glasgow) in two rounds and Benny Lynch (Glasgow) K.O.'d Evan Evans (Wales) in the third round.

Watch out, folks, for Young Tom Curran. He will soon be knocking at the champion's door. He is certainly a most pleasing fighter. He recently trimmed Soldier Frank Hough, middle and cruiser champion of the British army.

Benny Lynch, Scottish flyweight champion, registered a spectacular K.O. in the eighth round over Peter Miller (Newcastle) at the Parkehead Arena, Glasgow.

Jack Hyams (Stepney) after giving one or two good displays, came a cropper when he met Battling Parkin (Mansfield) in what was to have been a twelve-round bout at Liverpool Stadium.

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Jack Dempsey

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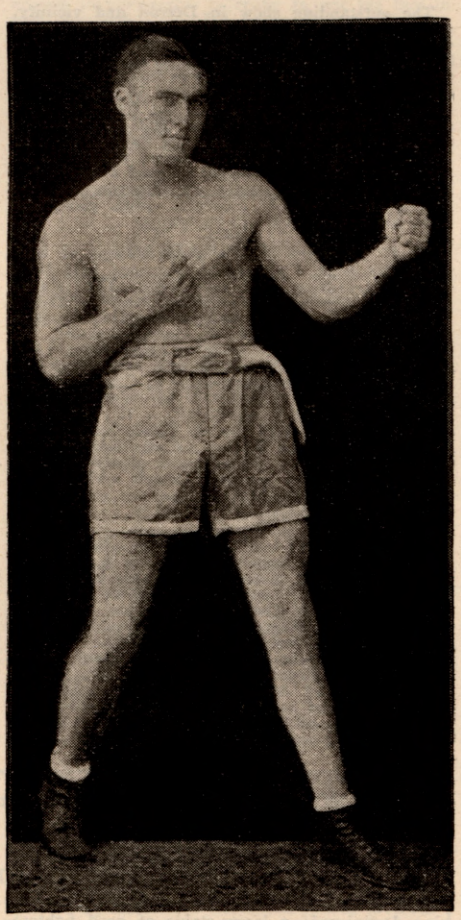

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

THE gentle sport of boxing has been going very slowly in this state in the past month. Frank Erne's Hazel Park club is the only one running regular boxing shows. Mt. Clemens has been running weekly, but recently switched to the grunt and groaners. Gerard Campbell is still furnishing Alpena with good shows semi-monthly.

It is a far cry from the present state of boxing to the good old days of a few years back when the larger clubs in the state featured boxers of the top flight, and every small town in the sticks ran regular shows. There have been no shows in Grand Rapids this year, and the Flint I. M. A. has had only two shows since January. There is no money for good fighters in Michigan, and until the promoters put on shows that will attract the fans, boxing is doomed to remain in its present state.

George "Kid" Stevens, Alpena's sensational welterweight, is keeping the game alive in the northern town. Stevens is a sterling prospect, and has headlined every show there since Christmas. The Kid held his own against the veteran Eddie Koppy in his first ten-rounder. Previous to that he walloped the Mt. Clemens ace, Billy Bulley.

Joe Szilag, former Detroiter, is making his home in Alpena, and boxing semi-finals to Kid Stevens. On the Koppy card, Joe fought a six-round draw with Billy Bulley.

The outstanding show in Detroit and vicinity, was that at Hazel Park, in which Foster Young whipped U. S. Chocolate. Young, Jack Rosenbaum's Lansing entry was too clever for the Detroiter, who dropped him once in the fourth round. Chocolate is a good puncher, and in most of his fights he drops his opponents, but he just hasn't got the killer instinct. He just isn't able to finish a man who is in a bad way. In four fights with Foster Young, Chocolate has shown himself to be the harder hitter, and almost as good a boxer, but he doesn't take advantage of opportunities, and Young has invariably recovered quick enough to show his superiority.

U. S. Chocolate gave a good account of himself in his initial Pittsburgh appearance, with Mose Butch furnishing the opposition. The sturdy Pennsy southpaw had too much class for Chocolate and won by a clear margin. The Detroit negro had Butch in a bad way in the fifth round, but as usual, failed to follow it up, and Butch came on to bag the duke. Dario Moreno, fast Kalamazoo featherweight lost a close verdict to Charley Burns on the same card.

Roscoe Tooles, hard hitting Toledo heavyweight knew too much for Harry Nelson, Inkster in a Hazel Park feature. He won with plenty to spare. Frank Kapanowski, youthful Detroit middleweight blasted the veteran Jack Avalon out of the picture in round two.

Sammy Chivas, Mt. Clemens lightweight, whipped Charley Bochio, Detroit, in a six-round main bout at Mt. Clemens. Cliff Mack, London, Ontario, and St. Louis Kid of Flint went six rounds with the Canuck the victor. Franklyn Young, Detroit Negro who was a top-notcher at one time, outpointed Johnny Sucarde in the first sixer. Young, who boxed among others Willie Davies, Steve Rocco, Frenchy Bellanger, Johnny Edwards, Happy Atherton, and Johnny Sili, has paid the price of bad training, and the well-known wine, women, and song. He loses most of his fights.

Kid Stevens outscored Jimmy Cholak, of Detroit, in eight rounds of an Alpena headliner. They were rematched, as Cholak was in poor shape, and figures to give Stevens a better fight than he did. Joe Szilagyi got an unpopular decision over Jackie Young, Detroit lightweight in the semi-final.

Roy Kinney and V. F. McLain, Kalamazoo purveyors of fistic talent, are at present guiding the ring destinies of a large stable of good fighters. Dario Mareno is their ace. In recent bouts he has won from K. O. Morgan, Eddie Simmons, Jimmy Crawford, and lost to Carl Fasnough of Toledo. Ralph Carnegie of Benton Harbor is another star of their stable. Since turning pro, he has won eight straight fights, numbering among his kayo victims, Rube Edmans, Earl Philbin, and Lee Belding. Bud Getz, and Jim Rundio are also handled by the above named men.

George Sutka was beaten by Al Abadi of Toledo at Hazel Park in a six-session main go. The St. Louis Kid took the measure of Harry Tyler, Detroit featherweight in the semi six.

Mickey Dodge, a local boy who has been campaigning in the West with good success, returned to a Mt. Clemens ring to hold the coming St. Louis Kid to a six-round draw. Jimmy Garafola, Stockton, California, a stable-mate of Dodge fought the main bout and beat Jimmy Ranking of Detroit.

Jack "Bano" Rosenbaum of Lansing is still managing good fighters. During the month Archie Maynard, 130, shaded Mike Kolnick, and Foster Young whipped U. S. Chocolate. Ralph Barnett and Lin Harvey are also fighting out of Rosenbaum's stable.

Guy Muldoon, who boxed as a featherweight a couple years back, is returning to the ring. Guy was managed by Mike McNulty and Dave Knight, at different stages of his career, which lasted three years. He has never been floored.

Freddy Koonz, Toledo, whipped Battling O'Brien and kayoed Maurice Turniak in Hazel Park fights.

Billy Fionda, a former Golden Glove star has turned pro and in his first two starts walloped Billy Burk and Jimmy Crawford. He is a feather.

Joe DeMaro drew with Vern Nixon and scored over Sylvestor Burgess, in four-round bouts last month.

Jack December has turned wrestler! The Mt. Clemens lad who boxed Jack Purvis, Gorilla Jones, Morrie Sherman, Freddy Fitzgerald, and other good boys was thrown in five minutes by Ivy Cutcher of Armada.

K. O. Morgan, the clownish bantamweight from Toledo, who has beaten all the good Michigan boys, has been boxing over thirteen years.

Orville Drouillard has been on the shelf with a broken rib, sustained in the first Barron fight.

Anyone rating lists of either wrestling or boxing promoters in Michigan, may get same from me at two bits apiece. Write Mickey McIntire, Deckerville, Mich.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

CLEVELAND is still giving pro fights the go-bye, as the local promoters who want to stage cards, cannot get any worth while.

Tommy McGinty, has been after Steve Hamas to box Johnny Risko at the Cleveland Stadium. Risko is willing but Hamas is not.

Lee Sheppard, Cleveland's little dusky lightweight warrior, is a favorite here.

Joey Kerschner, Cleveland featherweight, and Al Swarts, also are popular boys here.

Promoter Taylor is still doing business at the Equestrium. He stages bouts every Tuesday night.

Had a match for Mickey Dugan down in Savannah, Ga., but have been unable to locate him. Last reports I got, was he was on his way to Boston.

Tommy McGinty is after Tom Gallery to put Tommy Freeman in with Young Corbett, III, on the coast.

Suey Welch and Gorilla Jones will appear in a Mae West picture.

Si Marsh writes in that his fighters are keeping busy around Akron, and that both the Firestone and the B. F. Goodrich clubs are running every other week. Paul Sheiks, is the match-maker for the Goodrich and Mike McKinney and Eddy Davis are doing the honors for Goodrich.

Kayo Christner is still at it. He won by a knock-out over a youngster at Wheeling, West Va., recently.

The Amateurs are getting a great break around Cleveland.

Phil Zwick, the flying "Dutchman" is still out on the Pacific coast where he won his first fight by a knock-out.

Eddie Mead is visiting at Norfolk, Va. He expects to make several matches down there and around Texas before he returns. You can't stop the old boy. He is surely a hustler.

Babe Triscaro is anxious to box at Montreal or Toronto with any of their good bantams.

Dave Harris is promoting at Columbus and Zanesville, and expects to run every week at both cities, Monday nights at Columbus and Fridays at Zanesville.

Joe Tuma has the only gymnasium down town, the Argonne A. C., and has Joe Kelly, former trainer of Billy Wallace, handling the fighters.

Charley O'Connell is still promoting at the Ring Side on St. Clair Ave., at East 79th Street. He stages weekly shows.

Little Al Corbett, former Cleveland featherweight, has a club at 125th and St. Clair Ave. He puts on some real high class shows.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

BOXING has been dormant in Syracuse the past month. The last show staged here featured Tommy Howells of Buffalo against Joey Brown of this city and failed to draw much of a crowd.

It has been several years since boxing was staged outdoors in this city. Old Star Park used to be the scene of many a hectic battle, but the former home of the Syracuse "Stars" was destroyed by fire a couple of years ago. The Arena has housed many capacity crowds during the summer months in the past, but this year, the boys who pay the freight are conspicuous by their absence.

Syracuse has four bright prospects on the fistic firmament, and all are handled by Gabe Genovese, genial and sartorially perfect local manager of beak busters. The potential ring stars are: Eddie (Babe) Risko, middleweight; Babe Amos, middleweight; Joey Brown, featherweight, and Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, colored welterweight.

Risko is a beautifully built, handsome youth. He was formerly a Navy boxer and fought as a Gob under the monicker of "Sailor Pulaski." Since he turned professional, Risko has won every start, most of them by the knockout route. He is a walk-in, two-fisted slugger with dynamite in either hand.

Amos recently made a tremendous hit at Buffalo where he took the durable Bob Sawyer of the Bison City into camp. Babe was given an ovation following the bout, and drew the headlines on the sporting pages next day, although he fought the semifinal. Amos is the owner of an educated left jab, and a nifty straight right. He is fast and flashy and a crowd pleaser of the first water.

Brown is one of those spectacular little fellows who starts winging at the first bell. He hits hard, and often. Joey delights in mixing things and so far has revealed splendid form. Much is expected of the little fellow.

Emanuel, who was given the name "Bad Boy" by sports writers because of his wild and woolly tactics is coming along at a fast pace. He soundly trounced Stanley Loyaza not long ago, and his ability to box or slug, whatever the occasion demands, makes him a dangerous foe for the best of them.

Red Herring has been presenting his fans with some fine action shows at Utica. The former welterweight who fought the best in the country knows how to pair fighters to get the best out of them.

The writer staged his first show at Binghamton for the Aristo A. C. at Kalurah Temple. There were several startling upsets during an evening crammed full of fistic action and thrills. Wildcat O'Connor of Carbondale battered out an eight-round decision over the hard punching Eddie Dempsey of Syracuse in the windup. Dempsey was on the canvas four times, but made a game last-minute rally.

Eddie (Babe) Risko, Syracuse, knocked out Bucky Lawless of Auburn in the fifth-round of the scheduled six-round semifinal. Lawless was floored four times before being flattened for the full count. Baby Joe Thompson, California scored a technical K.O. over Marty Cardone, Binghamton, in the second. A paralyzing right swing to the side doubled Cardone over in great pain and Referee Joe Sheppe stopped the bout.

Other results at Binghamton—Kid Dyke, Syracuse, floored Kid Terrell, Binghamton, to win in four rounds. Tod Morgan, Tully outslugged Carl Gilmore, Binghamton, in four heats, while Tony Petta, Syracuse veteran, shaded Billy Cahill, Binghamton, in the opener of four sessions.

SHORT NOTES.—Al Salbano continues to pile up victories out Texas way . . . . No depression in Binghamton. The Endicott-Johnson shoe factories employ in the neighborhood of 20,000 and the large majority of them are fight fans . . . . Joe Morrison, former referee, is connected with the Bingo club in the capacity of treasurer . . . . Bob Capocy of Chicago writes he is coming here with Bob LaMonti, Otto Fischl Dan Valera and Richard Marquia, all Windy City pugs, with the intention of matching them with Syracuse boys . . . . We received a barrel full of mail again last month . . . . Offside to those we did not answer: Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope . . . . Elmira plans a boxing show featuring Steve Halaiko against Jackie Davis on July 20 . . . . John McIntyre, Binghamton hotel man, is a boxing enthusiast and will do anything to help a scrapper.

Note to managers and boxers: Address all mail to me at 1009 Cadillac Street, Syracuse, N. Y. . . . . Young Fisher, erstwhile caveman of other days, aspires to become a wrestler . . . . Chuck now tips the beam at 170 . . . . Jackie Brady is training for a comeback after swearing a few months ago he would never attempt the feat . . . . Jack McCann, popular local fight manager, is ill with the dread T. B. . . . Charlie Leounis, Binghamton promoter, operates the biggest and best restaurant in the Triple Cities . . . . He is a wrestling bug and was quite a grappler himself a few years back . . . . Jimmy Hennihan, fiery manager of Werner Wilsch, tough Wilkes-Barre Teuton middleweight, is ready to put his boy in with the best . . . . He wants Yarosz, Dundee, Brouillard or Jeby . . . . Werner loves to mix it and the fans like his style . . . . Kid Polo and Mike Coogan, inseparable pals, are plotting a vaudeville act . . . . Scallions to those managers who give their fighters "Sunday dates" . . . . Orchids to the square-shooting and honest Irving Robbins. Few like Irv. He will go miles out of his way to do you a favor . . . . There's the gong!

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

MAX BAER'S smashing and dramatic victory over the giant Carnera found favor with Buffalo fans. The best sharpshooters here had the California lad picked to win, notwithstanding the reports that Max was not in shape, etc.

Buffalo is a Jack Dempsey town and Baer's connection with the Man Mauler cements his popularity here. It is expected that the new champion and Dempsey will include Buffalo in their proposed exhibition tour. They'll receive a royal welcome here.

Heavyweight boxers have featured most of the recent cards staged by Promoter Charlie Murray. Big Boy Brackey boxed a draw with Red Brennan of Niagara Falls in his first meeting with the bricktop but in the second match the heavy guns of Brackey were too much for Brennan.

Brackey can punch but his ability to "take it" is still a much mooted question. Some claim Big Boy has plenty of glass in his chin and that his boxing is away off for anyone that aspires to become a topnotcher. Perhaps he will prove his ability to absorb punishment when he gets more experience.

Everyone is talking fight and I look for a boom here in boxing. The old crowd must pass on and new faces will be welcomed. This fall and winter should see plenty of shows and a return of the good old days of a few years ago.

Jimmy Slattery is trying to come back in the prelim ranks but his efforts are rather pitiful. The once star light-heavyweight, now a ghost of his former self, is winning his fights with the palookas that are handpicked for him but a good hitter or a fair fighter will surely knock him out. Everyone would like to see "Slats" make a little money but let us hope he won't get hurt in the ring.

Tommy Paul, Buffalo featherweight, once one of the best at his weight, and Kid Chocolate, whose fistic stock has also gone down on the market, fought a draw at Los Angeles. Reports have it that Paul only received $192 for his end which is a pretty small purse even for these days of lean gates.

When I was promoting boxing regularly a few years back, I offered Kid Chocolate $7500 and Paul $3500 to box six rounds—(Paul was under 21 at the time). Paul was ready and signed for the bout but Manager Luis Guitterez, for Chocolate, refused the match. Imagine turning down a purse of $7500 for a six-round meeting.

If the bout had taken place at the time I would not have been holding the bag. The match would have attracted a gate of $20,000. I know this positively for Fidel La Barba and Paul drew $14,000 and a Chocolate-Paul match was the big thing the fans wanted. Slattery vs. Scozza drew $69,000.

Playfair Brown, the Tex Rickard of Canada, writes me that he will soon be back in active boxing promotion at Toronto. Brown certainly staged some great shows for the Shamrock A. C. when he was packing in gates of $10,000 to $25,000 at the Coliseum. In those hectic days Frenchy Belanger (of Toronto) was the best flyweight in the country.

Boxers and wrestlers of all weights who are not under contract will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

SOME SHORT STUFF—Boxing will be staged occasionally at the Buffalo baseball park this summer if the crowds turn out . . . . Walter Potter, the Depew heavyweight who twice had Big Boy Brackey on the floor will not turn pro . . . . These boys packed in $3500 in an amateur show for the American Legion . . . . The amateur boom was red hot last Winter but has exploded . . . .

Red Carr has a tough youngster in Dick Hartnett, who comes from the First Ward . . . . He's a middleweight . . . . Bob Clary, local bantam, is the proud father of a baby girl . . . . Clary would like action with the best 118 pounders in the game . . . . Joe Doctor took a quick exit in his proposed match with Brackey . . . . Joe called it off the day before the match was to have taken place . . . . Babe Amos beat up Bob Sawyer and made a hit. The Syracuse fighter was brought to town by Irv Robbins, an old friend of Red Murray's . . . .

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FRANKIE SANZONE, the walloping Wop from Cincinnati, scored his neatest local victory when he won Referee Jack Dempsey's decision over Johnny Alba, the Filipino, in the ten-round feature bout at the Parkway Arena. Sanzone made a grand start but Alba came back strong.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS — Maxie Koshover was scheduled to return to local ring warfare against Charlie Rudney after a long absence . . . . Battling Puggy, southern Negro, is hot after a match with either Roughhouse Glover or Alabama Kid . . . . Bob Bonner has two mighty good looking prospects in Young Palmo and Johnny Stevens . . . . G. C. Williams, former fight manager, is doing good work as campaign manager in Hamilton and Butler counties for the Hon. Martin L. Davey, aspirant from Kent, O., for the Ohio State Governorship . . . . Davey is a sporting fan from the heart and might I add, he reads THE RING every month . . . . just another reader but one we are mighty proud of . . . . Bob Kramer, local attorney, is a "hot" boxing fan . . . . Bob is associated with the Jackson brewery . . . . they have mighty fine beer . . . . I should know as I was in the Rathskeller . . . . Simon Nebloski fought Eddie Kelly down in Nashville, while Roughhouse Glover went up to Akron to face Alabama Kid . . . . both are handled by hustling Bill Powers . . . . Bill Saffin is slated to open his Beechnut Arena in Mount Washington in June . . . . Milford also returned to the running in June . . . . another new club will make its debut in July, the Northside Park being the latest summer site . . . . Frank Rappold, veteran promoter, will make the matches for this club . . . . Frank can be located at 1326 Vine Street, in Cincinnati . . . . Lee Cox wants to take up wrestling and recently applied for a license, but his representative was refused . . . . Closing with the writer's address, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, to any readers who desire information around these parts.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

JOHNNY STANTON, Minneapolis youngster, carrying everything that marks a good scrapper, marched into Sioux City, and handed Buss Breese, of Manhattan, Kan., a licking he will never forget. It was the big fight of the month, and drew close to 4,000 fans. Breese was away out of his class. Other results saw Irish McKenna beat Pete Blanchard in six; Kid Miller knocked out George Fritz in four; Tommy Sacco beat Baby Chocolate in four; Blackey Burcheim beat Kid Newman in four; Terry Griffiths shaded Lloyd Griffiths in four.

The second big attraction of the month saw Willie Kittrell, Yonkers, New York, featherweight, halt the long winning streak of Young Rightmeier, by holding the local lad to a draw, in eight rounds. Rightmeier was desperate, and it was only in the last two rounds he was able to even matters. Mickey Slater defeated Eddie Reynolds in four; Tommy Sacco beat Kid Brown in four; Jay Conlon won a hair-line bout with Eddie Anderson of Detroit; Mel Rice and Al Pahl fought a draw in four; Kid Miller made the wise ones take notice, when he knocked out Buddy Short in four.

Algona, Ia.—Louie Wildem of Algona knocked out Sailor Thonigar of Sioux City in four; Kenneth Houland stopped Johnny Baker in five; Young Jergenson and Bud Murson went to a draw; Dean Jergenson beat Young Olson.

Omaha, Nebr.—Phil Shaddy scored a K.O. over Art Barstow of New York in two. Joe Dinova captured an easy decision over Ike Gordon. Angelo Bruno beat Jimmy Stanton; Leo Monroe beat Johnny Brent; Bob Carter knocked out Battling Filipino in the first round.

Des Moines, Ia. — Freddy Tompkins, who claims the lightweight title of Iowa and Jimmy Legrone fought six to a draw; Carroll Heath beat Dick Neibur in six; Speedy Rico beat Lefty O'Brien in six. The amateur bouts saw Nick Fazio beat George Grimes in three, and Frankie Mitchell beat Lou Amodeo in three.

Riverview Park Arena, Sioux City, Ia.—Bus Breese won by a T.K.O. over Kid Lehr in two; Dick Demeray knocked out Johnny Owens in five; Irish McKenna beat Roland Malcolm by a hair-line in six; Lloyd Weaver knocked out Kid Freeman in four; Lloyd Rawson knocked out Artie Stokes in three.

Graettinger, Ia.—Kid Sweeney of Sheldon, Ia., knocked out Kid Chapman in four; Dave Mack knocked out Gage Fink in four; Kid Hargreave boxed to a draw with Swede Allen in six.

Roy W. Gillman, matchmaker for the American Legion at Fort Dodge, Ia., sends us the following results of his shows for the past month—Dick Daniels, Minneapolis, heavyweight, hammered out a decision over Harry Hobbs, Oskaloosa, Ia., negro in six; Bob Putney stopped Merle Munson in the first round; Leonard Johnson scored a T.K.O. over Nobel Jennings in four; Kid Lehr and Freddie Tompkins drew; Goldie O'Hare and Ray Calvert drew. Earl Mason beat Barney McLaughlin in six; Dick Daniels won a T.K.O. over Verne Trickle in three; Freddie Tompkins beat Glen Musselman in six; Goldie O'Hare drew with Dell Howard; Joe Lukas beat Floren Delante; Jimmie Salvatore beat Joey White. Kid Lehr beat Jimmy Legrone; Freddie Tompkins beat Jess Ackerman; Ronald Malcolm beat Goldie O'Hare; George Fritz drew with Leonard Johnson; Bud Rule beat Glen Musselman; Benny Salvatore won a T.K.O. over Kid Dempsey.

NOTICE—News for the column must be in my hands by the 14th of each month, and mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Johnny Stanton, Minneapolis, lightweight, won a T.K.O. over Young Terry of Davenport, Ia., in the last round of a billed sixer. Terry claimed a broken jaw. Bennie Salvator beat Johnny Cosgrove; Mel Rice won by a T.K.O. over Bud Rule; Keith Weaver won a T.K.O. over Jack Hoeffing; Jackie Dallas won a decision over Lloyd Weaver; Lou Taylor shaded Al Pahl.

Davenport, Ia. — Kid Leonard shaded Allen Matthews in 10 rounds; Sammy Jackson beat Lawrence Anderson in six; Speedy Riccio beat Tont Viviano in six; Carl Schaffer beat Jackie Dallas in six; Tom Sutton beat Sammy Brown in four.

Waterloo, Ia.—Lee Savoldi, St. Paul, beat Vern Trickle in six; Ronald Malcolm beat Caddy Casey in six; Kid Ripley beat Arnie Arnold in four.

Omaha, Nebr.—Gene Cain knocked out Kenny King in one round; Ike Gordon and Bob Porter went to a draw; Shorty Havin beat Pancho Villa; George Ryan beat Bill Blake; Freddy Stanton beat Leo Monroe.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Young Rightmeier beat George Feist in 10 rounds; Al Pahl beat Clayton Ness in six.

West Bend, Ia.—Louie Wilden knocked out Wallace Levinsky in six; Connie Jorgens and Jimmy De Vaul drew; Kenny Haviland beat Arnold Fisher; Bud Munson stopped Wendell Jergenson in two.

Ottumwa, Ia.—Johnny Miler knocked out Red "Big Boy" Fields in the third round of a billed 10-rounder.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—The best looking prospect for the month is Young Kid Miller, a light-heavyweight who at this writing looks like a sure thing . . . . His record is filled with knockouts over some of the best prospects in this section, including Buddy Short, George Fritz, and many others . . . . Watch him . . . . Mickey "Baby Face" Slater wants it known, that he did not fight at Fort Dodge, Ia., with Jackie Dallas as the paper there stated . . . . The boy who fought Dallas was Lloyd Weaver . . . . Joe Swartz of Yonkers, New York, who is headquartering here with Willie Kittrell, negro feather, has been flooded with offers for his battler . . . . Kittrell is a tough boy . . . . Another lad in the Swartz stable who went over big here, is Eddie "Swede" Anderson, featherweight from Detroit, Mich. . . . Anderson, by the way, is the owner of the only gym in Detroit . . . . Ted Graham of Ohio, a heavyweight, would like to show his stuff in this section . . . . Lone Tree, Ia., is holding box shows every month . . . . Their drawing card is Jackie Burns, a middleweight, who has had 58 fights, winning 48 and losing 10. . . . . Bedford, Ia., is singing the praises of Bobby Brandt, a middleweight, who looks like a comer in their section . . . . Freddie Tompkins wants to inform every one, he is doing his own business, and can be reached at 211 S. Louisiana, Mason City, Iowa . . . . Iowa Joe Rivers was knocked out at Milwaukee, Wis., by Billy Miller . . . . C. D. Schlesselman is promoting some very good shows at Victor, Ia. . . . Washington, Ia., is still going . . . . same at Monticello, Ia. . . . Lake Cornelia, Ia., is on the wrestling map . . . . Marion, Ia., has built a new wrestling and boxing arena . . . . Sammy Sacco, veteran featherweight, has started his young brother on the road to fistic fame . . . . In his last three starts, young Tommy was on top . . . . See you next month.

Riverview Park Arena, Sioux City. — Buss Breese of Manhattan, Kans., handed Tommy Corbett, Omaha lightweight, a licking in eight rounds. Sherald Kenard, regardless of a newspaper decision, which called the fight a draw, handed Johnny Owens of Kansas City a beating. Keith Weaver won a T.K.O. over Frankie Moulton of Manhattan, Kan., in the third round. Kid Miller scored another knockout victory when he knocked out Dewey Heinsma in two rounds; Buddy Short won from Ray Lindsey in four rounds; Kid Rawson fought a draw with Artie Stokes in the curtain raiser.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Scottsbluff, Neb.—Hershey Wilson, Eagle (Colo.) boy, turned the tables on Billy Vaughn of Torrington, Wyo., in a slashing 10-round battle. Several weeks ago, Vaughn stopped Wilson in seven heats. Wilson won the lightweight championship of the Rocky Mountain region by virtue of his victory.

At Denver.—"Baby Joe" Gans, for years one of the topnotchers in the mitt game, met his Waterloo at the hands of up and coming Emilio Martinez, sensational 165-pound Mexican. By the way, it's time this Martinez is getting some recognition. He's one Mexican lad who is going somewhere.

On the same card, Ken McLean, Colorado University heavyweight, made his "pro" debut against Carl Walker of Hillrose, state heavyweight champ, McLean easily won the first round but Walker smeared the collegian so badly in the second that Referee Dan Darnell stopped the bout. McLean is a prospect at that.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—Charley Tate, hard-socking Negro welter of Albuquerque, knocked out Babe Colima of Las Vegas in three heats. Tate, known as "The Black Panther," is cutting a wide swath in southwestern fight circles. Art Johnson, Las Vegas, kayoed Doc Sheppard of Walsenburg, Colo., in the first stanza of a welterweight battle.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—"The Black Panther" of Albuquerque, continues to bowl over all opposition. Phil Greening of Denver was the victim this time. Greening was kayoed in the third heat of a one-sided fray.

In the semifinal, Babe Colima put the skids under Chick Boyer of Albuquerque in the third round. They are welters. Tony Gallegos, Las Vegas, stopped Billy Firpo of Wagon Mound in the 4th round of a lightweight duel.

At Colorado Springs.—Augie Perez, Denver 141-pounder, scored a one-sided victory over "Cowboy" Eddie Anderson, veteran Wyoming 145-pounder, over the 10-round route. Rex Reese, Longmont, stopped "Kid" Sharkey of Denver in four heats. They are featherweights.

At Torrington, Wyo.—Fay Clark, Nebraska 160-pounder, kayoed George Rohrick of Omaha, in the sixth round of a scheduled 10-round affair. Theirs was one of the real "grudge" battles that we often hear about but seldom see.

At Gypsum, Colo.—Carl Walker of Hillrose, state heavyweight champion, kayoed Matt Daley of Gypsum in the third round of a scheduled 10-round fight. It was the fourth straight knockout victory for Walker.

Remember, the writer would like to have all the fight news in this section, but be sure and have it in by the 15th of each month. Also, anyone wanting any "dope" on the fight game in this region can get it by addressing T. W. McNiel. P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

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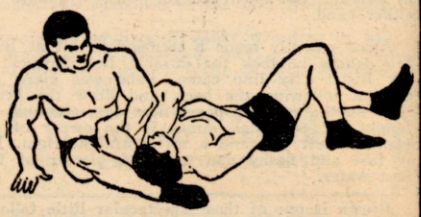

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